

The Enigma Of Number Three

Anata

Reality, my one last escape
I can't hide deep inside myself
I close my eyes
Try to cover my ears
I'm obsessed
No peace to be found

Three churches with minarets
On three hills, far away
Every church has a bell
Piercing chime
Resonates in my head

Lead: Schalin

One for faith, holy faith
Roars like hell
One for hope, bloody hope
One for love
Tinking fuck

Optical delusions
Unheard sounds
Haunting me, why?
These symbols I can't understand
Or interpret

I open my eyes
To escape from this hell
Although reality bites
Reflection I can spare

Three windmills now appear
New visions but I don't care
Two in spin and one is still
Eyes now burn
Sound intensified
Ear drums blow
Delirious delirium!

Lead: Schalin

He never solved the riddle
Never tried
Cursed to die!

Lead: Allenmark

Never reached
The insight that I have
Led to his demise
So learn from this:

If you are a stormy sea
Hold the mill-sails
If your soul is ground

I prithee mark my words

Your soul torn apart
By the sound of the bells
Misted by visions
You will expire
Concentrate, gather strength
Don't let the chime
Get to you or your soul

If you're strong
No mill can grind your soul
Not even if you are
A stormy sea