

# 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 ?