

Absurd, Mourning Soul

My days are grey like dirty snow,
a fire's burning in my soul.
Why should I live - love dying in my pain.
My death is reapers gain.

In solitude I can not tell
just of my deepest sorrow.
All time that's left is freezing me,
I'm waiting for tomorrow.

The fire in my mourning soul
burns all my feelings to the ground.
And all my hope has gone away.
I simple will decay.

Of war in mind I ran away,
the chaos lies behind me:
But desert plains,
where I can see the golden bright sun blinds me.

No strength, no help to break this spell.
This curse that grinds me down.
My mortal life runs out of me.
I'm dying on my own...

The fire in my mourning soul burns all my feelings to the ground.
And all my hope has gone away. I simply will decay.
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