

Over time desire shall fall and lie and fade
Await unequalled thought and virtuosity
Desire lies in wait, a precious cup, a stone or some such
Absent moments, ones which raised the heart to stand so great

Cannot choose not to deny
Blame falls easy silently
Darkness preferable, comfort found again
In solitude, a door into an empty room
A door to familiar desolation
The spoils of past years lost for reason
Lost for some notions of new days

Inside there is gentleness
Calm preceding tears
Cry again, cry again
Moment of toil
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me
Hear me say 'hear my pain'
Call the Gods to answer me
Frika come! Frika come!

Promise and enlightenment abounded
Felled like trees the pillars that held me high
Running blind, running blind
On stony ground I stumble and vow return

Inside there is gentleness
Calm preceding tears
Cry again, cry again
Moment of toil
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me
Hear me say 'hear my pain'
Call the Gods to answer me
Frika come! Frika come!

Inside there is anger now
Calm precedes the rage
Cry again, cry again
Moment of toil
Moment of toil

Call the Gods to answer me
Hear me say 'hear my pain'
All the Gods to answer me
Frika come! Frika come!