

Hidden in the restless dream I fight with terror  
Dried heart dies in torment of fast beasts  
I see my faded pupils up with thick threads of subconscious  
For I sense that my enemy prepares the cruelest of blades

My hollow look, so tired of suffering  
Begs for a ray of sun into the blackness of tear-shaped box  
But hysterical prayers raised to the old God  
Are just a frightful groan in the valley of shadows

Every motion, every thought deals a dull pain to my senses  
Tiredness keeps me in the mental trance  
Irritated with trifles I lost desire for singing  
Singing, which used to take you to the land of dreams

I balance on the verge of my imagined world  
World of possessiveness, world of pain, world of loneliness  
I wish to scream, but my voice gets stuck in moans  
I am nobody, a dust of nothingness drifting in void

I am the sinner - the cause of failures  
I am the burden - the waste of humankind  
I am the cripple - my own parasite  
I will be the messiah  
The liberator of souls

Beware of me, the army of common martyrs  
Waiting for the ritual nailing to cross  
Under the mask of disease you recognize my dear face  
You reach your small trusting hand out to the memories  
So vivid now, here, embraced by soothing feelings  
But this tenderness is the arms of sick mercy  
Beware of me, the army of common desperados  
For on the bayonets of love you will find only death