

This is the archetype that pre-exists the man
Evil is an inner voice that transcends the life's principle
It is shameful and sharp, but secretly desired
Don't resist the charm of evil, let fire burn bright,
obscure and contradictory form of bliss and lust
It lives in our heart, but awfully beyond us.
Death is certain but its time is a mystery forever unknown
Every drop of my tears is eternal, death is eternal,
it's the evidence of everything's end and corruption
Suffering is pain, don't mistake it for ache
Ache is consciousness, everlasting expiation.
You can't defend yourself from the void nothing
Lunacy is a false cure to mask emptiness
Existence is tragic 'cause we begin to see
the dawn only when darkness falls
We have been called to live in the name of archaic myths
To refuse them is like to fly with no fear to sink
Into the eternal and primordial sleep
To sink into the earth's secret heart
We have been given a mask to lay upon our face
to throw off it is like to feast with no fear to drink
at the sacred source, to eat forbidden fruits,
to learn the mysteries
Of fire, of water, of human souls, of our destiny
The throb is dying out in a vibrating echo
Cosmic memories protect us from the chaos
Choices cannot be erased, neither by mind.