

...and from the sky the rays of the suns are rushing down  
As the mighty one at the end of the stars  
Where the history's fallen  
They will regain the glory from the wrecks of the iron heart  
The seats of emperors now left in ruins  
Long past the center of the galactic empire now  
The prosperity blooms on the other end  
But there is something hidden under the cover of the poor farmer's world

We are the ones successors of the one  
We hold his work going safe through the time  
Untouchable minds controlling the ones  
On the world of physics science on the worlds of other suns  
Through the thousand years of boundless anarchy

We designers of history  
We will hold the plan  
Our unit is the crowd  
We specify equations to reach the final end to regain the bygone glory...

And from the sky the rays of the suns are rushing down  
As the mighty one a few chosen ones  
Hidden under remainder of iron they cannot let the mankind fall  
Somewhere out in space they feel someone same to work on his plan  
To work by the same way  
Surviving depends on equation's evolution  
They can it a little change  
They can it a little hold on...

Someone is out there  
He's watching what I do  
From far in the space controlling my mind  
Is it still me or am I changed  
Oh how I wish to find them  
The source of my mind

Someone is out there  
Someone is there  
He's watching what I do  
Controlling my brain from far in space  
From distant stars they direct my mind  
They show me the way  
Is it still me  
Are it still my thoughts or am I changed  
My memories alternated  
Oh how I wish  
How I wish to find them  
The source of my mind  
The source of my direction