

Totem, For

We've grown up with the wind
Our Mother Earth gives us strength
To feel the seconds frozen in
Each of my passed breaths
We grown up with thousand skies
Never-ending tempt gives us fear
To feel the suffering before dreams
Each of our chosen states of mind
Can you hear the weep of Mother Earth?
She's tasting the coldest blood
She's sucking our fear of war
Can you hear the weep say?
This weep - say
We grown up with the sinners
Destroying sanctuaries' walls
To feel the suffering closed in
Each of words stained with blood