

Congregation unity; faint as your ideology  
Concentrate all in sterility  
Morals runs riot in an endless variety  
Of fragmentary post-solidarity

Never share the effort, symmetry in lines  
Will the Providence ever grace you from all the lies?  
Dishonour any corruption, favour only redemption  
Voluntary subordination, engage in contemplation

You base it all on hierarchy  
No wonder it'll turn into fucking anarchy  
Detachment of continuity  
Revolving around an ever growing susceptibility

Heading towards the Psyklon-Aeon  
The last analysis will forever be perishable  
That's how we would execute any cosmological society  
On behalf of further reliability

This is all what your life is worth  
You better pray it'll be short