

In cryogenic sleep I lost my sense, I lost my soul  
Experiencing craziness has made my heart turn cold  
For centuries and more, I've searched my head for perfect words  
I'll take my chance or live forever in a world of hurt

Impalement on a tree of thorns is definitely an option  
I need the Beast to write my cantos without interruption  
The trinity is split, parts roaming back through time and space  
And Empathy is to be lured out of its hiding place

I'll face the pain with open mind,  
Coz' otherwise I'd die inside  
The perfect irony in my life  
I know the answer to the future,  
Now is to be solved by us  
The seven pilgrims of mankind

On the verge of suicide the butchery began  
And writting capabilities came back to me again  
The disappearance of my muse had ceased with all the killing  
The cantos only lived through all the blood the Beast was spill  
ing  
My poem bruned, destroyed in desperate screams of misery  
And so, i'll find my inspiration on the shining tree

I'll face the pain with open mind,  
Coz' otherwise I'd die inside  
The perfect irony in my life  
I know the answer to the future,  
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"With ashes flying to the sky  
I realize the reason why"