

## The Explosion

### "Land Of The Dacians"

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It pulses, it breaths, it moves...  
It watches at you and searches for you...  
It whispers at your ears... And makes you dream...  
And you can hear it's heart-beat...  
It's alive!

I'm the root... The root of Carpathia  
I'm the root... The root of Madness  
I'm the ink to write your Necronomicon  
I'm the prayer... to enslave your demons  
I'm the blood that makes you free  
I'm the root... the root... the root...

AT NORTH  
ZUMUORSOBET, NOIJM, ZAVAXO!  
AT EAST  
QUEAHIJ, ABAWO, NOQUETONAIJI!  
AT SOUTH  
OSAIJ, WURAM, THEFOTOSON!  
AT WEST  
ZIJORONAIFWETHO, MUGELTHOR, MULGETHOR-YZX!

It tells, it speaks, it rises the damnation  
Listen to it's stories:  
They can be short of neverending,

Always new and always old,  
Always the same and always different  
Close your eyes, close your mouth...  
Also in silence and in blindness you will find it in  
You  
It's in you... it's in you... it's in you...

And so, in it's many forms and groups such as prose  
and  
Poetry  
Story or comments,  
We are devoted to it..  
To the pleasure of the sound it produces  
To it's existance that describes a moment  
What beats, breathes, moves, we watch...

I'm the root... The root of Carpathia  
I'm the root... The root of Madness  
I'm the ink to write your Necronomicon  
I'm the blood that makes you free  
I'm the root... the root... the root...

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