

Thirst For Power

Gorod

If I could control my dreams, be the master of my nights
Relive the struggles of my days, not to suffer but dominate the
se fights

If I could rule a universe where only my person would matter
And not just be a pawn in a world heading straight for disaster
Raise some armies, just for slaughters' sake of my fellow creat
ures

Meet harmonious and fair socieities of a forbidden future
The ability to struggle, shape my life, follow my principles
No longer be haunted by religions and the infidels' rattles

These dreams that are mine
Are not they those of others?
A universe for a human being
Is it not too much?

Some are too coward and too weak
To dare to think to dominate a world
Even if theirs, they're all confused
Preferring the slavery of their carnal life

Some kingdom to conquer
Unlimited source of power
My imagination is braved
My violence is boundless

You've chosen to be slave, become my victim
Nothing belongs to you, neither your body nor your mind
Bulging and overweening, such is my thirst of power
Decadent, perverted, so have become my ideals

Day after day, night after night, ever vision, every dream
My subconscious dictate all my real or imaginary actions
In what reality will I surface? What world will be mine?
What are the rules to follow, blood in my mind, blood in my han
ds
Nevermind, here is my path, I survive, you perish