

The spinning of heads
The spinning ahead
He said to me
He knew evil
Life in reverse
Life out of balance
Stupid as it sounds
Like a wolf running
Cross country -
In every field
A trap waits - along with it's owner
Like someone said about
The hunter
As soon as he stops
He becomes the hunted
I am the cunning animal -
I am the hunter
The life I never read
Is my youth now dead?
Rise, rise, rise...
The swirling sound of swastikas
Like rotor-blades of thought
Threshing the wheat
Out from the chaff
All this is a dream
All this is a dream
The mother clouds
Si quidem deus inquit
'Est unde mala?'
Bona vero unde, si non est?
All this is a dream
All those who worship
The broken demons of the past
Are in love with the dead
This is the cross you bear
They worship the dead and
Lo and behold this is no mystery
When I say that they in turn
Become the dead themselves
Even before they die
First the heart dies
Then the body dies
Then the soul dies
Si quidem deus inquit
'Est unde mala?'
Bona vero unde, si non est?
Every dead eternally then
Every dead eternally then
All this is a dream
Then they are caught
Eternally
In this trinity of
Deathdeathdeath
There is no escape from this
Cycle and circle
Of utter desolation
The despised by man

The despised by angels
The despised by the gods
The despised by the devils
The despised by the
Satanic one himself
All this is a dream
Si quidem deus inquit
'Est unde mala?'
Bona vero unde, si non est?
First death then second
Altogether dead you were,
Anyway
It's a dream...
Altogether dead you are
Altogether dead you shall be
It's a dream, it's a dream
From the corner of my mind
The swirling sound of the orchestra
From the corner of my lips
The words have already
Fallen like honey
From the corner of my eye
A million birds of dreamy
Image wing
It's a dream, it's a dream, it's a dream...