

We scintillate like cedar stones
In plasma veil as ancient ones
In cold war years you were my fears
But just to gain the power to reign

Satan's blood in our veins
The pig-faced mud will be slain
But no-one dies when black-sea's dry
And no-one kill
Forever this will
Our wisdom be

Now you're asking
What are you living for
No sense of life
And none afterwards
What I call wisdom is a flower
That can seldom be found
But not in illusions
You only used to find
A way out