

Dunes

IGNEA

Zeal and ardor, fiery stones
The matte atonal prayer
Sand grinding teeth
Dry throat, cracked lips
Thick air

Drawling sound
Is shaking the ground
Forget your stupid pride
Turn back and run from
Butchering sun
Come to the dark side

Hear it, sacred chants of the rivers
Rainfall in the twilight
Chilly shadows of pine trees
Calling

Feel it, sharp ice peaks of the mountains
The Carpathian wonders
Wind is dancing through fingers
Calling you

Sweaty rivers, multiple layers
Of heavy-bodied rags
Seems like the closer we become
The more estranged we are

Hear it, sacred chants of the rivers
Rainfall in the twilight
Chilly shadows of pine trees
Calling

Feel it, sharp ice peaks of the mountains
The Carpathian wonders
Wind is dancing through fingers
Calling you

Water
Aqua
Handful
I beg

Ходили в дюни, ходили
Ходили в дюни, ходили
Ходили в дюни, в дюни

Hear it, sacred chants of the rivers
Rainfall in the twilight
Chilly shadows of pine trees
Calling

Feel it, sharp ice peaks of the mountains
The Carpathian wonders
Wind is dancing through fingers
Calling you

Water

Ходили в дюни

Aqua

Ходили в дюни

Handful

Ходили в дюни

I beg

В дюни