

# Delight, Great Words On The Altars

Of those who fed people on the great words no one survived  
The words are only left  
Yesterday I thought the echoes of these words  
Are music inside  
Today I really don't know who I really am  
I thought that the sedition was my vocation  
I've started to search for relief  
For safety of indifference

Today I really don't know who I really am  
I hide in twilight of the grey cities  
Drunk with my bitterness  
With the remains of my strength  
I'm trying to detain those dying great words  
I thought that the echoes of these words  
Which are the music of mind  
Were sounded inside  
The beast has opened its eyes  
Great words for those called for dreams!

An animal doesn't think about eternity  
While struggling for existence

From the ashes of those who fed people on great words  
We build the altars

Of those who fed people on great words  
Only these words survived  
Of those who fed people on great words  
Only small people are left

From the ashes of those who fed people on great words  
We build the altars  
I thought I was from those who fed people on great words  
Nevertheless we are their nourishment!