

Strike The Ground

Ice Ages

Enshrouded in the bed of steel
I'm backled to the chair
Here I travel lonely through the air I fly
The might flies by so fast

Suddenly a cry beneath me
I find my aircraft gone
I'm falling to the ground
As I plunge towards my destiny
The planet disappears.

Here I am and ready to die
But I don't stop my falling
Trapped in silent nightmares

As part of time as slave to death
My life will never end
Release me from this sickness
Please talk to my abandoned soul
I wish my tiny heart
to finally strike the ground.