

My mind is filled with visions of death.  
I've abandoned them to their doom.  
I've fled the battlefield at the sign of defeat.  
What will become of me?

We've walked into a trap, blinded by our pride  
All the brothers I have known died at my side.

And now I hide.

I don't know whom I fear most.  
Our enemy, or my father the King.  
I dare not face him again.  
What will become of me?

Too lost in my own sorrow I didn't notice the changing surroundings.  
Can't remember how I got here, I think I have lost my way.

I have been led astray from the path that I was following.  
The sorry state I am in, it feels so unreal.

I fear that the final victory will not be mine.  
This burden causes my feet to stumble  
Like I am walking to my grave.

I wonder if I'll ever find my way back home again?  
Will I live to see my children become better men?

The bitter tears I've shed have clouded my vision  
All I see is darkness and death on the path that lies before me.

I would cut out my eyes if that would make it all go away.  
But I think this sorrow is mine to bear until the day I die.

Forsaken in this hostile land  
Broken to the core  
This sorrow is mine  
Until the day I die!

I've long searched for death, but couldn't find it, save by my own hand.  
But my pride stays my hand, I will go on as long as I can  
Though my heart yearns for hope, I'm blinded by my stubbornness  
I fail to see my own path leads to emptiness

Torn by guilt, broken to the core, don't I deserve more?  
I should have followed your rule, oh father, I feel like a fool.