

# Forsaken

Slechtvalk

My mind is filled with visions of death.  
I've abandoned them to their doom.  
I've fled the battlefield at the sign of defeat.  
What will become of me?

We've walked into a trap, blinded by our pride  
All the brothers I have known died at my side.

And now I hide.

I don't know whom I fear most.  
Our enemy, or my father the King.  
I dare not face him again.  
What will become of me?

Too lost in my own sorrow I didn't notice the changing surroundings.  
Can't remember how I got here, I think I have lost my way.

I have been led astray from the path that I was following.  
The sorry state I am in, it feels so unreal.

I fear that the final victory will not be mine.  
This burden causes my feet to stumble  
Like I am walking to my grave.

I wonder if I'll ever find my way back home again?  
Will I live to see my children become better men?

The bitter tears I've shed have clouded my vision  
All I see is darkness and death on the path that lies before me.

I would cut out my eyes if that would make it all go away.  
But I think this sorrow is mine to bear until the day I die.

Forsaken in this hostile land  
Broken to the core  
This sorrow is mine  
Until the day I die!

I've long searched for death, but couldn't find it, save by my own hand.  
But my pride stays my hand, I will go on as long as I can  
Though my heart yearns for hope, I'm blinded by my stubbornness  
I fail to see my own path leads to emptiness

Torn by guilt, broken to the core, don't I deserve more?  
I should have followed your rule, oh father, I feel like a fool.