

Landscape of souls, Strange Dream

(tekst: Janosik)

I still have the vague blackness in front of my eyes

And this hum of silence in ears

I have already forgot how the day looks like

I have forgot the birds' singing

And my woman's beautiful face

Her fragrance, joyful resounding laughter

I do not feel hunger, I do not feel pain

I am as a wild free bird

Let it be the strange dream

Let it be

Let it be the strange dream

Only not the death

But not now, because the time

of judgement came round

Maybe I will come back

on the earth as a younger brother

Let it be the strange dream

Let it be

Let it be the strange dream

Only not the death

I want to live and feel the touch sweet

of womanly mouth