Rooted Shadows

Unexpect

A chill in the air
Atmospheric matrix sweeping on bohemian campgrounds
When the voices of violoins carry the entranced
wanderers in a ring of firelight
Creating strange sorrowful dancing shadowy shapes blessed byThe scent of exotic incenses and spices
A nomad ritual of mourning for dryads and their sylvan kind
Torn from the earth by the fouls...and as the roaring fire melts away the sadness
The cards of fate are cast to the west
In a last hope for these green lives
Torn from the earth by the fouls
A curse upon the emperors and their mighty delusions
May the polluted wind rightfully melt the wheels of gold;
infect once and for all their corrupted shells
...and let them chokeThese gypsy souls sang an ultimate cry
For the pain, for the suffering
Cause by clone-minded leprechauns
Purse-driven greedy assassinsThese gypsy souls sang an ultimate time
For the pain, for the suffering
A feast of atrocity offered by so called nobles
...but now comes the Djinn, make a wish...The sour taste of blackened horizons
Compel free spirits to achieve mutations
In the name of the Rooted Ones, united in silence
Let ancient ways of respect restore the rightful balance
Transmute these ashes into fabulous landscape
Water to wine is nothing...creatorsThese gypsy souls sang an ultimate cry
For the pain, for the suffering
Cause by clone-minded leprechauns
Purse-driven greedy assassinsThese gypsy souls sang an ultimate time
For the pain, for the suffering
A feast of atrocity offered by so called nobles

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