

Pitch black skies whip down the rain
That freezes your blood and makes you feel weak
The wind and the cold are bringing you down
You fight, you'll lose, you just don't know it yet

The never ending path you crawl is slowly killing you
You'll never ever get back home, now you know it too

Every single step you take gets you closer to the
bitter end

The never ending path you crawl is slowly killing you
You'll never ever get back home, now you know it too

What is the secret?
The power you're insanelly driven by?
And what is the source
That makes you think that you can fly?
One more! You'll feel like a king
The ruler of the world
One more! You'll feel like a god
Just before you're swirled

One... more... time...

You see the light that gives you the warmth
You pray, you beg, but no one can hear

The never ending path you crawl is slowly killing you
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