

Faiths and fools will pretend they have the answers to all  
In awe they'll defend fictional visions of mist

I never believed in their stories  
I never saw sense in their speech  
All they ever taught me was hatred

Trough the ages your desolate pages we're forced to learn  
Bitter days and your logical maze in return  
Through the stages of conscience in cages we bleed and burn  
Just take me to Valhalla

Truth and tears of the past haunting my mind as I lay  
Alone have at last made up my mind what you are

No learning or logical method  
No reason or rhyme in your word  
I have learned that nothing is sacred

Take your time, in the end time takes us all we grow  
Old and ail, don't pretend you have the answers to all

Don't trouble me with all your worries  
Don't tell me were born into sin  
Physically and mentally naked

Existential dictatorship when shall we see the days  
Come around when you burn to the ground in a blaze  
Stay this madness and keep all your sadness inside your maze  
Just take me to Valhalla