

Lead Weight, 1000000 Ways

One million ways lay in front of you
And each way calls you to itself
One - pleasant for eye, another - press for body
Where? How do you go, it's up to you

Here's an open way, and the palace there
Everything you want - Paradise of God
As a butterfly you're flying to the light
But having flown up there, you will burn your wings!
You will fall down, straight into the dirt
Look around...
Around: black, stench and scum

In the dusty mirrors like ripples on the water
Reflection of you as a candle in the dark
Laughing above you dim light burns
Welcome to my kingdom! The hoarse voice shouts.

And in your brains as in rich kissel
There will be insight - your pain in a head
The demon spokes with you, you involved yet
Will not see no light nor pleasure
Remains only... A sin