

flock of thorns (4 : 36)

Sickness!	The human being has extinguished all life
Hate!	An eternal curse, burnt in the brain.
Insanity!	Individual's wits – immoderate genial
The world is bleeding out,	Yet, it's worthy to a maggot.
The world is getting free.	Creator of the apocalypse, corrosive's your breath
	An army of living dead...
Decomposition is the final human desire.	Human being: see your curse!
Reincarnation: a reason to kill yourself	Religio tenebrarum
Enjoy the end,	Ambitus mortis
See your mission...	Somnorium sequitur
The judgement day is	Epidemarum et puterdinis
People's creation...	Et tranquillitatis in terris
Sickness!	
	(Bož; 1995)

signify the mischief (psychohelge I) (3 : 23)

Hey you, don't you see
the colours in your misty dreams?
Don't you heard 'em vow:
join the fun that I show

so meek
showtime!

Shiny always sweet
ecstatic in your greed
suffer the signified chaos...
with pleasure.

Live your life, free and might
faster.

Intensify your mind
Dare and be valid right
Don't care about someone's respect
The world's insane - your gain direct

So sweet
Showtime!

Your rules,
apply for all
Just in your brain
Into your walls

Great illusions...
Seemin' so real in madness

Complete your way
Carnival time for misanthropes
Take, what you expect
Conformity off misanthropes

Uh!
Uh!

(Bož; 1996)

pictures (9 : 30)

I. Moonsday

A white splendour
Of a forgotten moons day
Fear
Death
Silence

II. (Mendaciou`s) Pictures

Pictures at the wall
Drew by the moon
Look painly true
People gonna tell
They bring notice from death
You can hide but you can't run

I see in the moon
A face horrid cold
And nothing breaks my fear
A creature in the night
Is extradited to this power of
Evil

Werewolf:
" Sometimes I'm a wolf
And I bark to the moon
I hope he will hear
A servant of his insanity
His pale face only sends
Signs of his might
These pictures"

This tortured shriek
Of a tortured creation
Withered in the light
The borders of the form
You can clear distinguish
From the darkness of the shadow

It sits there in the sheer
Madness of the night and
Exchanges some words with a mummy
I don't know what they're talking about
Would call it lies
Briefly the beast

Werewolf:
" Sometimes I'm a wolf
And I bark to the moon
I hope he will hear
A servant of his insanity
His pale face only sends
Signs of his might
These pictures"

Werewolf:
"Master why me? Why should I be the destroyer,
why should I suffer the murder mania?"

Moon:

" In my light you should kill! In my visions you must dig corpses up. Do it...you'll get free"

Werewolf:

" One day your twelths will come to an end. Then ill take revenge on the common sense for what the've done to me, like the viruses"

Werewolf:

" Sometimes I'm a wolf
And I bark to the moon
I hope he will hear
A servant of his insanity
His pale face only sends
Signs of his might
These pictures"

III. In Memoriam the Day I Was Born

Werewolf:

" Why, why, why, why, why"

Moon:

" Yeah, you have to die"

Werewolf:

" I never wanted to walk in the moon light
Just I want to walk in the sun light!"

The myth is at the end
The humanity was hostile
Nobody wanted to recognize
This delusion couldn't have a release...

Werewolf:

" I took of the belt, my ring, I've done everything they've expected
Till the long"

Angel:

" Awaited day have come"

Werewolf:

" They hunted me
They dismantled"

Angel:

" Their illusions"

Werewolf:

" They killed your onliest servant"

Werewolf:

" It was the day I was born
Was the day the snow melted"

Human:

" The last wolf became silent!"

One day they will regret
You'll be sorry for that!

Werewolf:

" Your pale face and me are free..."

(Micha; 1997)

 feeded (an inexperienced attempted) (8 : 44)

All this thoughts
 Filled and fill up my head
 I'll never leave my dirty brush
 The loo has to be cleaned 'till midnight
 Oil decorates my hair
 I never knew it in an other way
 I think the light dazzles me

No part of this I am floating in
 Constant euphoria
 Open my box
 You can't share my thoughts
 Go through my life
 Ideals grow

All this stories filling my head
 Knock me down, a prize of my world
 Is lighter than your dreams

Once there was a boy
 Growing up, he ignored the things,
 Which made his environs feel free
 But his charisma wasn't artificial
 In spite of all this
 Just an ideal

Sweat leaves your body
 Silence booms
 The machine works
 And it still floats

I know they're talking about the rain
 A head and a trenchcoat on a lonely street
 The only thing alive is the smoke
 In presence of the only important
 Cigarette in the haze
 The rain definitely coming
 Somehow

Sailing the ground in a fine way /
 Behaving like he had to behave
 Breathing again, now he was,
 What he thought he was /
 A throne, a golden throne
 And dirt on a pillow
 The air mashed the pea /
 Great speakers in the sky /
 We reduce to an apathic river /
 Still livin' and smellin' in my mother's cave /
 Use and be used to experience
 Great things /
 The crimson moments before turning off
 To never switch on again /
 Fedded
 His horizon and a world
 Inexperienceless /
 He doesn't need much
 Could he?
 I abstained the common rules and so I fell
 Cover your little dream in your goddamn life
 The mountains
 The illusions

(Mat; 1998)

 transcendency of the treshold of time (9 : 16)

No sunrise,
 Senseless work I see
 Darkest visions –
 All I got, no
 Sensuality
 Tranquillity

 Waste of time
 Sins within
 Wits wither into the mankind
 Reality, illusion: cremate the truth wrong and see

 Dreams, care hopefully drearities
 And I disown

 And the way disappears
 Dying tears, illuminate
 Erased

 I shall increase
 Into this fate
 No one craves for
 Mercy, comprehension
 Lies surround the whole intestines
 Hypocrites reign' whole the light
 Saviour's come for destruction lust
 In the dark I lurk to die

Hell on earth awaits

 Secrets into me
 Devote earthly pain

 All the life squanders time in useless illusions
 No progress within the truth, transcend the
 threshold of time

 Mourning my, senseless work I see...

 Raped

 My pain is not mine
 My truth is not mine
 Myself is not mine

 Trading with time to offer myself, indeed

 No one!
 I rule my world, my time

 DOOM! Of mankind

 Waste of time
 arise to experience the rise
 I'll stay to enjoy the beginning

(Bož; 1995)