

Clinging to life in the reflection of the self  
Breathing the air from the poisoned pit  
Hovering through flames from the burning core

Searching for reason in the ashes of men  
Obeying the laws of the kings without lands  
Bowing in awe at the hypocrite's feet  
Not hearing the cry of the infant

Poisoning the seed that was planted within  
Ignoring the winter that closes in  
Believeing the tales from the forked tongue  
Frozen to death without being born

Looking for reason in the bottomless abyss

Clinging to life in the reflection of the self  
Breathing the air from the poisoned pit  
Hovering through flames from the burning core

Searching for reason in the ashes of men  
Obeying the laws of the kings without lands  
Bowing in awe at the hypocrite's feet

Clinging to life  
Frozen to death

Clinging to life in the reflection of the self  
Frozen to death without being born

Absorbing the reek of rotting Flesh  
Marching in convoys to fields unknown

Clinging to life in the reflection of the self  
Embracing the sun without casting shadows

Believing the tales from the forked tongue  
Frozen to death without being born.