

Over time desire shall fall and lie and fade  
Await unequalled thought and virtuosity  
Desire lies in wait, a precious cup, a stone or some such  
Absent moments, ones which raised the heart to stand so great

Cannot choose not to deny  
Blame falls easy silently  
Darkness preferable, comfort found again  
In solitude, a door into an empty room  
A door to familiar desolation  
The spoils of past years lost for reason  
Lost for some notions of new days

Inside there is gentleness  
Calm preceding tears  
Cry again, cry again  
Moment of toil  
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me  
Hear me say 'hear my pain'  
Call the Gods to answer me  
Frika come! Frika come!

Promise and enlightenment abounded  
Felled like trees the pillars that held me high  
Running blind, running blind  
On stony ground I stumble and vow return

Inside there is gentleness  
Calm preceding tears  
Cry again, cry again  
Moment of toil  
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me  
Hear me say 'hear my pain'  
Call the Gods to answer me  
Frika come! Frika come!

Inside there is anger now  
Calm precedes the rage  
Cry again, cry again  
Moment of toil  
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me  
Hear me say 'hear my pain'  
All the Gods to answer me  
Frika come! Frika come!