

Terminus "Cold"

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So cold, so barren
Flames that burned are turned to ash
My sight, my life
Cycles spin into the void
Again all fade
Entropic visions of decay
My passion, hatred
Aspects of eternal truth
No more, none left
Wiped away an instant flash
Time dies, destroyed
Systematic death of self
Pure black, engulfs
Feeding on the shattered worlds
All ends in frost
Madly rushing blood turns cold

No point, no hope

Aging world will fall to die
We are alone
Wearing masks to hide the fear
None face, none see
Futile plays that lead to naught
We burn with pain
Refusing to accept cold truth
Our lives will end
Returning to the frigid void
All hopes, all dreams
Choking screams of drowning men
So soon, so fast
Heat of life will drain away
Don't care, no point
Fading life now turning cold

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