

Esqarial, Inheritance

Dead silence so thick that
every word makes enormous noise
Immaculate able to penetrate
My thoughts the stream of consciousness

Their mystery
Obscure as much as their sins
I'm here to know the truth
So let the trip begin

My power is the result of common people's ignorance
Hidden behind the ancient rules
My old twisted body expresses perseverance
Great knowledge heightens courage
But I can't escape from my hermitage
I'm just a tool in the hands of god
His will but my tears sweat and blood

Free of supremacy plunged into secret codes and formulas
With geometrical harmony
I sketch thin line between my faith and your trust

Conspiracy
I'm cursed for all I see
My dignity
Raised monuments that will last for centuries

No more humility
Replace me if you think you could understand my visions
Stay away I create chaos with a surgical precision

My mystery
Obscure as much as my sins
I made the most of the chance
So I leave you my inheritance