

Orphanage

"At The Mountains Of Madness"

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...the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole...

it's been not so long I accidently sold
my former frame of reference to the cold
thinking back, remembering, my tale seems so unreal
I'm closed up but the time has come to reveal

anxious, also ignorant, my investigative mind
had led me there and led me to be so blind
haunted are the mountains, I plead for your restraint
or hope for men's survival will be faint

all my days are nightmares and memories haunt my
brain
my former mind of knowledge has gone insane

you'll never hear this twice ã«cause once I had seen

the sheen that filled the sky soon I'd die the mounts
drew the bounds
and I climbed one step too high soon I'd die

the cold that had enwrapped my heart is bound to
freeze my eyes
the truth that seemed on our side had covered all with
lies
take off my hands, take off my feet take off my ears,
rip out my tongue but don't hurt my mind, don't hurt my
sense
don't hurt my intellectual powers

what is frozen you don't feel, what hurts is what you
lose
but at this moment I gave up, the ice had blown my
fuse
made out of cold, made out of fear God's will attracts,
God; s will is here

all had begun, when led by fear, right at the end of the
world
high in the sky, here at the end of the world

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