

# Orphanage, At the Mountains of Madness

... the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
In the realms of the boreal pole ...  
it's been not so long I accidentally sold  
my former frame of reference to the cold  
thinking back, remembering, my tale seems so unreal  
I'm closed up but the time has come to reveal

anxious, also ignorant, my investigative mind  
and led me there and led me to be so blind  
haunted are the mountains, I plead for your restraint  
or hope for men's survival will be faint

all my days are nightmares and memories haunt my brain  
my former mind of knowledge has gone insane

you'll never hear this twice 'cause  
once I had seen  
the sheen that filled the sky  
soon I'd die  
the mounts drew the bounds  
and I climbed one step too high  
soon I'd die

the cold that had enwrapped my heart is bound to freeze my eyes  
the truth that seemed on our side  
had covered all with lies  
take off my hands, take off my feet  
take off my ears, rip out my tongue  
but don't hurt my mind, don't hurt my sense  
don't hurt my intellectual powers

what is frozen you don't feel  
what hurts is what you lose  
but at this moment I gave up  
the ice had blown my fuse  
made out of cold, made out of fear  
God's will attracts, God's will is here

all had begun, when led by fear, right at the end of the world  
high in the sky, here at the end of the world