

Hide in the Fairytale

Theocracy

A child in sweet duplicity
For innocence? Or slavery to nature
And the bents that haunt him straight out of the womb?
He doesn't have to learn the things unseemly that his instinct
brings
To carry like a burden from the cradle to the tomb
You'll never have to teach him how to lie
If we are born in innocence, well, don't you wonder why?
For selfishness already dwells inside
The birthright of Adam, the curse of the old man

Day and night
Jekyll and Hyde in the fairytale
This is much more frightening
Darkness and light
Feed the new man and tear the veil
See the old man dying

Behold the loving family man
Who tries to do the best he can
And loves his wife and children even more than his own life
But just like that, a wandering eye leads to a suffocating lie
And selfishness and deep betrayal cuts them like a knife
If mankind doesn't have a sinful drive
Then tell me why he'd wreck his life to get some on the side?
The warring of two natures deep inside
Starving the new keeps the old man alive

Soul-sickness nailed to a cross

Day and night
Jekyll and Hyde in the fairytale
This is much more frightening
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Humankind in innocence, a lie so thinly veiled
Man born without soul-sickness: this is the fairytale
Hide in the fairytale