

## Metanoia

Pantheist

How could I ever have imagined that  
I would find it that hard to survive  
In this cold and meaningless Universe  
God's death left an immense void in my soul  
I can't feel any more...  
My eyes pregnant with darkness  
Giving birth to a demon each single second  
Broken and wingless I am  
A man without destiny

I never meant to be ungrateful!  
Isn't there any redemption for this sinful soul?  
Someone please come and take me by the hand  
I need some warmth...