

[Music: Mathieu]

"The ultimate recipe for power:  
First spread the disease, then come selling the pill"

Puzzle done! The picture comes clear  
And the despair comes complete  
So lucidly we drown in sedation

Or else feel the pulse of one's cranium  
A bruising reverence to the concrete  
Feel the frequency vanish  
Shedding suits, setting the actors free

Far away, feeling so lucid  
Peeled the thin veil of lies  
But soon arms fell down  
The task, overwhelming utopia

[Solo: Mat]

Here comes Don Quixote  
Charging windmills on and on  
Rise and restart! Hope to overcome...

How meagre arms could have shovelled mountains?  
How could meagre arms break all their chains?  
Pacified (they are) with games

[Solo: Mat]

They groan under the yolk of bondage  
Until life itself becomes a burden!  
Restless hearts pumping ire... each one in his corner!  
Passed down as pride, an inescapable animal duty  
(Possess, procreate) Do fornicate!

[Solo: Mat]