

# Withering Surface, The White Path

Orbital decay, saddle the right horse  
The sickness of their weakness  
Their pain values high

And our lives seems so empty  
Upon the savage shores  
Laughing in controlled madness  
Have a look, but not too deep

Orbital decay, raise the iron flag  
Leave the path astray  
The White Path

The deeds, the rights, the cross of iron  
The faith, the trust, raise the iron flag

The White Path  
Enter self, follow the path against the lying faith  
Leave your sign, raise the flag  
Place the trust in the dying race

Orbital decay, saddle the right horse  
The sickness of their weakness  
Their pain values high

Orbital decay, raise the iron flag  
Leave the path astray  
Sense the lying plague  
Resist before it is too late