

Where living have half as much as the dead
And streets won't accept any trace of the sunrise
Beauty is paid for by suffering
Even a greater distress is compassion to misery

Shut
Blinding eyes of metal beast
Bringing graves and illnesses
Devilish and sinister
Shut your eyes

Frankincense running in their tears
So hopeless are days of the fatalists, fragile
Camera Obscura is innocent
Capturing faces of gods I would never do, or would I?

Shut
Blinding eyes of metal beast
Bringing graves and illnesses
Devilish and sinister
Shut your eyes

Souls are ruined at a single glance
You can shoot a man without a gun
No way back, once it's done
Shut your eyes
Shut your eyes

Run
From your fears and prejudice
Apathy and weaknesses
Superstition, ignorance
Run away

No more gongs instead of your heartbeat
You're the ones who made you maledict
Put angst on film strips
And relieve
And relieve