

Naer Mataron, The Continuity Of Land And Blood

The full conscience of the cosmic harmony
Of the ancient soul and the metaphysics substance of the environment
The ancient soul lives inside us, unintentionally hidden

Strange creatures, absolutely real a different touch
It is time when the night numbs from the frost
The time when the goat comes deep red

With scalding eyes and with nails on his feet
The goat rises all alone, at the edge he stands
His teeth glitters, he smells the Archipelagos rising

I see him!
The gods are nothing more than Vampires
Who are fed by the fantasy of the chosen ones
Each time a cypress bows by the winds blow
The mind of the poet flutters
Then Apollon rises