

[Music: M. Fabban / Nysrok, Lyrics: M. Fabban, March 2005]

Spirit's molecules floats in the cosmos  
(while) the dead white man stand upon his burning bed  
Death used it's dices one time more and he fucked us all!  
And the gates are open

Spirit's molecules floats in the cosmos  
(while) the dead white man stand upon his burning bed  
Death used it's dices one time more and he fucked us all!  
And the gates are open

[Cultoculus & M. Fabban chorus:]  
Bellum omnium contra omnes  
Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria

The Container is empty  
The spirit start to explore the never ending valley  
Where the dead-man walking touch the sun

Strong is the Karnix cry coming from the Vrill  
Refugium Peccatorum  
Peccatorum!

Air is dirty... radioactive and cold  
Millions and millions of candles  
Millions and millions of dead

Echoes from the terrestrial surface  
Digital vibes, electric impulses and grey lights

Generated from the earth's vomit  
And the dead white man is walking  
Immortal? down?  
... when illusions lives through it's vis logica  
Giving back to earth a useless projection

While the dead white man stand upon his burning bed  
Everything is moving down  
In the meanders of the Planet Satan!!  
Good and Evil's assemblage  
Velocity and chaos  
They can combine!!!

The world is his representation  
The dead white man is not in the world  
The world is inside him.