

# Wanderer

Shade Empire

I want to turn every stone  
And to scour every rootstock  
The number of possibilities is boundless

In the mist  
Shadows entwine with spirits  
I see figures  
They tell about the space  
Beyond our consciousness

As I step into the fog  
Reality blurs

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Every path has to be explored  
My wandering shall never stop

Fighting against the insurmountable winter  
But at the same time knowing that this is what I need to do  
Release your mind from fear  
Become hollow  
Observe from the outside  
The only way to see it  
I'm already dead

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Beyond our consciousness  
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