

# 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 soul If you're strong  
No mill can grind your soul  
Not even if you are  
A stormy sea

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