Wasted Lands

Suidakra

[Music & Lyrics by Suidakra]Tireless I faced my way
The flames still burned
To see the stars and dales
My heart still yearned forSurrounded by bleakness
Osseous trees seemen to
Seize the silenceA plain of ruins
winds of dust tried to enshroud
All RemembranceA doleful figure cowered
At the heart of this wasted lands
his bowed head a mere skull
the yield of dust in his hands" I dwell beyond all fear
and here in my liefeless claw
shall grow your given seed
the everlasting flaw "On the ground of his eyes I
saw a child drowned in fear
In the deep he beheld the airy play
Of those who can fly while
fear turned into hateWoe betide him and his tainted eyes
Seeds of despair won`t grow with tears of dust
So I left this wilted man and his vale of woe
To Resume my own path of dole

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