

Lake Of Tears, A Foreign Road

A road into shadows, on through haunted meadows
A road so old, so dark, the trail where the damned walk
As only darkness cares, I choose to wander here
A time to evil be, as death awaits me ...

A road dark, where the damned walk
A road old, open arms to fold me

I recall the crossroads, the junction of the ways
The misty morning fog, when I chose my faith
As no one ever cared, I chose to be all you fear
A time to evil be, damnation waits me ...

A road dark, where the damned walk
A road old, open arms to fold me