

Much madness is divinest sense,  
demur and be dangerous.  
I had been hungry of news, creativity and freedom,  
Now I can eat of them and I'm not sated yet.

And now I roam the sovereign woods  
And every time I speak the mountains straight reply.

I have the power to kill without the power to die,  
but I have no enemies and I don't need revenge.  
I don't know death nor defeat  
Even if I marched in the sewer of hell.

Much madness is divinest sense,  
demur and be dangerous.  
I had been thirsty of knowledge, action and bravery  
Now I can rule my flesh and I won't save a place for your  
death.

Now I can keep agony away.  
And I refuse men escaping from the mind of man.  
Witchcraft was hung, but I find the magic I need inside  
me every day.  
I don't believe in sins nor in temptation  
Even if I crept into the womb of the beast.  
Now I can keep agony away.