

The Path (Part 1) – Treading Through Darkness

Orphaned Land

Darkness, I believe thee not
Thy empty words shall avail thee naught
A fire in this heart of mine
To gaze again upon these walls of thine
Desire to soar once more
Upon these broken wings on which I've flown before

Tongues of flame shall paint the canvas red
As once told, I shall part the rising sea
Seeds from the blood that I shed

Feet sink deeper into grains of golden sand knee-deep
Every step I take is a drop in this sea of sleep
In which I have swum and drowned
The wind whispers death as temptation drips from her song
Tears run dry - will I survive?
Hear my cry - will I arrive?
Heading home forever more

All past grief is now gone
The gift of life to me they bequest
Mine is the sight in the blindness
As I'm treading through the path in darkness