

Test Of Faith

Tracedawn

Our history torn to shreds
We stand at the crossroads of doubt
Where does go from the
Point of utter defeat and grief
Looking back to the lands
Where our history was erased
The makings of kingdom come we see

Through cold streams and through fierce winds
Our caravan ride on until the seas dry
Nomads on our own land, no place to lay our heads
Destined to wander forevermore
We ride until the mountains fall

At night when the stars are high we allow rest
And we dream for a moment, if only for a moment
A paradise awaits on the other side
There we will die and reborn again

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Hold on to your faith
Let go of your fears
Look forward to your life
Unveiling anew!

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