

## Northern Path

Combichrist

My path made of gold, my destination  
The beacon in the dark I've been searching for  
My hand guides to the core of myself  
Once so senseless, the awakening of senses

My words are often quiet, left paths leading north  
Don't give up, we are almost home  
The clouds are warm, will break away  
And the symphony of silence will rule yet another day  
Yet another day

The croke in the distance, so violent  
The beauty of life feeding on death  
The place we long for, finally in reach  
A peace at last, the end of wars

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Control of our spirits  
Send forth by your will (my will)  
A blight is won by choice  
Our purges are won by faith (my faith)  
The sun wakes the moon up here  
To remind us it's down right there  
Our spirits lead the way  
No sail went out the wind

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