

# The Solitaire

Elvenking

"The terrible fear of not finding what is in your stargazing. The dread of showing who you really are inside, being aware of all your grey living within yourself. Does the little space between sleep and awakening, where you can still remember dreaming really exist? The doubt of it all makes you a 'solitaire'. But one day you will find you are not alone and that you never will be."

Backwards, I'm covering miles along  
A war I'm battling alone  
Against waves during a storm

Against golden oceans of grain  
Between the blueballs and the sand  
I'm arid and backhand

I feel impurest empty  
Forlorn, sharpened tempty  
Samaritan where I belong  
-I have been crowned grey inside

This Night is neverending  
Pitch black, hell descending  
Gathering into the abyss  
-I am the enslaved solitaire

Midnight, the candle sputters slow  
Illuminates my sins and sakes  
As the winter leaves its wakes

Starwards, back to back with  
My unconscious fear to face the truth  
But tonight I'll come for you

At first glance I'll belong to you  
At second hand you will taste my irrelevance  
At last you will feel my solitude,  
And you will walk away...

I feel impurest empty  
Forlorn, sharpened tempty  
Samaritan where I belong  
-I have been crowned grey inside

This Night is neverending  
Pitch black, hell descending  
Gathering into the abyss  
-I am the enslaved solitaire

[Guitar solo: Both, Aydan]

The third is the sympathetic age  
And then you will finally have fear  
At last you will feel my solitude  
And it will be too late...

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