

## The Wanderer

Insomnium

Song of the sirens, brings me no joy  
Caress of a maiden, leaves me hollow  
And the night slowly turns  
Towards the daybreak

This crown on my forehead, feels like a burden  
These golden pendants, now weigh down my neck  
And the wine in my mouth  
Will taste like ashes

And still I roam  
With broken knees I wander  
And still I roam on and on  
Till the end of days

I sold my poor soul, to unfold the secrets  
I lost my poor soul, to possess the riches  
And still I craved for more and more  
To satisfy my hunger

I'm doomed to wander the earth  
Cursed to roam these lands  
Until the heavens die  
Till the seven seas will boil

I'm doomed to wander the earth  
Cursed to roam these lands  
Until the sun has waned  
Till I find my wretched soul  
Everyone I've ever loved is long since gone  
Cruel are the years that pass  
On this forlorn road

I hear the Pale Rider scoffing at my throes  
For Death will never touch me  
No redemption till I find my blackened soul

For Death will never touch me  
Until I find my poor soul

Death won't take me