

Paradigma, Shapeless

To feel a bleeding soul; Agony of the mind
The bliss of torment echoes through my brain
Such waste; A loss of will
Echoes through lost time

I curse life, for which I hunger
I curse life, from which I am bereaved
I curse the chill of life
And welcome the warmth of death
Cancel this state, enter dimension shapeless

Feeling, bleeding
Agony of the mind
The bliss of torment
Echoes through my brain
Such waste, loss of will
Echoes through lost time

Death shall free my soul
Nevermore this mental void, out of this void
Into forthcoming abyss of time

So you ratify me as insane
But death is certain anyway
And life was not meant for me
My energy will never cease to be
A new dimension I shall see
Shapeless my soul shall wander