

## Blinded Black

### "The World Has Something To Offer"

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I was born alone in a crypt  
Where I grew up as an hermit.  
This decrepit cave is filled  
With petrified figures.  
I've devoted my life to infamy  
Among these tombs I've called my family.

But today, fed up with this polluted air,  
I escape from my shrine  
To discover the lakes and mountains around.  
My heart wonders at the magnificence  
Of a landscape under a vibrant dawn.

The world has something to offer  
That gives me the force to go further.

Again and again, I'll climb these mountains  
And catch every golden ray of light.  
The pure breeze cleans out my lungs,  
The road is hard and long, but not that much,  
As hope lifts me to the highest summits.

Making a stop to drink from a spring  
I meet mountain people, - strong and straight-  
And followed them in their village  
To continue my pilgrimage.

They welcome me like a king,  
As if I was their long gone friend.  
Women are lovely and children smile,  
I'd like to stay here for a while,  
But I must go on, my search's not over yet,  
And I'll never regret my ancient casket.

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