

# Drag On, Memory

I'm walking on the dark ice of the North  
The end of my journey is near  
Every step is a wound  
While dust is my death bed

The white sun  
Is touching me  
Freezing my blood  
My pale face  
The world goes away  
I'm walking on the red snow of the East  
I can see monstrous shapes under the ice  
Wriggling in paroxysm of pain  
In agony, madness and rage  
Memory is already - dead  
Future dead - as well  
Faith without - good deeds  
The old world - is gone  
Our life is bound to die  
Death's chill  
Will get me  
Will freeze my blood  
Will suck my face  
Will throw me down  
I'm walking in the dead woods of the South  
No one has won  
The holy earth is dying  
Asleep under the whip of ice  
Helpless and naked  
Our memory is bound to die