

A Path Well Trodden

Waylander

Bisected by an icy wind, assaulted by the snow
In battle with the elements, whichever way I go
Blinded by remorseless glare, relentless summer sun
Rain lashed intermittently resilience the key

I have flown uncontrolled through the astral plain
Exhilarating pleasure, a prelude to pain

With numerous diversions, upon my pathway stand
Knowledge is my quest, of astral self and land

And rocky is the path, well trodden by me
Fly with me this night, see what I can see
And rocky is the path, well trodden by me
Take me by the hand see what I can see

Adapting ancient ways, absorbed in new beliefs
Systematic infiltration, secret shrouded supplication
Hysteria looms with menace
Spawned of poisoned tongues
Meticulous misinformation, velvet gloved manipulation

Embrace the sorrow, lie down with the pain
Master emotion, cast off all shame