

The Continuity of Land and Blood

Naer Mataron

The full conscience of the cosmic harmony

Of the ancient soul and the metaphysics substance of the environment

The ancient soul lives inside us, unintentionally hiddenStrange creatures, absolutely real a different touch

It is time when the night numbs from the frost

The time when the goat comes deep redWith scalding eyes and with nails on his feet

The goat rises all alone, at the edge he stands

His teeth glitters, he smells the Archipelagos risingI see him!

The gods are nothing more than Vampires

Who are fed by the fantasy of the chosen ones

Each time a cypress bows by the winds blow

The mind of the poet flutters

Then Apollon rises

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