Nomad

Ishvara

Traveling through the time
Moving slowly in the sand
Knowledge is the weapon
'Gainst the hunger in the land
Solitude met herself
Lessons from the primal step
Memories from ending life
Liars can't stop the tribes
Nomad, nomad
Nomad, nomad
Brother is the son of rape
The blood that once unites
Wanna choose the way they die

Look inside their minds
Echoes in the actual tribe
No longer sounds
The ancient teachings failed
Movement of my culture
My beliefs have no more tales
Who are you to criticize
To judge and burn the tribes?
The world will be extinct
And your flesh will rot with mine
Nomad, nomad
Nomad, nomad, nomad

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