

# Theatres des Vampires, Reason And Sense

To you, creation's  
Mighty principle,  
Matter and spirit,  
Reason and sense.  
To you my daring  
Verses are unleashed,  
You I invoke, o Satan  
Monarch of the feast.  
No human breath below (him)  
No pleasure for the lust  
No martyrs for the Christ  
Just hate and pain and dust  
Gold dust in a cursed land  
A black feather dances so fast  
An angel is falling down  
The true reason no one knows  
Reason and sense  
"I die everyday and every night I rise  
Searching the hideout for my pale light  
The sky cries its shiny lies  
The truth is my pain  
The doom is my life";  
God's kiss on his spirit lays  
The rocks of hell his grave  
No time for choice no time  
From flesh to dust his way  
Flame's crown the crown of Christ  
God kills his son his priest  
No prayer for the deads tonight  
A tempest meshes clouds of rain  
A clown dances with his mask of pain  
A crow screams on a nameless fate  
"I die everyday and every night I rise  
Searching the hideout for my pale light  
The sky cries its shiny lies  
The truth is my pain  
The doom is my life";