

The Mother of all knowledge, the book of my disguise,
Whence doeth come the storm that I can't see?
A dusk-flame reborn whom whirlwinds obey
Just thousand more years elements decay
And whither then it pass' crestfallen poetry?

Of earth and oceans, sky and lightning, we are born
All four quite distant, still the mixis of the apeyron,
Self-battled odyssey, the spiral to the core
Of the thought that no human ever thought before...

The maze with thousand spotlights, heroic is the one
To walk is straight as the mountain path alone,
Pass the shapes, lost in circles run
Searching not for the moon nor sun,
They seek the words to describe, the wisdom's sacred spawn.

Of earth and oceans, sky and lightning, we are born
All four quite distant, still the mixis of the apeyron,
Self-battled odyssey, the spiral to the core
Of the thought that no human ever thought before...

Ever thought before,
Spiral to the core,
Settling the score,
Spiral to the core.

Pozrime si do oči. Sme Hyperborejci - vieme az prilis dobre, ak o zijeme bokom.

"Ani po susi, ani po vode nenajdes cesty k Hyperborejcom": to v edel onas uz Pindaros.

Mimo sever, mimo ľad, mimo smrť - nas zivot, nase šťastie...

Objavili sme šťastie, pozname cestu, nasli sme vychodisko zcelych tisicroči labyrintu.

Kto inak ho nasiel?

Moderny človek snad? - "Neviem odkiaľ kam, som vsetkym, čo neviem, odkiaľ kam" - vzdycha moderny človek... Touto modernosťou sme stonali, zhnitým mierom, zbabelým kompromisom, vsetkou cnosťou nečistotou moderného Ano a Nie.

Tato tolerancia alargeur srdca, ktora vsetko "odpusť", pretoze vsetko "chape", to pre nas scirocco.

Radšej vlade ziť, nez medzi modernými cnosťami a inými južnými vetrami!

Formula nasho šťastia: jasne Ano, Nie, priama linia, cieľ...

We chase the raindrops by the chalices of wine,
Cockroaches in the dirt is what we call goodwill divine,
Confused and mislead, the pathfinders of destiny,

On the ladders to the higher principles...