

# Paradigma, Shapeless

To feel a bleeding soul; Agony of the mind  
The bliss of torment echoes through my brain  
Such waste; A loss of will  
Echoes through lost time

I curse life, for which I hunger  
I curse life, from which I am bereaved  
I curse the chill of life  
And welcome the warmth of death  
Cancel this state, enter dimension shapeless

Feeling, bleeding  
Agony of the mind  
The bliss of torment  
Echoes through my brain  
Such waste, loss of will  
Echoes through lost time

Death shall free my soul  
Nevermore this mental void, out of this void  
Into forthcoming abyss of time

So you ratify me as insane  
But death is certain anyway  
And life was not meant for me  
My energy will never cease to be  
A new dimension I shall see  
Shapeless my soul shall wander