

Aesma Daeva, Ancient Verses

Once there was myth and mystery.
Now we destroy our ancient verse, our history.
The eyes of my comrades watching, they haunt me.
Dream a sinking ship in waters green;
death down to fate; my sacrifice, sorrow fathoms deep.
The vision of a golden country, it haunts me.
Dome of fragile glass: hunger to thief,
children shelter in paper arms, stolen refugees;
the torture to confess not to betray, Love Ministry.
Cold-hearted secrets lie mute in ice, no tongue to speak
what's always been and always it shall be lost to lies.
These icy tongues of wordless thoughts,
they've never been and never they shall be.