

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