

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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