

In the heart of night  
we spend the rest of our life's  
No voices no cry  
wortex taking each by time  
Roams with a burning candles  
faces without traces  
Inside of you I feel comfort  
when I'm not born.

Feel my heart is not beating  
I swallow pain  
and crave for darkness

In this sweat design of nature  
deviance only by good  
From the body of angels  
to the infinite recurrence  
Rain shall replace my birth  
that will DEVOUR the love  
Inside of you I feel comfort  
...when I'm not born