

## Test Of Faith

Tracedawn

Our history torn to shreds  
We stand at the crossroads of doubt  
Where does go from the  
Point of utter defeat and grief  
Looking back to the lands  
Where our history was erased  
The makings of kingdom come we see

Through cold streams and through fierce winds  
Our caravan ride on until the seas dry  
Nomads on our own land, no place to lay our heads  
Destined to wander forevermore  
We ride until the mountains fall

At night when the stars are high we allow rest  
And we dream for a moment, if only for a moment  
A paradise awaits on the other side  
There we will die and reborn again

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Hold on to your faith  
Let go of your fears  
Look forward to your life  
Unveiling anew!

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