

Through the fields of scars and wounds,  
Shining with dim light of non-existence.

What tranquillity!  
What sweet peace!  
What inward serenity!  
What supreme felicity!  
An earnest of bliss!

To reach beyond the web of spiritual deceit  
That mankind has been weaving for millennia  
And face the most horrible truth of all.

Every single dream... shattered, trampled and lost.  
Every single word... silenced forever and evermore.

Descent! Regress into prime, hideous, beautiful...  
Descent! Regress into prime, hideous, beautiful nothingness.