

North

Paskine

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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