

# Pyracanda "18 Degrees"

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Hey, don't leave me lost inside here!

Noone heard the screams behind the doors  
of steel

Like a hermetic bolt - it seems.

They lay down the fate of the man who's  
cought, inside the cold storage  
His writings give report of his strange  
dying way

I've been screaming here for hours  
Now my voice is weakening and down to  
my bones I can feel the coldness creeping

How long can I last before my blood will  
turn to ice and blast my veins

Running round, around and round along the  
white tiled walls

Was just a senseless trying of winning time  
and warmth

Exhaustion broke the will

Madness closed in

Laughter and cries melt into each other

Illusion telling lies

Impossible to feel the last impressions

He had

Crowing here into the corner

All my hope will disappear

There are voices although I'm alone here,

Alone here with my fear

My fingers, tiptoes everything, I can feel no more

Noooooo!!! Save me from the cold!!!

The gods of frost are sheltering my brain

Oh, someone help me please -

I'm going insane.

Save me from the cold!!!

The men who found him couldn't believe  
their eyes  
It was so absurd that they had to look  
twice.

What's your body - mind or soul?  
Is there a difference? No not at all  
The surface of this union is all we know  
But it's much more down below.

How could he die, although there were  
---18 degrees?---

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