

As quickly as the August you arrived
Miles from everywhere and still survived
Some of the time quite lost
Find your spot
The mind that builds the soul
Must form a face
A character and ego out of place
Other times a target
On your mark

Seek not for to rehabilitate
Try hard to stop and not stop to concentrate

Nothing could be finer, yeah
In Asia Minor, yeah
The devil in the china, yeah

As slowly as the January snow
Miles from everywhere and you must know
The part that you hate and like
Hates to like
Be prepared for what's lurking outside
I am poised with silver bullets

Nothing could be finer, yeah
In Asia Minor, yeah
The devil in the china, yeah