

Sethian, Purity In Sorrow

How many roads are there to walk?
How many stories to tell?
We are a predatory race
Ready to kill for a sign of weakness

I am a man with too little to give
Alone against the world
Where no one cares about the truth anymore

When these feelings come alive
Purity in sorrow
We're going nowhere fast
The contradictions last

If I could just see behind the mire
This is the dawn of final days
An open grave
If I could turn back time
If I could explain
If I could take the road I see
Further away

How many songs must be unsung?
How many tears to cry?
We are a race of ingrates
Clutching at straws at end of our days

I know the meek shall inherit nothing
There's no heaven above
Walk away from the world of pain and sorrow