

## Lodestar

Quill

Here's what remains of a man, only ashes  
Nothing but dust in my hand  
Taken to nowhere to ease up the flame  
Left him to bleed in the sand

The bridge that you choose can be fragile as crystal  
Suddenly you are no more  
Never the man you swore should be someone  
Placed on a hill to adore

Here's what remains, here's what remains of a man

Lodestar, my lodestar is hidden in haze  
Maybe tomorrow will bring me a place  
Free from the faces painted upon  
People proclaiming their lodestar is gone