

You are the ones that will free us from colours  
That will free us from words  
Squeezed in the rock of existence  
We never experienced anything else  
Mind, moment, spark-there's nothing  
The weight of this world breaks my spine  
So maybe emptiness completes existence?  
Does something that never was exist?  
Destroy, change- you are unable  
Hatred, fear, frustration- laughter  
Is it possible to be in the temple of nothingness?  
World is you, you're the eternal everything  
Never-always, one- nothing  
You think that destruction is the way  
Let your own pain be the answer  
For nothingness, for non-existence in emptiness  
Being for not being, religion of black hole  
Did we find already:  
Can something that never was give us an answer:  
What you truly hate is a part of you  
World without move, we flow in substance  
Devoured by perfect entirety  
Homogenous millions of perfect shape