Foreigner

Arlen

All along the dark and forbidden way
I can I can feel their eyes and see their arcane thrones
So between my steps I rest to gather up my strength
I must keep pushing onward
Under swirling moons and galaxiesIn the presence of ancients, beckoning to me
And I fear to be their conduit and lose myself
In the shadowShifting path, that makes it hard to tread my way
Wastes my strength, takes my breath
For the purpose of erosion of my will to carry on
And steals the fire from my blood
Lost within the shade, I call out for a helping hand

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