

Death Reality

"Panic"

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I'm about to enter Hell
The razor's edge of human sense
I'm not a fool, I'm not a saint
I'm the shaman, the medicine man

I can fall down like a dog
Then I fly high like a hawk
I'm the Devil and I'm God
I'm the one who tries to live his life

In primordial times
From the other side
Pan is calling me, calling me
In this shapeless world
I can find myself
With the euphoria, the euphoria
Of the great all

I'm the panic, the holy cheat
The transcendental charlatan
I am all and against all
The subversive paradox

I'm born to ride the unicorn
I don't need shelters, I do what I want

I'm the mystic clown of lust
I'm the jester, I'm the panic king

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From the other side
Pan is calling me, calling me
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I can find myself
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