

And have you seen
Through the curtain of my life?
Get down to the rescue
For my shelter, mental incest

Archaic disciples
Offer their support
But who the fuck am I to dare to accept?

So take your victimized lies
Take your generous disguise
Skeptic privilege of mine
To the conquest of an angel
To the defeat of a beast
Glued to senses
Attached to all I need

And continuous monologues of insanity
Blood in floods
Rushing, longing
Urging to believe

Give me strength
Give me idols
Give my dreams a rest
Reality accepted, or not?