

Hieronymus Bosch, Third Half

It seems like delusion
Haunting me every day
There is mysterious fusion
Inside me... Mind astray!
Oh, I feel like pack of cards
I was made of few
Contradictory parts

[CHORUS]

First part says:
"Let your convictions rot!"
Second part says:
"Do not!"
Someone says:
"Ignore the truth"
Someone says:
"Listen to your muse"

Sick and tired of eternal confrontation
Don't want hear anymore useless conversations
I'm just a third half
Of myself
Starting study
My own body
Falling to pieces
By kicks and kisses
I have no power
I'm hero and I'm coward

Multiplicity, the gallery of faces
On the run all the days, from sixes to aces
My ingenuity
And imagination
Take priority
Over reputation
My second part
Dislikes this way
Misgivings keep
Running through my veins...

First half screams
Brings me to the boil
Gathering and
Storing up the spoils
Second half sings
Rights all the wrongs
And I can hear
These graceful songs

[CHORUS]