

# Ice Ages, Transparent Dreams

Sea of chaos, electric mist  
A dark sky calling, a cloud of dust  
Boiling magma, darkified  
A veil of liquid, transparent dreams  
I stand a lone among this chaos  
A grain of eternal sand  
I scream for others but find myself alone  
There is no comfort on this planet.  
I dream I drift alone  
From the sky like lightning bolts.  
A hand of ice my only hope.  
Sinking quickly, I am alone  
I cannot breath - my sight grows dim