

Owner of the spinning ark
painting abstract art
abyss of this frozen heart
darkened from the start
black range of this human soul
feeds pale horse so smart
splattered truth of varnished live
drilling holes too hard
deathship of your creeping fear
enters my soul

I - meandering through all this lies
learned to fill them with spice
perfect paradise

I - symbol of real life
intended for foolish thrive
won't help you to survive

I - result of projected lies
at least you wanted me twice
fill your mind with ice

Lonely whispers in the dark
will drive your words apart
painting diffuse art
into the abyss of this frozen heart

Owner of the ark
spins in the dark
this frozen heart
right from the start
Owner of the ark
spins in the dark
Owner of the ark
spins in the dark
this frozen heart
right from the start
black range of the soul
feeds pale horse so smart
splattered truth
a furnished life

A look at my face
a look at your fate
a look of my eyes
I see you burn
I see you turn
this is your turn to burn

Diving into tearless nights
seeking the black owl
mourning bell of happiness
begging for control
melted hate build in concrete
last watering hole
frozen flame has to appear

last thing to thole
splattered truth of varnished live
drilling holes too hard
deathship of a creeping fear
enters the soul

I - tumbling through this life
have to pay bitter price
Can't promise paradise

I - one out of this life
intend to help mens thrive
will help you to survive

I - grown up in real life
unable to give advice
no need to want me twice

Lonely whispers in the dark...