

Lake Of Tears, Solitude

Let me walk a while down gallows alley
Mesmerized, alone, behold a sader me
I am the voices lost, I am the voices passed
I am the king down gallows alley

I am the foul ones who wintered
And I grow fire in my eyes
Am I the minister who dwells there in the night

Come walk beside me now, it's not a strange
The fall into the grasp of the fellows feigned
And to be the voices lost, you know we must be fast
Let's stay a while down gallows alley

I am the foul ones who wintered
And I grow fire in my eyes
Am I the minister who dwells there in the night

Come see into those eyes of fire
Who goes at midnight ride with a fire eyed

I am the foul ones who wintered
And I grow fire in my eyes
Am I the minister who dwells there