

Estatic Fear, Ode To Solitude

Wandering restless through the hillside on a cold December day, my solitary journey guided only by
Fog invades the lands blocking the last rays of the dying sun and a veil of mist and serenity gracefu

The shadowy trees of the forest, once imbued with beauty and life now twisted and eternally frozen

As the glow of the dawning sun vanishes in the withered sky my eyes wander up through the whisper

Exposed to the frost of the icy winds my bittered soul still rejoys

As the howl of the wind enchants me more than the sweetest sounding human voice

Freed from mens insanity I feel my grief stricken heart still burn bracing my soul through night's lon

Burdend with the insight of my loneliness I continue my journey through this night

Passed have the times when the glimmer of hope filled my heart with gentle delight

All the years that the currents of fortune have planted the seeds of my grief my eyes have been foc

So let us now gather the harvest of the past solitary days

And bath our peace craving eyes in sin's magnificent grace

The night shall pass and a cold morning breeze shall obscure the traces of my pittyful existence
For not a stone shall mark the place where silence embraced me and guided my cheerful soul into

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Good bye