

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.