

## 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