

[Music: Mathieu]

"The ultimate recipe for power:
First spread the disease, then come selling the pill"

Puzzle done! The picture comes clear
And the despair comes complete
So lucidly we drown in sedation

Or else feel the pulse of one's cranium
A bruising reverence to the concrete
Feel the frequency vanish
Shedding suits, setting the actors free

Far away, feeling so lucid
Peeled the thin veil of lies
But soon arms fell down
The task, overwhelming utopia

[Solo: Mat]

Here comes Don Quixote
Charging windmills on and on
Rise and restart! Hope to overcome...

How meagre arms could have shovelled mountains?
How could meagre arms break all their chains?
Pacified (they are) with games

[Solo: Mat]

They groan under the yolk of bondage
Until life itself becomes a burden!
Restless hearts pumping ire... each one in his corner!
Passed down as pride, an inescapable animal duty
(Possess, procreate) Do fornicate!

[Solo: Mat]