

Against Myself, The Wanderer

Before the flaming horizon
and the universe above me,
I raise anchor from a place
where the water was no longer clear.

Now it's time to think about me,
be brave to roam this rotten land.
Cutting ties from walking shadows
being free to dream again.
I'm facing my fate...

Holding my golden compass
I will find what I'm waiting for.
Shining stars will be my guide,
my destiny's calling.
Wind is blowing into the sails of my soul.
There is no one depending on me,
I will write the story on my own.

Raging seas and striking thunders,
heavy rain is falling as if drops were spears of ice.
But it doesn't matter what comes to me,
I'm stronger than any storm could be.
I'll always be free!

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