

## Lords of Endeavours

Lost Soul

At the threshold of night  
Dozes the space of inspiration  
Inside the harm's despairing  
No chance to experience itself  
Thirsty of light I draw from mouth of darkness  
Poison  
Which burns my pride

Like snake robbed from strength  
Creeps symbol of disdain  
On altars of silence  
The Lions Blaspheme of morning

Dawn sparkles  
Demented through the joy  
Bursts handcuffs of all praises

When I tempt Your pride  
Beauty bites the exile  
I want to dress her to the skin  
And to invite to dance

Lords of Endeavours  
Their worship reaches the stars  
Their worship is like comet  
Their charity is like dust

They'll never destroy the light  
Carrying It with pride  
They permit to settle It in their souls  
Where pain rules  
They'll never destroy the light  
Waiting till It will extinguish their beings