

The Message of the Time

Root

Carried by the wind is the dust of the ruined Temples
Skulls of ancestors dead long time it covers
Above the pagan Altar an unknown song is heard
But nobody dances, just Wind, just Wind.

Stories he tells / ballads of lost times
It was Him who saw them / heard and danced
with them
Made fly veils of witches / of pagan women
Rustled in beards of / mighty wizards.

The Wind... the Wind... the Wind...

In an image of Windstorm / he many things
(demolished and destroyed)
In an image of Breeze / foreheads of kings
(murderers he cooled)
Distributed seeds / as well as ideas and plans
Something of everything / he keeps inside though

The Wind... the Wind... the Wind...

The Message of the Time the Wind / hides inide
Once to us he will pass it / shall we understand?
The old legacy / old as the Time and Wind
Are we worth it? / can we bear the Truth?

The Wind... the Wind... the Wind...