

# LOOKING-COLD

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Always so haughty  
Looking so proud  
Did you achieve something  
I am oblivious about  
Did you hear not, of the glory of people-past  
Of the ancients which brought about your kind  
These streets of gold also  
Yet you appear to me, all so cold, so proud  
So distant and closed-up  
Yet we are brothers, in the very same art  
May I ask you if it's no bother  
I want communion with you, is that too much  
I am myself knowingly  
Not worthy of that much  
But I besiege you to consider  
If you can understand  
Aren't we all deserving  
Of feeling solace, perhaps  
After all we are not from here  
All visitors of this land  
We belong to the east  
So, where does this coldness come from  
I myself don't seem to have  
Is that you were made jaded  
For some reason or chance  
Perhaps you've been tricked, hexed somehow  
Your mind's been deceived, to be all sad-and-gloom  
I urge you to consider  
I am not a foe

Because believe me, I know  
I've listed all the poisons  
Of sickness I know  
Withering-away was my habit  
Until I was make reborn  
And so I repeat you and please believe me,  
I am not your foe  
I am supposed to told you  
That that coldness is bitter,  
Poison to our soul  
Is there something I miss  
That'll be the case, for sure  
Are you cold because I am a stranger  
A face you don't know  
I want you to understand this  
We are all strangers at some time or point  
Perhaps 'cause you are hexed  
You are deaf to my words  
Regardless I tell you  
Our kind is the same