

Ice Ages, Painful God

You know, my painful god; my old forgotten cell
Please, save me from this curse of a bridge I'll never cross
My wish for doom to think, my will for hopelessness dwells
Can I just fill this void, to turn to senseless loss
My dirge to live I hear, to live in vain in fears
To turn my heart to dust, to freeze my blood and thoughts
To spill here all my tears, forgetting the glimpses
of what could be my past, my ever haunting ghost
I'm longing for the end, I'm looking for the hope
Can't see my shade ahead, and not behind...alone
Will it ever burn my brand? The race of thoughts will stop?
I see my visions dead my light long time gone...