

# Epica, Solitary Ground

Living at different places  
Evading into various spaces  
My compass has broken  
I'm losing the way  
An ongoing madness has led me astray

My past breathes down my neck  
And it seems now that all I can do is  
Go back to beginnings when all lay ahead  
A fading illusion now plagues me instead

In me there's still a place that fulfils me  
A sanctity here that I call home, I run to  
When winter descends  
If I try, can I find solid ground

I follow elusive paths  
Oh, it seems they've been written in stone  
And the door to a new life is closing so fast  
Burning the bridges will not bring me back

I know that in me there's still a place that fulfils me  
A sanctity here that I call home, I run to  
When winter descends  
If I try, can I find solid ground  
Or am I just wasting time?