

## 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