

# Epiclore, Kingdom Of Ends

I have waded the winter of frozen dreams  
I've been lead to believe  
in the calling of the heart  
I have gathered a fortune and seen it gleam  
Still I know, in the end  
the accomplishments rarely meet the ends

Our life they say is in a higher hand  
Somehow the thought can't seem to bud  
In prayer they call upon thee now, o lamb  
and seek redemption through your blood

So I carry on leading the life I know  
still refining in terms of a personal bylaw  
Turning back on the ghosts  
from a time gone long ago  
as I quest for the virtue of man  
while repelling the vanity of the mind

Marching forth into the state  
where in dreams and while awake  
I know I'm yielding to a universal law  
While the whole world condescends  
I'll chase the Kingdom of Ends  
and no matter how far...  
I never will demise