

You must die, in the hell there's no more place for you  
You are already the past that fallibly beats its breast  
I would remain passive  
If your crusade didn't have such a past  
As always I can exist beyond your world  
I've stopped taking care of consciousness of the fool  
I am the thought, the great law of needs  
You won't understand, why I think in a different way  
And I don't give a shit about the curse of the cartoon god  
Laughing I consider only as the nature of the past thing  
You must die, in the hell there's no more place for you  
You are already the past that fallibly beats its breast  
Oh, you have to just for a moment feel your thoughts through me  
In inconstant stream of supposed prophecies  
I am the only one who understood that lost  
I could have finished that long time ago or looked for confederates  
Everything's got its price, only a coward misses his honour

"Disgrace is the ambiguity of need"

"Yes, I found a grave full of the resurrected spirit  
and soon I felt the irony of this whole world.  
Because when I was taking the robe off in a big fear,  
I saw my corpse turned into the honey-cake."