

# Solitude

Northlane

Leave me be, I grow tired of all your lies and false accusation  
s. 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 t  
o rest my weary  
head and escape modern life. Oh the beauty of a realm with eter  
nal 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 yo  
urself.