

Reborn in negation I tread on the crosses
Symbols of the past, inheritance of the nations
I entrust the scepter to hierarchy power
With disappearing limits of identity

Molded by the system I rely upon submission
Invaluableness of life, universality of evil
I become a perfect extermination machinery
With it's hourglass full of innocent souls

Constrained by hunger I escape into meanness
Layers of ruthlessness, shield of egoism
I reduce the human to physiognomy,
With my rejected heart dried to dust

Beguiled by hope I disown humanity
Elements of heroism, spirit of resistance
I impose the rules on accomplice victims
With destiny tattooed on their forearms

Addicted to terror I dry my tears
Bastions of compassion, hosts of weaknesses
I create a world of reversed Deacalogue
With it's numbers across the black sky