

Stay, stay here and listen to the way,  
The wind is blowing  
Lay before the fire, then betray  
Your secret passion play

You must remain all thoughts free  
You won't believe your senses' spree

Pray, your tribute to the unknown god pay  
He's grace retain  
Day, by day we're killing us away  
A slow decay

You're still the same, you've no gain  
You need release for once again

Ask me  
Ask me  
Spectator of your uncolored vanity

Touch me  
Feel me  
Am I real? (Or) Was I born from your insanity?