

Stay, stay here and listen to the way,
The wind is blowing
Lay before the fire, then betray
Your secret passion play

You must remain all thoughts free
You won't believe your senses' spree

Pray, your tribute to the unknown god pay
He's grace retain
Day, by day we're killing us away
A slow decay

You're still the same, you've no gain
You need release for once again

Ask me
Ask me
Spectator of your uncolored vanity

Touch me
Feel me
Am I real? (Or) Was I born from your insanity?