

# 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