

You must die, in the hell there's no more place for you
You are already the past that fallibly beats its breast
I would remain passive
If your crusade didn't have such a past
As always I can exist beyond your world
I've stopped taking care of consciousness of the fool
I am the thought, the great law of needs
You won't understand, why I think in a different way
And I don't give a shit about the curse of the cartoon god
Laughing I consider only as the nature of the past thing
You must die, in the hell there's no more place for you
You are already the past that fallibly beats its breast
Oh, you have to just for a moment feel your thoughts through me
In inconstant stream of supposed prophecies
I am the only one who understood that lost
I could have finished that long time ago or looked for confederates
Everything's got its price, only a coward misses his honour

"Disgrace is the ambiguity of need"

"Yes, I found a grave full of the resurrected spirit
and soon I felt the irony of this whole world.
Because when I was taking the robe off in a big fear,
I saw my corpse turned into the honey-cake."