

Ashes of the past are still warm
but a new pair of wings is now growing
metamorphosis is painful
but unavoidable

Will destruction be the right choice?
we are wolves, fighting each other
names spelled in dead words
and a vacuum of belief

Can you feel the pressure of Nothing?
can you hear the endless struggle of society?
Chaos upon humanity!
Can you feel the pressure of Nothing?
can you see the self-destruction of society?
Chaos upon the world!

A new dawn is cast on the ruins
of the way that we used to live
centuries of glory and fear
blown away by a poisoned kiss

The rise and fall of a thousand empires
is a matter of cyclic return
names spelled in dead words
and a vacuum of belief

Nothing is what I care for
Nowhere is where I'd like to be
Never my hopes were real
No one can ever satisfy me