

Architects Of Sanity

One More Victim

In the dark room there is no place for light
Figures of strangers are sitting in a circle like faceless saviors
Watching in silence, there is no anger and no sin in their faces
Like hantoms, they are reaching out for me with an invisible hand, setting me on the broken throne.
Like a web, the architects of sanity are spinning tiny pieces of the past
Lighting up my mind, building my common sense grain by grain
Resistance like natural beginning is blowing up in a wave of aggression
Blaming everyone but myself in my own insanity I unchain bitterness of loss
Disbelief in reality is gripping my breast in a vice, air is of no importance
Time for a pause, light is passing into an inaccessible place, teasing eyes
And the ice deep inside starts to move again, the body returns to life, disbelief's going on
New period. Period of trade with ministers of death which don't exist
Looking for a contract on the last stay in my illusions
But one is always too much and thousand is sometimes not enough
The prince of fate has not taken off his crown and hounds from obscurity are merciless
The period of compromise is vanishing into thin air in the room without light
A grey maiden has come, attired in oblivion, accompanied by silence
Having stolen human feelings she presented us with a kiss of my story
Condemned mind to rest, and the architects are waiting for a smile
The maiden departed, leaving a box made of wood
When I opened it, resignation came
Stuck to my breast but without pain
The mystery turned out to be panacea
Turning blind from the rays of truth I made a step forward
Into the arms of those who found good sense
Those who were waiting for me in the dark room
In the dark room there is no place for light
Figures of strangers are sitting in a circle like faceless saviors
Watching in silence, there is no anger and no sin in their faces.