

Lead Weight, Disangelist (Bad Religion)

Go to your home
And light a candle
Shut down your eyes
And make a prayer
And muddy stare
And there's no soul
And only fear...

Blood runs cold in veneration
Black precipice of insane is close
For punishment fear rise on your knees
Glorification word exalt by lips...

Psychosis...
Abulia...
You're dying from someone's idea
Idea of rescuing of the world

Your mother cries,
But you are smiling
You have refused
From thy world!

Has taken in hands
Insanity seeds
For weak-willed minds
Has prepared a lot!

... Years are passing,
But there's no omen
Idea - is terrible lie

There is a dull ache
Grows in perception
This is your rack -
It's all your life

You can not suffer
Such pain as truth
And you've understood but late,
That there is an exit:
Death...