

Some Day

Norther

Hand built by echoes of the centuries
From steps of truth and divine
To gates of heresy and blasphemy
I've made my way

I am confusion
I have no place for redemption
From pure to all hollow
You have made my way

How will I know what's right or wrong

Guide me to live through (these) illusions
Through times of lies and deceit
How will I ever be like you made me?
You have made your way

Some day I will be free
Some day, some day
Some say they'll come for me
Some say, some day

Wake up from your dream