

Fear roams throughout this land  
Where no man dare tread  
Dark shapes protect the one, not bound by laws of flesh

When lights are gone, woodland comes alive  
Fire is born into their eyes

Days of isolation  
Regret dominates  
Unwilling to face what awaits outside

When lights are gone, woodland comes alive  
Fire is born into their eyes

Ghost of this age  
What the creek take  
From a wretched state rose the willing