

## Rooster "Tree"

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[Power of calling]

He sat below it and listen in,  
Listen in to all what it told

...And at the time come that unknown  
Come from nowhere and behind no one  
His lips whisper unknown words  
Never heard and delusive  
Words as a cares enchanting  
Arousal, beauty and emotion  
Like silver breeze stroke  
That lovesome and silent words  
Melodies sounds out of his lips  
And people listen to the unknown  
But yet so imminent  
And then...  
...Then like dazed, everyone  
Old mans and children, woman and mans  
Went away, no one knows where  
Went away for ever, without return  
And nobody already see them

Only he sat along under it  
And listen in to all what it tell  
The tree tell it's story along  
The tree tell it's story along

I am driving a horse among shadows, flashes of storm,  
roaring in space,  
It is raining blood, knee- deep wading in the mourn,  
Butterfly of ruin waved it's wings, lit up clouds dropped  
down to ground,  
Death is smiling and dancing on graves, like furious,  
Obsessed with her desire for life, grievous rage ...

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