

## Colder

Paganizer

Drained and weak I lay to rest  
These years have not been fine to me  
Empty rooms and echoing halls  
Withering fingers clawing on the walls

Colder  
This place is slowly turning colder  
Smoulder  
From ash to dust, nothing more

No forgiveness can reach me now  
I am beyond this world somehow

In the room of waiting and no return  
That place where forever is set to burn

Breathing only as an act of spite  
Fighting off that final wall of sleep

Colder  
This place is slowly turning colder  
Smoulder  
From ash to dust, nothing more