

Life-Worshipping Bastards

Cruadalach

We are the kids with burning hearts!

Sometimes comes the moment, when I live by my anger
When I lose my sense, when I lose my mind
And feel like there's no way to be myself again
No!

We might not see (we might not see)
And not believe
That with peace we leave behind all lifetime tragedies

We might not know (We might not know)
How to show
Mysteries unveiled by blending with our shadow

We are just life-worshipping bastards!
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Sometimes I feel like I'm evil and killing myself is the only answer
Not to get rid of pain, but to relieve world of me
To make it a better place without me and my agonies

Srdce mi stíní stín
Ač vím, že je prchavý, do duše mi vráží klín
jak monolit, co hrdě ční, lpím na něm
A sním, že mé vědomí se probudí
Někdy se cítím být jen vší, když vidím, co dopustím
Avšak vím, že soucit je tím,
co je třeba žít a co mou duši uzdraví

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