

Ashes of the past are still warm  
but a new pair of wings is now growing  
metamorphosis is painful  
but unavoidable

Will destruction be the right choice?  
we are wolves, fighting each other  
names spelled in dead words  
and a vacuum of belief

Can you feel the pressure of Nothing?  
can you hear the endless struggle of society?  
Chaos upon humanity!  
Can you feel the pressure of Nothing?  
can you see the self-destruction of society?  
Chaos upon the world!

A new dawn is cast on the ruins  
of the way that we used to live  
centuries of glory and fear  
blown away by a poisoned kiss

The rise and fall of a thousand empires  
is a matter of cyclic return  
names spelled in dead words  
and a vacuum of belief

Nothing is what I care for  
Nowhere is where I'd like to be  
Never my hopes were real  
No one can ever satisfy me