

# Brave Saint Saturn, Fortress Of Solitude

I am the ghost,  
of haunting hope,  
a trailing phantom,  
some withering wisp of smoke,  
slipping by.

And these are my words,  
flung through the sky,  
trailing red like a cape,  
longing to fly,  
on this, their thirteenth try.

This prison of mine,  
is to carry alone,  
the light of one red sun,  
beneath my skin,  
and never, ever go home.  
To watch the ravens fly,  
so very far, far away.

chorus one

Fortress of solitude,  
Ill stay here, Ill make you all believe.  
And if my words have forked no lightning,  
never shall I sleep again.

With sickening speed,  
red hearts on blue sleeves,  
The bullets of your words,  
could scarcely set their teeth into me.  
But I am made frail,  
in one single bound,  
my traitorous soil,  
slings me so far down,  
without a sound,  
to watch the ravens fly,  
so very far, far away.

chorus two

Fortress of solitude,  
Ill stay here, Ill make you all believe.  
And if my words have forked no lightning,  
never shall I sleep again.

Never going to stop, not a break in my stride,  
never let this cancer eat from inside,  
raise the flag high with fists to the sky,  
Ill finish this, or this is good-bye.  
Spies, to the right set their claws to kill me,  
lies from the left clasp their jaws on the guilty,  
Ill break free, Ill break free,  
just you watch me.  
So discouraged, so dismayed,  
see the poison, dripping from their blades.  
There is lightning, left in these words,  
I will still fly, rising with the birds.  
I have carried the sun in my skin,  
I cannot stop, I can not win.  
Forked tongues, forcing me to kneel,  
as if I was no man made of steel.  
What if these weak words, that I have tripped on,  
sing that I am the last son of Krypton?  
I hate you all.  
I hate you all.  
This will never sleep.