

# Insomnium, Song Of The Forlorn Son

Wretched is my lot here, mirthless is my fate  
Alone to face the cruel winters, endure the dreary cold  
What is there to hope for, what is there to seek  
For this forsaken child, for this forlorn son  
Whose sins am I now atoning for?  
Whose lapses am I forced to undo?  
So echoes my tune through these darkling shaws  
Above the frozen streams resounds my song  
Only these sullen trees will hearken to me  
Only snow-bound hills ever hear my call  
What is there to hope for, what is there to seek  
For this forsaken child, for this forlorn son  
For this embittered man, for this grim castaway  
Solace I find in the light of the pale moon  
My comfort in the night the murmur of the trees  
Now I set forth without ever glancing back  
It is time to make my own way through the dusk