

'In fire, we can see our past and our coming. For, as with us and our time,
these flames are solely born through the complete and utter consumption
of its surroundings. By which, the fire itself is also condemned to be
destroyed. Demanding, beautiful and very lethal, it lives itself to death...'

The higher I am reaching - the closer to the sun
The more I learn the less I know for sure
For each machine I'm leaving I find a bigger one
For each step I turn wiser than before
But it's burning me...
Pilgrim, where are you going?
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak
Pilgrim, true to your knowing
But what will you pay for the Grail that you seek?

Though these roads seem endless
And life seems out of reach
The roads I left were better off unwalked
If I had just been stronger
If I had dared to see
Maybe I would not have had to go this far
But still I won't give in...

Pilgrim, where are you going?
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak
Pilgrim, This quest is your calling
...the curtains are falling...
Pilgrim, where are you going?
And who sets the price on the answers you seek?