

There's a strange and shy form of life
That turns in trash everything it finds
It lives in holes, hidden from the sun
Escaping truth and feeling so high
The rest is low, the air's not enough
Someone tells "life is confined"
How could our endless search finish?
Fate will tell us how to prepare...

ENCOURAGE YOURSELF NOW!

Now the trip is at a crossroad we don't know how it will end!

END IS BEFORE US!

Before we understand how precious life was on Earth!

EARTH IS FALLING DOWN!

Down in the hyperspace, we constantly lose ourselves!

WE THE ARGONAUTS!

We constantly lose ourselves!

"Prepare to the fall... planets we devastate, feeding on human waste!"

"We bring sackcloth... planets we devastate, feeding on human waste!"

"Prepare to the fall... Heavy dancing on your race. You our war e, crushed with hate!"

"We bring sackcloth... Turning dreams into nightmares. Marching on your bowed heads!"

There's a strange and cruel form of death
It climbs the highest mountains in search for rent
And it consumes every single chance, it got to redeem itself!
If there's a creature never satisfied, that corrupts its fellow
and lives in the lie, but in tragic moments tries to react... we
all know that is (the) man...

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