

Root "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 its story along
The tree tell its 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 its 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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