The surrender to the power Makes me born again
The fixation on every sign I cannot explain

I worship intoxication
At your open play
The appetite that you find
That you throw away

Is a vice of gold and dreams
You try to escape from
But you surrender to the power
To the only way

I love you, I hate you
That's the nature of inviting

To your recklessness and pleasure I purely commit
Because everything that you are
Is everything there is

It's a vice of gold and dreams You try to escape from But you surrender to the power To the only way

I love you, I hate you
It's the nature of inviting