

Deserted Land

Chainsaw

In the temple of my heart, I choose landscapes myself
I built artistic walls and tell the sun not to rise
In decadent suspension I find relief
Walking, not thinking, dreaming visions of mine

My soul derives its power from the ruins of dead city
While my feet softly clash on the onyx floors
I see praying spires, their grandeur grows into choir
Oh, deserted land of thousand-voice hues

Deserted land
When I close my eyes I'm already there
Deserted land
I satisfy myself with drops from the cup of your glory

Every time I look at terraces sunken in the shadow
I don't want them ever to be struck by the light
Let the darkness of misery like a serpent warp around it
Talking delight in ambiguity at all times

Deserted land
When I close my eyes I'm already there
Deserted land
How good I didn't know you alive

My body is a wall that feels at night that grows
Like the sea, suddenly awoken decorated with the moon
The throne - lofty which detains envious power
He knows that after night proud dawns are will come

Deserted land
When I close my eyes I'm already there
Deserted land
How good I didn't know you alive