

The Devil's Hand

Vreid

After the storm the hate was born
Torn from the childhoods warmth
Lost in time
Lost in Life
I broke away from the repent of lies
So I walked
Endless miles away

Sought the company of the road
Solitude it gave
I continued to walk
It was march or the grave
I came across misery
I conquered fear
I challanged fate

As the beast they created
I always operated
On the dark side of life
Wrapped in shade
Like a wolf I stray
They see me coming
But they look away

I am a shadow
That can always be seen
But never touched
I am their worst dream