

Nomad

"Dies Irae"

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A head wrapped a thorn crown
Hanged up on a treason's cross
Raise a heavy eye-lids wait for sentence

The world is burning with war's tire
A masses stride in bloody wave
Weight of sin press my mind
My soul is burning with eternal
Not closed wound

A woman with desperate scream
Is bearing a child.

[. .]

And you his soul
Damn with sin

Before me an abyss
Born by a fault
By your sin - God
I perish! I perish! I perish!

My last dance
At your respect
Your damned me by word
I ashamed you

Approached a great wrath's time
And in a last his hour
Fresh blood is floating

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