

The Hermit Of Sils Maria

Thought Riot

Whispered harsh untimely words,
From your cave so far away
(Suffering has made you grand,
Suffering has made you...)
Leaning on your staff of gold
Your song still echoes through the days.

(Suffering has made you grand,
Suffering has made you...)
So much pain, so alone
Your sacrifice breathes new hope.
(An uplifting air to strengthen spirits
Struggling against gravity)

A new song for new ears
New joy, new tears
(An uplifting air to strengthen spirits
Struggling against gravity)

Harden truths, forged by a hammer
With the delicate touch of an artist
Has your Zarathustra found you?
Can you finally find some rest?

(Suffering has made you grand,
Suffering has made you...)
So much pain, so alone
Your sacrifice breathes new hope.
(An uplifting air to strengthen spirits

Struggling against gravity)

A new song for new ears

New joy, new tears

(An uplifting air to strengthen spirits

Struggling against gravity)

Yeah!

And I'm humbled by your existence

And by the power of the written word you yield.

Yeah, you were so human: All too human.

(Suffering has made you grand,

Suffering has made you...)

Your courage lends me strength

Your wisdom lends me hope

Your courage is my strength!

Your wisdom is my hope!

Suffering has made you...

Made you grand!

I will not follow, I'll find my own, you point the way!

You point the way!

I will not follow, the path is my own, you point the way!

You point the way!