

10.000 needles of light  
Pin the drugs of last night  
Kill the cigarette now sleep  
Let the wolves upon the sheep

The wings of the world move slow in this hall  
And the hunger of hope it starts to starve

God of Chertograd  
Lick the sounds that bleed from his mouth  
God of Chertograd  
Rip the heavens with the horns of the south

How strong the weakness is  
Exhale you fail to resist  
Shut the blinds, and rewind  
Let the ghost into your mind

The wings of the world move slow in this hall  
And the hunger of hope it starts to starve