

The Antichrist's Philosophy

Depresy

Beyond the window of your thoughts
from deepest shadows of the waste swamps
by the eyes of whitebeard to the espied space,
oasis of silence, that crystal beauty of solitude, I gaze
I am an opened book, mind including of all
a desire fleshed in knowledge
An uncovered spring accessible to each
Majestic shrine so distant for that who don't see
Not everybody can enter to the hall of infrequent
where is allowed to peer into itself
Profoundness is denied to the blind
can't be understood without the self-belief
In your weakness you're seeking the god
The cause of your spiritual torments is material
Don't willing to see, don't want to hear
You're vain and I despise with ye
The gates are agape opened
Is permitted to come in who opens the eyes
Finished will be roaming on the wrong paths
I am an uncovered spring accessible to each
Majestic shrine so distant for that who don't see
I won't weep for your blindness
I am the one that will forgive myself
Not everybody can enter to the hall of infrequent
where is allowed to peer into itself

Thanks to Sergey Berejnoj for sending this lyrics.