

I left behind streets paved with gold,  
To live a life in the dirt and the undergrowth.  
I cut all ties,  
Severed myself from what they called "the real life".  
Carved my path through stone, where am I now?  
No one knows.  
With new lungs to breathe and fresh eyes to see,  
I pity those too weak to not break free.  
Living their life on old ideologies,  
That have been passed down for centuries.  
Run free and see what you want to see.  
Get lost along the way...  
Break free.  
Forever searching for an open door,  
All I've known my whole life is how to run.  
Through distant lands and foreign shore's;  
To escape has been my only thought.  
Raised by wolves into the wild.  
I am a son of the lost isle's.  
Raised by wolves into the wild.  
I am a son of the lost isle's.  
No rules, or religions.  
Just a free world and my own decisions.  
I've never been home...  
I don't belong anywhere.  
I guess I'm homeless  
Because home is where the heart is  
And I've never been home.  
Forever searching for an open door,  
All I've known my whole life is how to run.  
Through distant lands and foreign shore's;  
To escape has been my only thought.  
Raised by wolves into the wild.  
I am a son of the lost isle's.  
f\*\*k.