

Don't Tell Lies to Children

Panychida

Blank mind, empty soul, empty flask to become a potion of servitude ...

... gratitude, submissiveness to the stronger by age

Blue open eyes, expecting no lies to hear

Grateful for love you give, expecting your wisdom but the purpose is clear

The day you will find it out, the day when the smile will fade
That day is near.

Suppressing the natural, teaching the culture of man

The words are pure magic, their power poisoning the air

Happiness dying out, lowering the velvet veil, velvet veil over
the realms of secrets

Convention and pressure, I'll make you to play this game

In the name of my God and through your mind, my holy thoughts shall prevail ... forever prevail

Give me your soul, for my Lord is the whisperer

I'll make you forget and leave just a thoughtless hole

Once you will cry again, not knowing the reason why

A lurking depression crawls into your vacant soul