

Leave
me be,
I grow tired of all your lies
and false accusations
My only consolation...

Painful, yet relishing a melody of relief,
these voices wage wars in my mind.
I retire from this world and embrace silence
to rest my weary head and escape modern life.

Oh the beauty of a realm with eternal peace.
Leave me be, I grow tired of all your lies and false accusation
s. My only consolation...

The beast that grows inside of me,
the beast is solitude.
Deep, dark, death-like solitude.

The mist will settle on still water. GO!
I won't let this go!

Oh the beauty
of a realm with eternal peace
where the silence
comforts his heart.

In this life... there are answers buried deep within yourself.
(4x)