

There's got to be a reason  
There's got to be a meaning  
For all this effort marked  
By centuries of questions and doubts

I was blinded, turned deaf to speech  
My hair turned grey, my flesh a rot  
Every thought stillborn and my soul turned bliss

For I know nothing  
The gods resented my plead  
Thus I turned three hundred years old  
Without having learned anything

All this pondering, it's made me sway  
All this to make out the one final question

I was blinded, turned deaf to speech  
My hair turned grey, my flesh a rot  
Every thought stillborn and my soul turned bliss

For I know nothing  
The gods resented my plead  
Thus I turned three hundred years old  
Without having learned anything

In dark and lonely hours  
I sought to find the heart of our creation  
Never could I dream of what  
I found by the greatest hexagram

For I know nothing  
The gods resented my plead  
Thus I turned three hundred years old  
Without having learned anything

The thesis of God, the search for Magick  
Made me at first seek, then bow to a truth I didn't want to know

For I know nothing  
The gods resented my plead  
Thus I turned three hundred years old  
Without having learned anything