The Wanderer

Emilie Mover

A few prisms of glass offer litter comfort in the blackness
The desolate emptiness drinking every last drop of life that?s left in me
I pray for absolution, let me return to the path of a tempting lie?
Lead me towards the light
Truly I?ve run awry

My compass is spinning in the shadows
It?s funny how we believe the things that we tell ourselves to
And our hearts simply follow
I pray for absolution, let me return to the path of a tempting lie..
Lead me towards the lights
I pray for the absolution, let me return to the path of a tempting lie..
Lead me towards the light

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