

Immortal

"Painwaighted"

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I lean my head against the glass of the chilled, cold window.

Feel of cold pulls me back to memories of the past;
I fell down on the ground, colored stones with my blood...

I saw myself from a far, my wounded head glowing red;
I wanted so to let go but something still held me down...

I await for the rain to wash away the pain;
Down by grace all the fears I face everyday...

I walk alone my path in emptiness of the night;
Under the darkened and painwaighted cloud of life.

I close my eyes from the world, mourning in the hearts of wise;
Painwaighted and sorrow filled; still I wait for the grave...

I await for the rain to wash away the pain;
Down by grace all the fears I face everyday...

Painwaighted...

I walk alone my path in emptiness of the night;
Under the darkened and painwaighted cloud of life.

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