

The Blade Of Inquisition

The Nomad

Under the big blade of black inquisition
I dragged a witch and a pile of other cares
I dragged a shrew dirty and wild
I mocked blaming her by the end of lash
It lasted as if two centuries
Thy sick ancestors' anguishes,
however carnal like me

Hungry is this child with little eyes
Lean and in without material hands
Wouldn't I take it cover, feed and be with it?
I can't answer myself, the bell is ringing now
In pews the same ones saw it,
it little, crying one - take

Under the naked blade of thousandth inquisition
I dragged a witch - old like leprosy
I dragged her by hair tearing a pavement

Old was a man I will tell you
He was sitting at a wall covered as in frost
He was groaning in front of us begging mercy
He lost his legs fighting for country
His family died because that's the fate
I wanted to feed him when strange chance
My own grandma kicked his into the corner
That bell sounded. What to do?
I'm going, There is a nice front

Old was a man
Ha was sitting at a wall
He was groaning in front of us
He lost his legs
I wanted to feed him
My own grandma kicked his
That belt sounded. What to do?
I'm going, there is a nice front

Under the living blade of my inquisition
I'm dragging that witch
I don't know no more from where
She's unusual clear not to recognize.
This sudden change could astonish
No, I don't believe,
the witchcrafts are getting me wrong
I was in pew, church pool
I twisted my hands with the hope
And what she? And where is she?
Under the living light there wind blew into her
This old witch is indeed me

You are too high to see how low you are