

## Simple Man

Highlord

Cold like a winter breeze... hanging like a spider...  
From the hank of your messed, hidden thoughts  
Wanna blame me? Want to kill me?  
It's your inner need... your loss of common sense

Did you ever... stop for a moment?  
Did you dare... to watch, to watch in the dark?

I'm just a simple man, you know I won't stand  
This is the reason why we're simply ephemeral  
I'm just what I am, don't rush, it won't make sense  
A mortal angel with an abstinence from sins

A crowded mirror... a road without an end  
Thousand begging hands for something they deserve

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I'm going back with my mind, my soul is yearning for the ancient times  
In which the advantage of the Artist within the society  
Was commonly accepted and acknowledged with pleasure, joy and naturalness.  
The Artist, beautiful and rich of fine feelings was not a sterile stereotype  
But a simple, natural matter of fact.

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