

Abstract believer -  
Who follows will fall  
Do you know your true gods inside?  
It is us  
But your mind is so small...

Bastard!  
I will make you believe in me  
Present impressions are calling for change  
Take place for a structure of false dignity  
So I suffer  
You break  
We will harvest -  
The seeds are awake  
The conflict size will breed the upcoming demise  
Creation -  
We will pay for the lies...

Eden, where is Eden?  
I've been searching so long...  
Eden what is Eden?  
My heart can't be wrong...  
Dreams for your weak lives  
Will you make them come true?  
When Eden is calling  
Calling for you...

Fake of visions  
And deny of prophecies  
We know it all  
Forgotten is what let us see  
Concrete is what men can be  
Estranged perfection comes with sanity  
So you suffer  
I broke  
The seeds we harvest are sick and without hope  
Your conflict size has bred the upcoming demise  
Creation?  
To high is your price...