

## 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

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Rainfall in the twilight  
Chilly shadows of pine trees  
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Feel it, sharp ice peaks of the mountains  
The Carpathian wonders  
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Calling you

Water

Ходили в дюни

Aqua

Ходили в дюни

Handful

Ходили в дюни

I beg

В дюни