

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

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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

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The gods resented my plead
Thus I turned three hundred years old
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