

The Wanderer

Alesana

A few prisms of glass offer little comfort in the blackness
The desolate emptiness drinking every last drop of life that's
left in me

I pray for absolution, let me return to the path of a tempting
lie...
Lead me towards the light

Truly I've run awry
My compass is spinning in the shadows
It's funny how we believe the things that we tell ourselves to
And our hearts simply follow

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