

# 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