Kinetic "The NeverEnding Winter"

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Exhausted I stood on the top of this mountain Looking everything from this point seems enchanting Black is soul-black is my soul's garment My mind is clouded and empty

Got tired of fighting for my dreams No reciprocations for my endeavors Funny it may seems what I'm saying But I fought for simple causes

Never ending winter here is the king-reigns inside me I think I like this feeling since everything seems so elusive

Never ending winter here is the king-lies inside me I really like this feeling-just to live with it

Loving to fight for some is a sin Loving to live is supposed to be damp There aren't like me much left That did I realize in my life's short span

Soul, emotion, flesh-ideal combination when working flawlessly But this has to happen to everyone When winter is king in Humans 'souls Remote they do become

In my self-exile I find redemption At least I am alone Away from decay that slowly eats up everything Trying to start over

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