

Ice Ages, Strike The Ground

Enshrouded in the bed of steel
I'm backled to the chair
Here I travel lonely through the air I fly
The night flies by so fast
Suddenly a cry beneath me
I find my aircraft gone
I'm falling to the ground
As I plunge towards my destiny
The planet disappears.
Here I am and ready to die
But I don't stop my falling
Trapped in silent nightmares
As part of time as slave to death
My life will never end
Release me from this sickness
Please talk to my abandoned soul
I wish my tiny heart
to finally strike the ground.