

# Solitude

Northlane

Leave me be, I grow tired of all your lies and false accusations. My only consolation... Painful, yet relishing a melody of relief, these voices wage wars in my mind. I retire from this world and embrace silence to rest my weary head and escape modern life. Oh the beauty of a realm with eternal peace. Leave me be, I grow tired of all your lies and false accusations. My only consolation... The beast that grows inside of me, the beast is solitude. Deep, dark, death-like solitude. The mist will settle on still water. GO! I won't let this go! Oh the beauty of a realm with eternal peace where the silence comforts his heart. In this life there are answers buried deep within yourself.