Satyricon, Supersonic Journey

A rotating silvercolored plateau, Drops that dance down the Columns Blue, Cold and the raging starwind

Glowing colors at fearful speed

Indistinct pictures of prophets and visionaries in a galactic fog

In outer space on an axis

In another reality on a supersonic journey Inevitably he can see it, The lights are going out and he knows

If he just could make us understand

In the emptiness there is nothing that can draw the picture You want

Just a stillborn child on hands that fumble

Raging, Raging at incomprehensible pace

The colors blinding, The plateau falls in outer hell

The disclose that we had to die... We pit the hand that fed us

In outer space on an axis

In another reality on a supersonic journey

Is this what is yet to come, Or a madman's reflection of the Soul?

As when his heart cried out in pain when he perceived what

Burdens we were to bear