

# 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...