The Hermit

On a cold wintery mountain He draws the final curtaln The hermit cries As his inner soul dies

Golden sand Crimson land He's alone tn his world Hear his plea For can't you see His llfe has been hurled

Hermit, hermit alone on a hill Let them laugh, say what they will Hermit, hermit, your time has come...

Looking down at the life that was his own With no love in his heart he is alone

Attacker