

It's raining birds
Seagulls, nightingales
They don't sing, they stink
Feathers glow in the dark

Black clouds thicken
Your shutters won't help
No one to answer your prayers
Lord of Flies sends his regards

What doesn't kill you makes you strive for death
What doesn't wound you makes you cut your wrists

Fear not the sickness that harms your body
This one will leave you in perfect shape
This is the virus that kills illusions
Fatal disease that opens the open cage

Be careful what you wish for
Pitiful knowledge junkies
Be careful what you pray for
Your sheep chasing the slaughter
You would have never thrown the dice
If you had learnt the rules before
But once you've started the game
Don't leave the table
Don't go home

Because

There is no home
The war is on