

Nomad

"Insurrection"

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Hungry eyes like a wind
Reproduction blows off naked
fields slightly
Frozen mouths like a whirl
Gusty dance of
angry speeches
Satiated areas of lit groans
Mourning
flags
The grape picking is coming
There is cool rainy
dusk
Lumped desires are biting
Dragged bodies of the
torture are stinking
It's time to flog the enlightened
renovation
Graves of battles and bows
Ravens of
whispers
and dying
Ad infinitum I'm hitting the name
The anger
has
forgotten about the tornado on dry sands
Oh, skies of
power
Oh, horizon of phantoms
Oh, you trampling my
hope
Oh,
you keeping silent in a tree
Hungry senses - the
velvet
The
fortress choir pulsates
Heart of love is like lakes
The
power is flowing in
Echoes are loaded in cannons of
freedom
Lines of unhappiness are in attributes of
conquerors
Scandals dug in childhood up
Salutes
oversounded
because of dirties
"My friend demon has given wings to
me.
Like a sage with his wisdom he has calculated the
bloody trait of human applauses"

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