

Whigfield

"To Wander The Void"

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A million miles from everything the emptiness is
everywhere
The lone and level sands stretch as far as I can see
Nothing but the hollowed eyes of skulls and ancient
bones despair
Remains of those who wandered this wasteland vast
before me

Fatigue and famine render every step a tribulation
Beneath the blistering sun sabulous winds just a
mockery
Lost within an infinity of dust and desolation
The vultures circling overhead await my lonely expiry

Maintaining this course to nowhere I have traveled so
far
Far beyond the valley's carnage and death's silent
repose
Compelled to journey onward by the calling of the
morning star
Haunted by visions and voices, memories or madness
providence only knows

I can't remember when or how I'd first lost my way
Thirsting even a tear of solace knowing naught will
ever come
Siren celestial have mercy on me allow my flesh into
dust decay
And carry my soul far beyond this damned and
forsaken kingdom

I fell to my knees as the last trace of strength slowly
faded away
With stone in throat I knew I'd never reach the hallowed
and promised land
I conceded my carcass a vulture's feast, my soul
eternal umbrae
Once a king, now nameless, forgotten, swallowed by
the seas of sand

