

You love yourself when you come, nobody else  
The return to the womb is incomplete  
Your enemies will always live around you

When the worst is still in your head  
Needing a place for your brain, to rearrange itself  
I yearn to be the centre and the gravity point  
I carved Babel tower with golden runes  
Ascending from my blood the spirits' life  
My harp will have silver strings, will you ever care?  
It's not the meaning what I'm looking for  
Just the point of no return

Maybe only those who leave know it all  
Life's lymph is still green like blood  
Feels like a tree being chopped  
Feels like the trip has stopped  
Please scar my brain with your tongue again  
Please use my life as you best prefer  
Get ready, we'll walk on the edge  
This time we've got nothing to share

Stop it, live it, enjoy it once again  
But remember once I was so pure  
So pure...