Appologia

Artch

Alone in the darkness,
I hide from the light.
The dark is my fortress.
So cold... the night.
I've kept the tradition
my fathers held-high.
The past is my prison.
'till the day I die.So indicated, and yet - so obscure.
Is everything fated?
How can I be sure?
Fear's been my kingdom
and hate's been my course.
I followed a blind-path;
Blood-stained, with no remorse
I see shadows! Are they...
faces of the past?
I hear voices! Are they...
calling from the past?Alone with conscience,
I ask myself; Why...?
But answers are hard to find.
I can't break-away from my pride.
I only did, what I was taught to be right,
as my father would have done.
Let "History" be my judge,
when I'm long-dead, and gone.I see shadows! Are they...
faces of the past?
I hear voices! Are they...
calling from the past?
Father! It's turned so cold.
I see shadows! Are they...
faces of the past?
I hear voices! Are they...
calling from the past?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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