

A chill in the air  
Atmospheric matrix sweeping on bohemian campgrounds  
When the voices of violins carry the entranced  
wanderers in a ring of firelight  
Creating strange sorrowful dancing shadowy shapes blessed by

The scent of exotic incenses and spices  
A nomad ritual of mourning for dryads and their sylvan kind  
Torn from the earth by the fangs

...and as the roaring fire melts away the sadness  
The cards of fate are cast to the west  
In a last hope for these green lives  
Torn from the earth by the fangs  
A curse upon the emperors and their mighty delusions  
May the polluted wind rightfully melt the wheels of gold;  
infect once and for all their corrupted shells  
...and let them choke

These gypsy souls sang an ultimate cry  
For the pain, for the suffering  
Cause by clone-minded leprechauns  
Purse-driven greedy assassins

These gypsy souls sang an ultimate time  
For the pain, for the suffering  
A feast of atrocity offered by so called nobles  
...but now comes the Djinn, make a wish...

The sour taste of blackened horizons  
Compel free spirits to achieve mutations  
In the name of the Rooted Ones, united in silence  
Let ancient ways of respect restore the rightful balance  
Transmute these ashes into fabulous landscape  
Water to wine is nothing...creators

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