

Leave  
me be,  
I grow tired of all your lies  
and false accusations  
My only consolation...

Painful, yet relishing a melody of relief,  
these voices wage wars in my mind.  
I retire from this world and embrace silence  
to rest my weary head and escape modern life.

Oh the beauty of a realm with eternal peace.  
Leave me be, I grow tired of all your lies and false accusation  
s. My only consolation...

The beast that grows inside of me,  
the beast is solitude.  
Deep, dark, death-like solitude.

The mist will settle on still water. GO!  
I won't let this go!

Oh the beauty  
of a realm with eternal peace  
where the silence  
comforts his heart.

In this life... there are answers buried deep within yourself.  
(4x)