

Have a guest around, at home
He is not to take your soul
His dark face is in the hood
He'll suppress all lust in you

Fear nothing if you sin
It's not a judge, the one who speaks
But forteaste of your ordeal
The primal promise of hell

In silence he cries
Knows the abbys
Knows how one
Should live for the sky
But his fate is like a three
Growing somewhere in the wind

What happens? It's time for a change
But is there enough time?
Hear his footsteps on the stairs
Now's silence, nothing's loud

I close my eyes - go off you monsters!!!
I'm being torn to pieces, bleeding
They sneer at my obedience
I scream buried in my grave
'Cause for changes is too late

In silence he cries
Knows the abbys
Knows how one
Should live for the sky
But his fate is like a three
Growing somewhere in the wind

Out of good and evil, we're not bound by any feelings
Under a mask, inside a nacked soul
In truth, we are still alone
Still we suffer, yet we are here
Fear grows when death is near
'Cause it's hard to live and die
And still belong to humankind

In silence he cries
Knows the abbys
Knows how one
Should live for the sky
But his fate is like a three
Growing somewhere in the wind
Between ground and air