

Again I find myself in this narrow chamber
And my kettle simmers with the same old brew
Now turning sour
There must be more to this than chemistry
As my soul burns with fever

Instinctively I do repeat the simple formula
"Solve et coagula"

He stands to face his fate alone
Who will not be content with stone

Some distant glimmers used to lessen my despair
Since then this darkened cell has lost its charm
Now I seek a lightning's glare

"Grips thee, thou Superman! Where is the soul elated?
Where is the breast that in its self a world created" -M

"Why grinnest thou at me, thou hollow skull?
Save that thy brain, confused like mine, once sought bright day
And in the sombre twilight dull,
With lust for truth, went wretchedly astray?"