

## Architects Of Sanity

### One More Victim

In the dark room there is no place for light  
Figures of strangers are sitting in a circle like faceless saviors  
Watching in silence, there is no anger and no sin in their faces  
Like hantoms, they are reaching out for me with an invisible hand, setting me on the broken throne.  
Like a web, the architects of sanity are spinning tiny pieces of the past  
Lighting up my mind, building my common sense grain by grain  
Resistance like natural beginning is blowing up in a wave of aggression  
Blaming everyone but myself in my own insanity I unchain bitterness of loss  
Disbelief in reality is gripping my breast in a vice, air is of no importance  
Time for a pause, light is passing into an inaccessible place, teasing eyes  
And the ice deep inside starts to move again, the body returns to life, disbelief's going on  
New period. Period of trade with ministers of death which don't exist  
Looking for a contract on the last stay in my illusions  
But one is always too much and thousand is sometimes not enough  
The prince of fate has not taken off his crown and hounds from obscurity are merciless  
The period of compromise is vanishing into thin air in the room without light  
A grey maiden has come, attired in oblivion, accompanied by silence  
Having stolen human feelings she presented us with a kiss of my story  
Condemned mind to rest, and the architects are waiting for a smile  
The maiden departed, leaving a box made of wood  
When I opened it, resignation came  
Stuck to my breast but without pain  
The mystery turned out to be panacea  
Turning blind from the rays of truth I made a step forward  
Into the arms of those who found good sense  
Those who were waiting for me in the dark room  
In the dark room there is no place for light  
Figures of strangers are sitting in a circle like faceless saviors  
Watching in silence, there is no anger and no sin in their faces.