

Pantheist, 1000 Years

1000 years of solitude
1000 years of pain
hardened my heart
fed my poor soul with misery
I can't even tell
am I dead, am I alive?

Don't hesitate, penetrate me with your sting
I don't know how to cry
I won't even bleed
Don't even worry if I might die
At least then I'll know that I was alive

1000 years of isolation
the closer to you, the lonelier I get
I could vanish in your presence
You wouldn't even notice
Maybe I already did, how should I know ?