

In the rush of modern times, a new divinity  
Is whispering these words to us  
"Run, run to the light at the end of the tunnel  
Don't look back and forget the whole past"

Our notion of time is getting sucked up by a black hole  
Second after second the modern world overwhelms us  
As if it was guided by a thread  
We are the marionettes of time  
It synchronises the acts and gestures  
Crystallises and breaks our memories

In this psychological enslavement  
Our spiritual quest becomes sterile  
The light in the eyes of our guardian angel is dying  
Their colourless stare foretold nothing but Apocalypse  
In this rush towards the void  
Can you possibly have a new perspective?

Will the revelation come to you  
Regenerate your brain?

Lost in this maze of the soul  
The light of evil will come to you and guide you

So now the equation of our existence is infinite  
The bodies are getting divided from the spirits  
The subtraction of the soul to zero  
Will condemn us to a total annihilation.