

Apologia

Artch

Alone in the darkness,
I hide from the light.
The dark is my fortress.
So cold... the night.
I've kept the tradition
My fathers held-high.
The past is my prison.
'till the day I die.

So indicated, and yet - so obscure.
Is everything fated ?
How can I be sure ?
Fear's been my kingdom
And hate's been my course.
I followed a blind-path;
Blood-stained, with no remorse

I see shadows! Are they...
Faces of the past ?
I hear voices ! Are they...
Calling from the past ?

Alone with conscience,
I ask myself; Why...?
But answers are hard to find.
I can't break-away from my pride.
I only did, what I was taught to be right,
As my father would have done.
Let "History" be my judge,
When I'm long-dead, and gone.

I see shadows! Are they...
Faces of the past ?
I hear voices ! Are they...
Calling from the past ?

Father! It's turned so cold.
I see shadows! Are they...
Faces of the past ?
I hear voices ! Are they...
Calling from the past ?