

# Totem, The Race (P.O.C.B.F.E.O.O.M.)

The race, reward  
Blameless dream - silence  
The speech controlled by maze  
The sweetest smell of innocent ignorance  
I walked through the land of madness  
I've created the cunning, my pride  
Is there any God to take my Holy Grail  
Is there daredevil who takes my path  
The last crimson tear  
Land of madness dream  
And suffering in pain  
Our voice in silence  
It all belongs to me  
This beauty of war  
This fist without bless  
Gathering of lost  
Let's start playing this game  
The way of fear  
The path which never ends  
Can you crave your own face  
Without mirror in human's head?  
Have you ever wondered  
Who drinks blood of your war  
Where's the beginning of your consciousness  
Who consumes your scarify  
So can you hear  
This whisper of your soul  
The wipe of madness land  
This whisper of your soul