

Pagan's Mind

"Colder"

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Drained and weak I lay to rest
These years have not been fine to me
Empty rooms and echoing halls
Withering fingers clawing on the walls

Colder
This place is slowly turning colder
Smoulder
From ash to dust, nothing more

No forgiveness can reach me now
I am beyond this world somehow
In the room of waiting and no return
That place where forever is set to burn

Breathing only as an act of spite
Fighting off that final wall of sleep

Colder
This place is slowly turning colder
Smoulder
From ash to dust, nothing more

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