

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