

Barren Land

Thunderstone

Walking through the barren land
Never-ending sea of sand
Million miles away from home, future unknown
Dying sun before the dawn
Its tears of hope keep falling strong
Northern star, oh so far like a beacon in the sky

The voices from the other side
Calling me for the final ride

Is this a curse from down below?
My punishment will only grow
Who decides if I live or if I fade away?

The voices from the other side
Calling me for the final ride

I have always wandered on my own
Searching in vain for some way to atone
This will be the journey of my life
I will survive, although I'm torn
I'll carry on until I find where I belong

Morning rays cut through the dream
Welcome to reality
Another pitch black night behind, I feel alive again
The taste of blood is on my lips
The burning sun tears me to strips
I have to leave, I still believe that I'll find my way home

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"If our impulses were confined to hunger, thirst, and desire
We might be nearly free;
But now we are moved by every wind that blows
And a chance word or scene that that word may convey to us...
Thus strangely are souls constructed,
And by slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity and ruin...
I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel..."

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