

Gogol Bordello, Illumination

Don't believe them for a moment
For a second, do not believe, my friend
When you are down, them are not coming
With a helping hand
Of course there is no us and them
But them they do not think the same
It's them who do not think
They never step on spiritual path
They paint their faces so differently from ours
And if you listen closely
That war it never stops
Be them new Romans
Don't envy them my friend
Be their lives longer
Their longer lives are spent
Without a love or faithful friend
All those things they have to rent
But we who see our destiny
In sound of this same old punk song
Let rest originality for sake of passing it around
Illuminating realization number one:
You are the only light there is
For yourself my friend
There'll be no saviors any soon coming down
And anyway illuminations
Never come from the crowned
Illuminating realization number one:
You are the only light there is
For yourself my friend