

# The Mystic Triad of Artistry

Gorod

After religion and lordship, art was yet to be destroyed  
We lost the standards but I found them again

I do believe in the ideal, in tradition, in a noble power structure  
Our task is to discard all three abominations  
That lead us to the doctrine of decay

I predict a miracle! A rose will rise and open growing  
I predict a miracle! Here will triumph the mystic triad of Artistry

Art is the great mystery  
When effort leads to a masterpiece  
Divine rays descend... like on the altar  
Art is the real empire  
When the human hand draws a perfect line  
Angels descend... to mirror themselves  
Art is the great miracle  
This is the evidence of our timelessness  
Art-God, the last reflection from heaven of our downfall

I predict a miracle! A rose will rise and open growing  
I predict a miracle! Here will triumph the mystic triad of Artistry

After belief and discipline, creation was yet to be wasted  
We lost the standards but I found them again

Those dark times made us forget that art is invested with a holy mission  
It shall create the path to redemption for the salvation of mankind  
The Great Revelation  
The gallery is the New Church  
Weak conferences are preached  
Works are the mirrors of light  
And the watchers are disciples

I predict a miracle! A rose will rise and open growing  
I predict a miracle! Embracing the divine cross of salvation  
I predict a miracle! Here will triumph the mystic triad of Artistry

## 6. An Order To Reclaim

Sacred vows are made to be broken  
Three hundred years later, the grave will open

For there is an order to reclaim  
We are back from oblivion again

Born from the poor fellow-soldiers

The world is going through a serious crisis  
Divided by financial conflicts  
Holy wars are sowing terror and chaos  
Let us break the silence  
As science is Focused on the material  
The living standards continue to fall  
Time has come to ask for more humanity  
Let us break the silence

For there is an Order to reclaim  
We are back from oblivion again  
Born from the poor fellow-soldiers  
A traveling mendicant order

But sacred laws are made to be broken

Reveal our ambition  
Revive the mendicant order... now!  
Tax exemption... the oath of poverty  
Immunity from persecution... the Vow of Chastity  
And no Submission... Obedience? To the secular power Death is so great... Death is so great...  
Death is so great that nine would accuse us  
Of seeking victory... of seeking another end  
Reveal our ambition  
Revive the poor fellow-soldiers

After the King's denial, the order became mendicant again  
And the poor fellow-bankers were condemned to burn at the stake...