Arachnes, War

I'm going into this world,
I'm walking on the pain,
I'm going into this old black dream;
all the things and all the thoughts,
everything is pressing in my head
and I'm dreaming a new world
without the war...

I'm going into this world,
I'm walking on the blood,
I'm going into this old black dream;
all the time and all the space,
everything is pressing in my head
and I'm dreaming a new world
without the war...

WAR AND DEATH,
WAR AND DEATH,
AND OUR DREAMS ARE PAPER-SHEETS,
...AND OUR DREAMS ARE DREAMS.

The Big Man now is here,
and you are very good,
but your face is a fat dust-pan;
powerful man, oh powerful man,
maybe I am an old child,
because I need my rainbow and my sky!