

Syncretic Delirium

Gorod

Coalesce to this spiritual family
Which arrogated a mythical and whimsical descent
Unable to write a line without spitting in one's face
Your self-named origins from Assyria

A dreamlike being that feeds on the world of legend

Remind yourselves that you are only men
And none of you have yet accessed the heavenly or astral state

You seem to suffer from a disease of lyricism
Your doctrine appears to be a Syncretic Delirium

Fashioned with any kind of magic and occult science
Mingling your own Church with ideals from the East

I forbid you excuses and push you away
I force you into silence and disgrace

You seem to suffer from a disease of lyricism
Your doctrine appears to be a Syncretic Delirium

A dreamlike being that feeds on the world of legend

Indulging yourself in all kinds of digressions
Abandoned to the whims of your own diction

You seem to suffer from a disease of lyricism
Your doctrine appears to be a Syncretic Delirium

The discordant pages of your works held together only by the binding
Creator of a real disorder which finally laid you on the line

I forbid you excuses and push you away
I force you into silence and disgrace