

Lodestar

Quill

Here's what remains of a man, only ashes
Nothing but dust in my hand
Taken to nowhere to ease up the flame
Left him to bleed in the sand

The bridge that you choose can be fragile as crystal
Suddenly you are no more
Never the man you swore should be someone
Placed on a hill to adore

Here's what remains, here's what remains of a man

Lodestar, my lodestar is hidden in haze
Maybe tomorrow will bring me a place
Free from the faces painted upon
People proclaiming their lodestar is gone