

wandering

Wolves At The Gate

A that has owed from my hands
Is an evil that grows and expands
Every flower and every fruit
Has been poisoned by this bitter root
The darkness has become my plight
Still I love it instead of the light
It's a nature that I can't reverse
As I'm bearing the mark of its curse

Wandering souls who have felt all the hell
Of their own sin (Of their own sin)
That is within (That is within)
Don't you lose heart for the hands of the, the Physician (The Physician)
Will take you in, take you in