

## The Antichrist's Philosophy

Depresy

Beyond the window of your thoughts  
from deepest shadows of the waste swamps  
by the eyes of whitebeard to the espied space,  
oasis of silence, that crystal beauty of solitude, I gaze  
I am an opened book, mind including of all  
a desire fleshed in knowledge  
An uncovered spring accessible to each  
Majestic shrine so distant for that who don't see  
Not everybody can enter to the hall of infrequent  
where is allowed to peer into itself  
Profoundness is denied to the blind  
can't be understood without the self-belief  
In your weakness you're seeking the god  
The cause of your spiritual torments is material  
Don't willing to see, don't want to hear  
You're vain and I despise with ye  
The gates are agape opened  
Is permitted to come in who opens the eyes  
Finished will be roaming on the wrong paths  
I am an uncovered spring accessible to each  
Majestic shrine so distant for that who don't see  
I won't weep for your blindness  
I am the one that will forgive myself  
Not everybody can enter to the hall of infrequent  
where is allowed to peer into itself

Thanks to Sergey Berejnoj for sending this lyrics.