

Christian Death

Old Man's Child

Lonley as the autumn evening
Flowing on its last days
A wanderer of long-past wisdom
Facing his last conflictMet the time of withering
Destiny, towards a clearer star
More bright than ever seen before
What's my will?Well on his quest
In search for magnificense
He weakens before the grave of god
Banished, soon deadSee it in his eyes
Like you see it on the tombs
Of human decades, one by one
All the things he spoke of

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