

# 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