

Attacker, The Hermit

On a cold wintery mountain
He draws the final curtain
The hermit cries
As his inner soul dies

Golden sand
Crimson land
He's alone on his world
Hear his plea
For can't you see
His life has been hurled

Hermit, hermit alone on a hill
Let them laugh, say what they will
Hermit, hermit, your time has come...

Looking down at the life that was his own
With no love in his heart he is alone