

In Solitude

The Faceless

Walk with me to my mountain's top
From it's vantage point
Is mourning on the faces of those who sleep
Sleep with no dreams

Follow me and I will show you where to follow yourself
In solitude above
Watching down below
Upon my shoulders collecting is the snow

Overwhelmed in a grievous revelation
Peering through exhausted pale eyes
Into darkness, where the antiquated lie
The winter of distress

Beneath the weight of knowledge
The frostbitten paths to salvation
Are strewn with unmarked graves
Overwhelmed in a grievous revelation

Peering through exhausted pale eyes
Into darkness, where the antiquated lie
And so I wander as the thief in the night
These lonesome footsteps steal only your burden
And where it's wait lie, I leave the alms of truth

A proclamation falling onto deaf ears.