

The most delicate master
The drive, the core of our source of function
Too strong the belief of supremacy
And we'll drown in the lack of the increasing gain

Driven since the first step
And here we are trying to find our way in
Time bordering all advantages
Fear of infinity self-conceit

The ability to process, the ability to err
Truth neglected in irrational frustration
Determination serving temptation
Desire within unsound

Euphoric ambition possessed
To shorten our path, to lengthen our time

The most delicate master
The drive, the core of our source of function
Rationality paralyzed at the altar of will
Too tired of struggling, too strong to give in

Driven since the first step
A conscious failure of feigned ignorance
Internal filth appearing so reasonable
A stubborn wound none willing to heal

All equal in the field of diffidence
Swaying about on a weaker scent
Distance blurring destination
Desire within unsound

Euphoric ambition possessed
Idle discontent devotion