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 astrayMy 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 insteadIn 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 groundI 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 backI 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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