

# Babylon Sad, Pictures Of Paradise

Personal power shall ever be mine  
My soul is eye and eye is my mind  
Evenity has never existed  
You simply want to have it

The only solution's the struggle against my aims  
And struggling without aim is weak  
Or so it is written

Profusion I love

Thy will - shall be your end  
Replace - replace the truth  
Become yourself - in a land  
Where no one dares to take command

Pictures of paradise were made to demise  
Ideas faded away as roses lost their pedals

A human to be...  
There's for sure no sense to see  
Is this the reason for me  
That I always want to flee

Walking in vain...  
Beeing insane, trapped in mental chain  
Starting to feed your own pain

Confusion I love

My god has sent some light  
To destroy all their sight  
That's the war I do fight  
So my might is burning bright

Pictures of paradise are made to demise  
Ideas fade away as roses lost their pedals

People that weep, want them to bleed  
Just to feed my inner need

Rape, maim, kill, flowers of no will

Thy will - shall be your end  
Replace - replace the truth  
Become yourself - in a land  
Where no one dares to take your hand