

Wanderer

Black Sun Aeon

So I wasted my last words for open skies
With last words of times
(Within echoes came for us)
Forgive me slowly the strong will of man
We need thee that for feel er***** they are taking

Abandoned child with pain claw winter
One soul that remember never been blind
No burden to carry, no taught to mass
We find motions with troubled mind

So I wasted my last words for open skies
With last words of times
(Within echoes came for us)
There is no voice or lie to guide my spirit burden
Just this soil that wants me to stay

Voice inside broke my heart
This struggle of soul this war
Took by your path to a nothing cost of
For solace with solitude and what we call
Took by myself I could give day and name of war

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