

Rooster

"Talking Bones"

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[The story of legacy]

Bones broke the silence, lay their story,
And I stood voiceless in my petrify,
Seized by beauty and dread,
Dragged into by delight of unknown,
I danced with them and sing,
Am I death or alive?

We arise then
Into the infinite battles
Legacy of ancestors
Were sacred to us

No one could resist
No one attempts it
We broke down the rules
And we want to be immortal

The dead come then
Rules of ancestors stop to hold good
Everything flood a blood
Everything flood dread

Only we have left - talking bones
Only we have left - talking bones
Pass on our message - talking bones
Pass on our message - talking bones !

The silence scattered at the moment, misty shadows
stroll about,
Cold and gloom circumfusion me, I tilt to bonfire who
suddenly out blaze,
Stretch out arms to blaze,
Fiery tongue cross and story of old Messengers and
dark gods revived in my bosom....

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