

I listened to the sound of the rebirth and chaos  
Timid essence of an ancestral ego  
I had the visions of an enchanted world  
Mucked up by the vile actions of men.

I abandoned the oasis of fragility in the desert of my  
confusion.

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I had the visions of an enchanted world  
Mucked up by the vile actions of men...

...But delighted by the whisperings of sin  
If spirits shook hearts and minds  
Then souls would rise to splendid capricious and  
prismatic beings  
No longer in the shade of pain trees.

In the not-light of few angels and fairies in ecstasy  
That bewitch suffering and turn it into blinding,  
gratifying night.

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Mucked up by the vile actions of men.