**Ty Si Si Vybral...**

Temný čas a temná hodina,

Čas, na ktorý sa nespomína,

Temná chvíľa, na ktorú sa snažíš zabudnúť,

Aj tak je v tebe,

Volá ťa.

Ty si si vybral...

Aj tiene zanikli v najtemnejšej sekunde,

Najväčšia tma v najjasnejšom svetle,

Ty si si to vybral...

Tmavá chvíľa volá ťa do temnoty,

Temnota kvíli do zániku,

Tma bola na počiatku a napokon aj na konci,

Ty si si už vybral...

Tmavá tma začala a tá aj končí,

Nezrodení zo svetla, lež temnoty,

Temné deti temna,

V oku búrky našli svetlo, vydali sa za ním...

Ale Tma sa nezabúda.

Ty si si vyberal...

Deti temnoty do nej patria, vždy bude v nich,

Nikdy nezabudnú krik posledných,

Tma bude víťazom posledného boja,

Temnota vždy víťazí,

Iní nie sú víťazi,

Tiene vyhasli, boli len odrazmi,

Tej čo nikdy neskončí,

Nikde nezačína,

Všade je,

Tma, temná pripomienka ničoty,

Krása tmy je podvedomá,

Temná stránka duší, ktoré neexistujú,

Je to tvoja voľba...

Temnota je ničota,

A ničota je tmou,

Vieš to, i keď zakrývaš,

Bojíš sa seba, to čím si,

Temnota v najtemnejšej skrýši,

Nič je ničím, temnota je iba odrazom,

Všetko je ničím a ničím je všetko,

Iba odraz ničoho v zrkadle temných,

Všetko je ničím a podstatu vyberáš si sám,

Je to tvoj výber...

Depression

Have you liked it?

Don’t want to leave

And let it be?

Like a lie and be...

*Be a night of you,*

*Can’t stop to like,*

*And why are you burning*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you wanted it?

Don’t want to lose

And be without it,

Want a pretty lie, stop and die...

*Die with everything,*

*Can’t stop to want,*

*And why this isn’t enough things*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you needed it?

Don’t want to change

And your real crushed a real,

Need a lie, forget who you are...

*Are you a man who dies?*

*Can’t stop to need,*

*Why am I walking to the hell*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you sanctified it?

Don't want to see

And know what it is,

Sanctify a pretty lie, saint eternal lie...

*Lie yourself of life,*

*Can’t stop to sanctify,*

*Why am I a priest*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you hoped it?

Don't want to cry

And can’t hide it,

Hope a lie, that’s taken us alive...

*Alive, we can be, but...*

*Can’t to hope,*

*Why when this is bright fucking lie*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you trusted it?

Don’t want to live

And must be with,

Trust a pretty lie, no way away...

*Away with every sin,*

*Can’t stop to trust,*

*Why are we mistaken*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you loved it?

Don’t want a reason

And destroy and kill,

Love a lie, nothing more than die...

*Where is the heaven, gone with the sins?*

*I can’t stop to love,*

*Why when I know it, this’s lie*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you taken it?

Don’t want to continue

And take it all,

Take a pretty lie, beautiful night...

*Nothing is seen at night, in dark and*

*I can’t stop to take my ruin,*

*Why do I take this lie*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you despised it?

Don’t want to feel

And see your hate,

Despise this lie and yourself too...

*Mistaken, hated and misunderstood,*

*Why I can’t stop to lose?*

*Why have I gone to this battle at*

*It’s the midnight...*

Have you burnt it?

Don’t want to breathe

And mirror shows the pain,

Burnt a pretty lie, just battlefield takes us and nothing more...

*Just battlefield takes us and nothing more,*

*I’d rather crush than be,*

*Warplanes inside my head,*

*This has taken my peace,*

*I must have, lose and trust,*

*Pain without sense,*

*Pain without end,*

*Pain destroys us,*

*The misery shows... truth.*

Oko Búrky

Si príliš blízko pravde, aby si ju videl,

Príliš krátko žil si, aby zničil údel,

Príliš malé sny, aby dosiahol univerzum,

Príliš veľa istôt na pochod do temnoty...

*Do oka búrky nikdy nezahliadol,*

*A predsa v ňom bol,*

*Do oka smrti nikdy zazrel,*

*Hoci blízko bol...*

Si príliš obyčajný, aby si to zmenil,

Príliš zlý, aby sa zlepšil,

Príliš bezpečný, aby si odišiel,

Príliš dobrý na zlepšenie...

