

Heiden, Vina

(lyrics: kverd)

Siv tv jej pohlt prach,
stbrn hvzdy na lcch j taj
Krpje smutku stkaj v ekch,
eky bez konce - tak hok se zdaj.
Hledc na obraz na hladin vody,
polyk slova, je ct se nedaj.
Dus oprtka vlastn nesvobody,
znaven oi tchu hledaj.

Jednou uvidt jasnj den,
jednou umlet svdom kik.
Zc Triskeles daroval sen,
k svtlo protrhne ernch chmur ik.

Dv drobn dlan plativou tv kryj,
pod blm zvojem stigmata viny.
Doteky hlubin snad tu vinu smyj,
arvon tn snad utop iny.
iny co s mrami vrac se zp
a dui neboh nedja spt.
Mry co do kdel zahal svt,
vci co vid se nemly stt...

(English)

Her grey face will absorb the dust,
silver stars melt on her cheeks.
Drops of sorrow are funning like rivers,
rivers without end - so bitter they seem to be.
Looking at the image on water surface,
swallowing wods that cannot be told.
The noose of her own lack of freedom chokes,
tired eyes are looking for solace.

To see a brighter day sometime,
to silence scream of conscience someday.
Greaming Triskeles gave dream as a present,
let the light breaks the crod of black worries.

Two small hands buried a tearful face,
under a white veil stigma of blame.
Touches of depths will perhaps purge away the guilt,
actions will be perhaps drowned in magic pools.
Actions that come back in nightmares
and do not allow oor soul to sleep.
Owlet moths will cover the world with their wings,
things you see should not have happened...