North

Belerophon

I cut myself and still hurt
Grey pain still reminds
There is no kingdom, power, glory
For those who freeze their lives behindFollowing the wrong God I have been
Lusting for knowledge of the coldNorth is closing down on me
At high noon and hereFever, the northern lights of soul
Keeps driving thoughts to the pole
The fields of silence from my soulChilled neon blood in my mouth
The black clock makes tours of time
As I spend my days between the stationsNorth is closing down on me
At high noon and hereNorth is of heart and mind
My life frozen at zero

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