

Departure

The Foreshadowing

From mortal wounds we suffer..
Old men outlaw us and break rules
Decide for youth
And celebrate
The disorder, the great disorder of this life
The departure, the sad departure to the endless river
The disorder, the great disorder of this life
The departure, the sad departure to the endless river

Old inside
Cold Outside
In my hall where they can spy
And lock our minds
Me conscience's blind
And maybe it's worth to give up.

And an old man came with giant steps
In the room where I lived alone.
He kept his promise to destroy me,
Then cut my body and ate
My heart and brain

He stole my slice of glory.
Outside the door the world has gone.
Suicide of youth.
We celebrate.
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