

Motto: It's 5.40 A.M. Now it is definitely sure that sunrise will come no more...

Veil the face of Sun, as dead being it is
And hide your tears, it can't help
Blood drips down of sky, that stars cry
A knife torn the clouds' smiles
With hatred
And thousands of penises
Tear the heaven asunder
Mourn...

Sun violation, dying in the cage
Of our insidious, vile hearts
There's no shine to enlighten
My defeated mind
A golden disc,
The face of thousands gods
Fades away attacked
By greedy heavenly industry
Sunrape, purge of celestial mechanics
So annoying, ruining, hacking, burning
Moon's drowning in grief,
Brutally plundered
As a whore after enforced coitus,
With blood in hair
The calm rain washes away slowly.

Shattered to light myriads
The Sun in blood of worlds disappears
Raped, humiliated, exploited, scrubbed
My blind eyes fumble
About things were before
And thousands of penises
Tear the Universe asunder
Moan...

A godless victory of the spoiled
Over harmony
No tone will sound as before
Heavens twist to horrendous grin
And malice
Of that fiery ethereal face is palpable
As it says: „It's the sunrape!”
Cry...