

Woe... when fear is our bridle
Lost in the claws of decay
Oh , Tomorrow's a grinning skull
That leads our way

Sweet oblivion rocks us
In a cradle of darkness
Reel to the first tune
In the crescendo of death

Each delight becomes a jeering guilt
Our mothers viscera sticks bleedin' in our throat
So we grunt and we belch without any dread
Prelude the eventide of the tellural breed

Just like a disease
Our race increase
Just like a nocturnal dream
We'll fade away one day

Oh father tell me why
The last flower died in my hands
For castles in the air
They burned down the ground
And a hand full of dust
For my life

Hark! To our mothers scolding
Discord is the harvest of greed
Trust no pray into the emptiness
Still havoc feasts ... on mankind