

The Path (Part 2) – The Pilgrimage to Or Shalem

Orphaned Land

Across the golden dunes, the desert stretches so long
Scorching heat burns, the wind sings its barren song
And so you live your life, you rise and fall
You weep, you slip, and you dive into the deep
But will you become the compass who navigates this ship?
Ride!
Across the land and into the dawn
Ride!
My gaze is fixed on the goal, the throne
Ride!
Faster and stronger, the wind at my heels
Ride!
My eyes clear with the strength of steel
All that remains is to gather my strength
With truth on my side I shall awaken and ride...