

Gorod "Thirst For Power"

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If I could control my dreams, be the master of my nights

Relive the struggles of my days, not to suffer but dominate these fights

If I could rule a universe where only my person would matter

And not just be a pawn in a world heading straight for disaster

Raise some armies, just for slaughters' sake of my fellow creatures

Meet harmonious and fair societies of a forbidden future

The ability to struggle, shape my life, follow my principles

No longer be haunted by religions and the infidels' rattles

These dreams that are mine Are not they those of others? A universe for a human being Is it not too much?

Some are too coward and too weak
To dare to think to dominate a world
Even if theirs, they're all confused
Preferring the slavery of their carnal life

Some kingdom to conquer Unlimited source of power My imagination is braved My violence is boundless

You've chosen to be slave, become my victim Nothing belongs to you, neither your body nor your mind

Bulging and overweening, such is my thirst of power Decadent, perverted, so have become my ideals

Day after day, night after night, ever vision, every dream

My subconscious dictate all my real or imaginary actions

In what reality will I surface? What world will be mine? What are the rules to follow, blood in my mind, blood in my hands Never mind, here is my path, I survive, you perish

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