

Restless and full of hell
You've received the sun
Where the holy mother machine
Caresses you incestuously

Sucking her cancerous breast
You drank the life... of others
That you called dreams

Chorus I:
Among plastic messiahs
Behind fake true love
Between masters with feet of clay
Beneath this hunger you've got

Cross now your grey empire
On your desolated chariot
With the armour of gods
To protect your insignificance

Hypnotic lucidity
Freezes the blood on your wires
To learn the electric movements
Of the sacred heart-engine
Betraying and leaving
Those nailed children of thought
By this self-catalepsy
Their wings, flesh and bones
Became your throne

Your dream sectary is symmetric to what I still love
But there's a difference you don't know
Between dusk and dawn

Because plastic messiahs
Or fake true loves
Or masters with feet of clay
Can't calm this hunger you've got.