

Like a lunatic, frantic
The man in the room looks so dramatic
With a left shoe on his right foot
This spiral traffic feels too traumatic, too traumatic

Quiet
The man is wandering around
Where's the way out he never found?
And inside
There's a ball made of lead
It's rolling and rumbling on parquet

Oh how heavy is the ball!
It bends his spine to the very ground
Neither his nor another
Enormous, ludicrous

Oh how heavy is his thought!
In a half an hour or so
It crushed the floor
And smashed the man's toes

Oh how heavy is his thought!
In a half an hour or so
It crushed the floor
And smashed the man's soul

(Whirl) through the black hole in the floor
(Spin) I begin my whirl
(Swirl) I'm a driftwood with no strength
(Spin) without soul, with no will

Like a feather I travel down (a spiral staircase)
One more loop through abyss (where stairs are erased)
Like a feather I travel down (a spiral staircase)
Falling deeper than it is (all stairs are erased)

Through rapids and stones
I came like water and like wind I go
Through rapids and stones
I came like water and like wind I go

Spin! Swirl!
Whirl! Spin! Swirl!
SWIRL!

Whirl! Spin! Swirl!
Whirl! Spin! Swirl!