

Nightly Gale "Cutting God's Throat"

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Existence of feelings
Is like a simple sorrow
To feel the existence
We desire the fruit of the holy
Millions of human souls
Deluded by a mysterious game
On rainy days are on their own
And shout out sad thoughts
In gardens of pain
We spend our lives
Every moment there
Is joy and madness
In the chaos of thoughts
We look over our dreams
These are the gardens of pain
Places of nonentity

Deep penetration
Intensive feelings
A bloody stump
Our worthless world

A mine of excrements
Experiments of life
In the gardens of pain
I cut God's throat

Sweet suffering
Welcome to my world
Sweet suffering
Is the ecstasy of feeling

My dream
Is not
My dream
Is not - realized

I see a splendid place
I can see the sweet time of existence
No - I am not there
This island without forgiveness

I can only see liars
I can see sick people
They said so much
To destroy my world
These are liars

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