

Accessory, A Nation

Exploration of the ground
Every day all year round
Exploitation is their aim
For themselves in the main

They are working to maintain
An overestimated gain
Thinking sensitive prudence
Will have the brightest chance

Self-portraits in shining colours
With a gaze at all the others
To ignore their existence
For their own expedience

And the finest isolation
With the best realization
Doesn't protect them against
The fear of contamination

And no goddess will remain
In this regulated game
(And) no god is necessary
To believe in tales of fairies

It's a nation of moral ants
With affection for themselves
And with highest confidence
In a glorious existence