

The Enigma of Number Three

Anata

Reality, my one last escape
I can't hid deep inside myself
 I close my eyes
 Try to cover my ears
 I'm obsessed

No peace to be foundThree churches with minarets
 On three hills, far away
 Every church has a bell
 Piercing chime

Resonates in my head[Lead: Schalin]One for faith, holy faith
 Roars like hell
 One for hope, bloody hope
 One for love

Tinkling fuckOptical delusions
 Unheard sounds
 Haunting me, why?

These symbols I can't understand
 Or interpret
 I open my eyes
 To escape from this hell
 Although reality bites

Reflection I can spareThree windmills now appear
 New visions but I don't care
 Two in spin and one is still
 Eyes now burn
 Sound intensified
 Eardrums blow

Delirious delirium![Lead: Schalin]He never solved the riddle
 Never tried

Cursed to die![Lead: Allenmark]Never reached
 The insight that I have
 Led to his demise

So learn from this...If you are a stormy sea
 Hold the mill-sails

If your soul is groundI prithee mark my words
 Your soul torn apart
 By the sound of the bells
 Misled by visions
 You will expire

Concentrate, gather strength
Don't let the chime
Get to you or your soulIf you're strong
No mill can grind your soul
Not even if you are
A stormy sea

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