

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?