

## **Latif Bolat**

### **"Winteryear"**

Visit "[Winteryear](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(dedicated to Abhinanda)

A winteryear, five years before the future  
Just after the end of history  
There's a headless vulcano  
Coloring the sidewalk  
Its smile is cut off  
The sewer drinks its altarwine

The penis penetrates  
The modern virginity  
In the castle  
Of humanity

In civilisation halls  
Empty words echoes between the walls  
As champagne swills down dried throats  
Dance to the songs of living dead  
They knock at your splintered doors

Stripped dignity

A creature rapes itself  
Here falls the belief  
In humanity

Men weep and women die  
Men breed and women sleep  
The library goes up in flames  
Nothing left but trivial remains  
Lines drawn with greedy perfection  
The words is on the phone - an infection  
The gun lights itself a cigarette  
To celebrate the loss

I rather live for something  
Than die for nothing  
If the river runs nearby  
Don't count me in

