

Facing the gates  
Your spirit is damned to die  
As there is no depth and no morality  
Dark thoughts blind, evil feelings suck your mind  
And in the night, they'll hunt you alive

Your spirit's damned to die,  
as there's no depth and no morality

Your values don't reach deep,  
surface is all your eyes want to see

Your state of mind, tells you which way to choose  
it seems so lame and there is no excuse

too weak for the fight, like a thief in the night  
You wonder why truth dies

Is it worth to do it ?  
Cause there's no ideal behind  
In the night they'll haunt you alive

Straight out they're gonna march in,  
to get you deep within beyond your soul  
Soul  
Straight out they're gonna march in,  
to make you pay for your sins and make you crawl  
Crawl

Don't know how to escape  
What is fake... what's reality?  
You can't get them off your neck

Bad feeling sucks your mind you're gonna lose  
the question is time until you get the blues

They dig in your brain, you're going insane  
You wonder why the fucking truth dies

Is it worth to do it?  
Your jealousy makes you blind  
In the night they'll haunt you alive