

## Garden Of Stone

### 2nd Suicide

A morning in the garden of stone  
Abundant with shades of grey  
Through hardship and misery she must pace

Endure, she has the world to face  
By every thought worries awaken  
In a shameful light the night  
Will bring dreams of disgrace

Passion's Bane  
A shadow of doubt here lies  
Will she find a way  
A narrow path under barren sky

Eve of the garden of stone  
Weary of the weights of the world

No child of a paradise  
On a path seemingly endless  
Through the garden of stone  
She treads on still With a sullen will

Passion's Bane  
A shadow of doubt here lies  
Will she find a way  
A narrow path under barren sky

The burden's got to be born  
Yes the freedom's yours, it's the blame or thorn  
Ever uncertain of what is to come  
The world is boundless to the lost one

Still a destination looms just outside of reach  
The countless turns are bound to lead somewhere

The burden's got to be born  
Yes the freedom's yours, it's the blame or thorn  
Ever uncertain of what is to come  
The world is boundless to the lost one