Unexpect, Rooted Shadows

A chill in the air Atmospheric matrix sweeping on bohemian campgrounds When the voices of violoins 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 fouls

...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 fouls
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...