

## 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 societies 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