

# Resurrection of the Wild

Windir

Every move that we make are for our own sake  
You see yourself in the eye of others,  
why the hell do you bother?

You are the civil man dying for a Promised Land  
I live in the wilderness to avoid human emptiness

Firstborn in the hall of the mountain  
Wandering through the endless woods  
Surviving on weaker creatures  
This solitary ambience feels so good

With love for myself I have no need for pride  
i avoid human contact I live my own life  
Your aggressive and selfish fright,  
keep you awake every night

You hide in the shadows from the past  
But the past resurrects and makes the pain last  
Wounds from times best forgotten  
Are reopening with a smell so rotten

In the hours of despair  
When wounds open and grief overwhelms  
You close your eyes and cherish moments  
From a simple yet so perfect time  
When anxiety didn't haunt your mind

A variety of choices  
Multiplicity of stupidity  
Either path chosen  
Lead in the same direction  
The abyss seem unavoidable  
For the man without affections