

## Alpha & Omega

### "Wolves"

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I awake to feel the cold touch of what lies beneath,  
Ice burned, I'm gashed and worn, a hatchet caught in a  
storm,  
Breathing in, It feels like sin just to be awake,  
This fear, this doubt, my heart, rushes ahead of its  
beat,

I ran, I ran, so you wouldn't know,  
Please, please don't let me go,

In this room I hide my wounds from spies with hungry  
eyes,  
This doubt it pins me down, my minds in Stockholm  
again,  
The doors unlocked but the trees are thorns,

The wind has beaten me back,  
I look around, my shields have been bound with vines  
of vipers,  
Their teeth know who i am,

These wolves they have a longing for souls,  
My blood, my blood is painting the snow,

Give me a sign,  
Give me a sign,  
Give me a sign,

I'm here, I love you more than you know.

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