

'In fire, we can see our past and our coming. For, as with us and our time, these flames are solely born through the complete and utter consumption of its surroundings. By which, the fire itself is also condemned to be destroyed. Demanding, beautiful and very lethal, it lives itself to death...'

The higher I am reaching - the closer to the sun  
The more I learn the less I know for sure  
For each machine I'm leaving I find a bigger one  
For each step I turn wiser than before  
But it's burning me...  
Pilgrim, where are you going?  
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak  
Pilgrim, true to your knowing  
But what will you pay for the Grail that you seek?

Though these roads seem endless  
And life seems out of reach  
The roads I left were better off unwalked  
If I had just been stronger  
If I had dared to see  
Maybe I would not have had to go this far  
But still I won't give in...

Pilgrim, where are you going?  
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak  
Pilgrim, This quest is your calling  
...the curtains are falling...  
Pilgrim, where are you going?  
And who sets the price on the answers you seek?