

Arcana

"Renaissant The Reverie"

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Look upon this filthful world
Besmirched to sullied trash
Heavens are swarmed with poisonous smoke
Rivers are soured with chemicals

The earth in oxidation
Our technical progress is self-annihilation

Evil grown in our souls
Betrayal and hatred preside over those
Corruptions steeped in our blood
Mankind is like a gay-parade

Remember
The freedom of flesh and wit is splendour of our seed
Rotten corpse on wooden cross is sign of feeble spirit

Christ is pawn in game of rat-men
The power of artful, money for poor
Undone the great and sacred sun-men
Turn the man from path of Gods (to road of
muckworms)
Weakness leads to self-denial,
Thirst for comfort leads to (soul)-mire
There's no joy in wealth of purse, there is in wealthy
soul
But now it's worn like sieve of gilded-maddened doll

[Chorus:]

Wisdom of ancients in our blood
Rise from the ashes, heavens' light in our eyes
Sword of truth, seize in hand
Let people's embers will be rend
Get wiser for our glorious Rod
Get stronger for the sake of loved
Get brighter in the name of brood
Be real, opened the conscience's route

Men consumes ourselves inside
Swallowing the all around
This anecdote we'll stop by bomb

Our want to die -- salvation's gone!

But I believe there is a Love
She rules this world, she's higher Gods
Mankind is not yet spawn of evil
We'll save ourselves if we're revering

Gift of life, divinity's sigh
Our souls and paths from kingdom of skies
Beautiful bodies for endowment of love

Children of Earth, Ye fuel of Her hearth
We must take care Her not sparing our hearts

[Chorus]

Hail the Light!

You saw the loathing of the present
Your gaze's turned from fumes-mankind
Progress completed in regresses
This is horrid matricide

Remember
Woe to nation, whose children die not on forefathers'
land
And not recall their customs, craving life like other ants

The curse of lapse lied upon hands
Divine-bred we fell of plants side of worse
Unleashed the wars for painted timbers and dried
corpse

Tend thy land and folk
Be their loyal guards and hawks

Mother-heart is your pure thread
Love your family and friends
Hate your rivals for the pain
Praise and raise your inmost flame
Ring of life bleeds from your sins
You'll be in it, but you can slit
Be the Theos of perfection
Mend this world for resurrection

Do you want to be the God?

[Chorus]

Get wiser for our glorious Rod
Get stronger for the sake of love!

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