*Do oka búrky sa nepozrel,*

*A predsa v ňom bol,*

*Dvere si nikdy neotvoril,*

*A tak blízko si bol...*

Si príliš nový, aby si sa ničil,

Príliš bežný, aby si skončil,

Príliš normálny, aby si otvoril dvere do tmy,

Príliš pokojný, aby si skúsil noc,

*Do oka búrky, tam je pokoj,*

*Miesto kde žiješ je pod lampou,*

*Tam je tvoje svetlo,*

*Nevidíš tmu vnútri nej...*

Si príliš slobodný, aby si sa oslobodil,

Príliš sklamaný, aby si mal ideály,

Príliš pokorený, aby si sa nasledoval,

Príliš nájdený, aby si sa našiel,

*Oko búrky je tvoj svet,*

*Ignorujúc okolie, žijúc si pokojne,*

*Hľadajúc zámienky na nové námietky,*

*Nikdy si von nevystúpiš...*

Si príliš potrebný, aby si odišiel,

Príliš žijúci, aby si prešiel mimo,

Príliš hľadajúci, by si nevidel realitu,

Príliš malý, aby si chápal, tak si nenachádzaš...

*Oko búrky je tvoj domov,*

*Tak si a ho neopustíš,*

*Von ťa nepustí, oko búrky,*

*Slnko uprostred daždivých tornád...*

The Ends Of Ideals (Decadence’s income)

**God is watching you!**

The child is walkin’ in the dark,

The path is darkenin’ slowly,

The lost will be never found,

The child... innocent’s lost innocence...

*To heaven isn’t way,*

*You know it but you have tried,*

*You felt it but you have prayed,*

*Glorify the second death of sanity...*

The dead is losin’ way out,

The way has been blackenin’ yet,

The death will never find exit,

The dead... final destination never found...

*To hell isn’t way,*

*You know you’re there,*

*You felt that’s no question where,*

*Glorify the relentless mercy...*

The human’s searchin’ for his paradise,

The secret dream is just ’bout the hell,

The wishes will be uncovered and you’ll see,

The human... covered uncovered...

*To paradise isn’t way,*

*You know you wish everything other,*

*You felt the eternity but you’ve wished another,*

*Glorify the unwished wishes...*

The slave is gettin’ his final damnation,

The misery is pay for the salvation,

The timeline on the end,

The slave... ever want to be again...

*To salvation isn’t way,*

*You know there’s no destiny and you cry,*

*You’ve chosen one from dumb ways to die,*

*Glorify the final destination...*

The traitor is bringin’ back the quest,

The faith’s not in his chest,

The last wanted will never found,

The traitor... listen a drum sound...

*To wished isn’t way,*

*You know the law and you will not break,*

*You ruled yourself by the fake,*

*Glorify the traitor’s creations...*

The slayer is buyin’ the victory,

The victory bought and drunk,

The wine from god’s gardens,

The slayer... sin is forgiven...

*To forgive isn’t way,*

*You know to forget ‘bout the sins,*

*You can sell your victory to your our murderer,*

*Glorify the saint paradox...*

The priest is drinkin’ with the devil,

The lover is called evil,

The Jesus is Satan’s son,

The priest... preacher of hell...

*To change isn’t way,*

*You know it, anyway,*

*You felt is all the time,*

*Priest glorifies Satan!*

The angel is fallin’ from the grace,

The end is near his face,

The grave is his glory,

The angel... will be weeping no more...

*To backward is no way,*

*You know sacrificed ones are lie,*

*You felt the graves of your victories,*

*Glorify the never-cried sleeps...*

The demon is findin’ his throne,

The evil ones are right now,

The saints have become that for long time,

The demon... winner without misery...

*To saint isn’t way,*

*You know there’re just two ends,*

*You could choose the death or death,*

*Glorify the beatific miss suicide...*

The God is stoppin’ to have sense,

The psychotic dreams was made to live,

The life with nothing you need,

The god... mustn’t be there...

*To dream isn’t way!*

*Your priest preaches Satan,*

*Your angel falls from grace,*

*Glorify the God’s plan!*

He must really love us to give us this world! (And sins too)

This Is The Night

This is the night

And night is for fight,

The night to fight,

Fight for the night,

Night is so tight,

There isn’t light,

This is the night,

And night for the fight,

Fight is the right,

The right is night,

This is the night,

The night, night, night, night,

This is the night,

Fight ‘cause of light,

That will be flight,

At the midnight,

This fight is plight,

The plight is this night,

And what we might

When is midnight?

To glory of night,

We’ll kill light,

Our world is tight,

This is the fight!

Yeah, that’s hight,

Night might be right,

Yeah, dark knight,

Knight of the night!

That’ll be fright,

Oh, that’s night,

Fright of light,

Fright of night,

Such a sight!

This is the night!

It’s not alright...

Don't alight!

This is the night!

And we all fight!

None is bright!

This is the night!

And night is for fight!

Never be slight,

This is the night!