

# North

## Nostalgia Critic

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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