

# The Message of the Time

## Root

Carried by the wind is the dust of the ruined Temples  
Skulls of ancestors dead long time it covers  
Above the pagan Altar an unknown song is heard  
But nobody dances, just Wind, just Wind. Stories he tells / ballads of lost times  
It was Him who saw them / heard and danced  
with them  
Made fly veils of witches / of pagan women  
Rustled in beards of / mighty wizards. The Wind... the Wind... the Wind... In an image of Windstorm / he many  
things  
(demolished and destroyed)  
In an image of Breeze / foreheads of kings  
(murderers he cooled)  
Distributed seeds / as well as ideas and plans  
Something of everything / he keeps inside though The Wind... the Wind... the Wind... The Message of the Time  
the Wind / hides inside  
Once to us he will pass it / shall we understand?  
The old legacy / old as the Time and Wind  
Are we worth it? / can we bear the Truth? The Wind... the Wind... the Wind...

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