

13 Winters

"Singer Of Strange Songs"

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I told you about the world
Of how the struggle for order and peace
And self-important hypocrisy fails
In the face of reality
And how there is no grand scheme
No rest for the living..only death

Chaos and the cold endless void
Is all that awaits..
We are all forgotten
We are all dust
We are all unimportant
We are all dead
No rest for the living..only death

You thought me mad
You wanted me to be like you,
To see the error of my ways..
So you told me things I knew were wrong
You showed me why I would never fit in

Why then, does what I have become surprise you?

Dreamer,
Prophet,
Singer of strange songs

I went my own twisted way
Mocked by the world
Feared by the righteous
But always where I wanted..

Now that all has changed,
And the night is colder

Now that life has shown it's true colors

And you..
You are forgotten
You are old
You are unimportant

You are dead

Can you face the real truth?
Can you call me a madman anymore?

Do you regret your selfless life?
The things you could never do,
In fear of what others would think?

Do you see why I became a:
Dreamer,
Prophet,
Singer of strange songs.

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