

# 1349, Singer Of Strange Songs

I told you about the world  
Of how the struggle for order and peace  
and self-important hypocrisy fails  
in the face of reality  
And how there is no grand scheme  
No rest for the living..only death  
Chaos and the cold endless void  
Is all that awaits..  
We are all forgotten  
We are all dust  
We are all unimportant  
We are all dead  
No rest for the living..only death  
You thought me mad  
You wanted me to be like you,  
To see the error of my ways..  
So you told me things I knew were wrong  
You showed me why I would never fit in  
Why then, does what I have become surprise you?  
Dreamer,  
Prophet,  
Singer of strange songs  
I went my own twisted way  
Mocked by the world  
Feared by the righteous  
But always where I wanted..  
Now that all has changed,  
And the night is colder  
Now that life has shown its true colors  
And you..  
You are forgotten  
You are old  
You are unimportant  
You are dead  
Can you face the real truth?  
Can you call me a madman anymore?  
Do you regret your selfless life?  
The things you could never do,  
In fear of what others would think?  
Do you see why I became a:  
Dreamer,  
Prophet,  
Singer of strange songs.