

# Solitary Ground

## Metal Museum

Living at different places  
Evading into various spaces  
My compass has broken  
I'm losing the way

An ongoing madness has led me astray  
My past breathes down my neck

And it seems now that all I can do is  
Go back to beginnings when all lay ahead

A fading illusion now plagues me instead  
In me there's still a place that fulfills me  
A sanctity here that I call home, I run to

When winter descends

If I try, can I find solid ground  
I follow elusive paths  
Oh, it seems they've been written in stone

And the door to a new life is closing so fast

Burning the bridges will not bring me back  
I know that in me there's still a place that fulfills me  
A sanctity here that I call home, I run to  
When winter descends  
If I try, can I find solid ground  
Or am I just wasting time?

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