

Faces In the Walls

Cales

Roar of wars was covered by the heavy cloak of dust
Noises of steel reins were broken in echoes
Air sweetened with blood
Pagan rabble
Fallen under the flag of antiquity.
I like to breath in and I devour greedily
Each little drop of the times passed away
Times of blood and of primary love as well.
In the evening falling into dark I speak to faces in the walls
They are much older than we are willing to understand
And also stronger than us, time and the power of oblivion
They are engraved into walls by songs from universe.
I like to listen to the narration of the endless labyrinth of horror
And at the same time I feel the most material and intoxicating power of
times
With which I feel to be bound.

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