

In a red sunny day  
They walk leaving their road  
Rolls of heavy steel animals,  
Driven from work by thirst  
In the sand storm,  
The deceitful family advances  
Bewitching elegant magicians,  
Mister, you sell lies and death

I see your future in my sphere  
I see the path, that walks in your hand

With them alone, it becomes invisible  
With them alone, I promise I give you the sky

This drink tastes of death,  
And has the flavour of the lie  
How much does it want pay for it,  
Soon they are going to an end  
I want to become strong,  
I wanna steer wheel  
Now the death circus is distant,  
But it's closer to hell