

We scintillate like cedar stones  
In plasma veil as ancient ones  
In cold war years you were my fears  
But just to gain the power to reign

Satan's blood in our veins  
The pig-faced mud will be slain  
But no-one dies when black-sea's dry  
And no-one kill  
Forever this will  
Our wisdom be

Now you're asking  
What are you living for  
No sense of life  
And none afterwards  
What I call wisdom is a flower  
That can seldom be found  
But not in illusions  
You only used to find  
A way out