

## Dive

### "Transylvanian"

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Deep inside the heart and through my ears the voices  
are whispering  
If you don't evolve you'll cease to exist as an object of  
recreation  
The sound of silence awakens me and it feels I'm dying  
again  
Like the creature born from the sin, I am moved by the  
hands of my God

The violent storm keeps raging down, to me life and  
death are the same  
Away from the light and into enslave like the dust that  
must move again  
I am commanded by hate without a will, as an object of  
recreation  
Away from the dream of what will it be, let this world be  
drowned in it's grief

Reincarnation of a man. Distilled through a pile of dirt.  
Shed a tear and let this world be drowned in it's greed.

Deep inside the heart and through my ears the voices  
are whispering  
If you don't evolve you cease to exist as an object of  
recreation

We slowly cease to exist as an object of recreation

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