

North

Port St. Willow

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

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