

## The Wandering Path

Ablaze in Hatred

There were mornings  
When there was the sun  
Always above me  
Where I walked  
The highest light

How I felt so alive  
Opulence of life  
Will I ever close this path  
And conclude my walk  
My endless wandering

Carelessly  
I close the gate  
Of my way astray  
The final journey  
Reaching to an end

And there were times  
When there was the moon  
Always upon me  
Where I lied  
The in depth light