

[Lyrics by Dmitry Basik, Alex Vertel]

Saint with holly stings
Halo and angel wings.
Light! The masquerade begins.
You are ideal hailed
The code that has prevailed,
The judge to blame me of my sins.
Why do you chase me?
Why d'you disgrace me?
Why want to see me hurt?
Or you see in me your mockingbird?

You are the one who is always on right side,
You are the one who is always the wise guide,
You are the judge who has right to accuse me,
You are the god to behold and excuse me
Ready to blame everything but your old sins,
Blaming my words but ignoring your own stings,
Putting me wise as if you know the right way,
You spit in my eyes as you see that just like me
[You're] sinner under mask of saint!

Saint! The righteous man,
You play your game again,
You slake denunciation thirst.
See mote - no beam descry,
Fault's bigger in brother's eye,
Why not you sweep you porch clean first?

What I Must, what I May,
What's to hail, to dismay,-
What should I think, what should I say -
You "put me wise" and I obey,
Your turn to crucify,
Next time it will be mine.
You're sinner just like me
On masquerade of piety...