

Iskald

"Rigor Mortis"

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Soon my mind goes wild, in the face of death
I see the stars glowing beneath my soul
Im ill
Im sick
I feel totally ravaged
Mother, I told you that I was to sick
Now I pick flowers from the garden of Eden
In my last dream I dreamt about being a great warrior
Now as Im sinking to death
I feel only despair
Im never going to be the one I was meant to be
I am but a young orphan wanting a mothers love
But none of these things were given to me, I am all
alone
And now Im lying here, with only my dreams
Which you clearly remember
as I walk over. Rigor Mortis!

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