

Rigor Mortis

Iskald

Soon my mind goes wild, in the face of death
I see the stars glowing beneath my soul
I'm ill
I'm sick
I feel totally ravaged
Mother, I told you that I was to sick
Now I pick flowers from the garden of Eden
In my last dream I dreamt about being a great warrior
Now as I'm sinking to death
I feel only despair
I'm never going to be the one I was meant to be
I am but a young orphan wanting a mother's love
But none of these things were given to me, I am all alone
And now I'm lying here, with only my dreams
Which you clearly remember
...as I walk over. Rigor Mortis!