

Sun is going down  
The earth is getting cold  
My tired eyes are shutting slowly  
Consciousness's gone  
The space for unknown is opening wide  
Now I'm alone  
Come with me into my world

Recess of oblivion  
I'll be your guide  
Delightful, disgusting whatever you want  
Spring of inspiration you could find  
Why I have to be in this hall filled with smoke  
Don't give up the ghost  
Your senses apathetic  
Then I see the children giving food to living ones  
They are dying under the wooden footbridge  
In this large hangar I can't hear the music play  
It's forbidden here to disturb the silence  
I'm looking for a bookstore under the ice of a lake  
I will choose the story with the bogeyman in title  
When the idiot's gone a man is born

Strange planet sucks out the water from earth  
My skin eruption seems like white milk  
I am alone

Come into my world in this strange city  
Where murders are on waiting list  
I meet you again my friend  
Together we will run away  
Away and then back  
Are we really happy?  
Or is it all a dream?  
Using of mathematics in relation to policy  
Historic organization  
Construct of my destiny