

# Cales, Faces In The Walls

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.