

Horslips

"A Lifetime Obscurity"

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Follow the path towards the solitude, thou shall feel
cursed if betrayed. But when I betray call the Martyr to
weep, to bury the
Scars thru never ending seasons of grief, then I'll
follow the black path towards horizon dark and I'll
reach only sadness, as
Mourning dwells in me. Like a love lost in the cold, thru
the grim shadows of old, shadows that whisper of
souls. Like a love
Lost in the cold, that strength less I shall behold thru
years of darkness or filtrate light, it's always been
easier to close
The eyes, rather than open them and see what thou
never ever wanted to see... Once felt the weight of thy
age, call the Martyr to
Laugh and dance upon thy graveyard of shame. For
love was lost and life was won, all the other things are
shades to be gone and
The path of mourning longs for more... "Come here
Mephisto, come here Mephisto, dance thy particular
waltz upon my ridiculous
Grave". Spirit and flesh are now rotting, their abode is
so far, shall I find it? For the path I am walking, it's so
lonely and
Bleeding, the grief's overwhelming and sadness is
crying, thou can taste all my sorrow for my life is so
empty, empty like words
That are buried with loss. Turn on thy back all that's
shown is regret and the shadows of death are
unleashing their powers NOW!
Like a love lost in the cold, thru the grim shadows of
old, shadows that whisper of souls. Everything gone
and never to return,
Here's the coldness and the bleakness of it all, a
constant prelude to agony, a following of seasons of
apathy, cruel are the eyes
Of misery, black are the wings of my destiny,
primordial tears come out as knives... The left half of
the heart in the left hand,
The right half of the heart in the right hand...
OBSCURITY - Mourning dwells in me, Obscurity - A

lifelong misery, Obscurity - bleeding
The soul away... Feeling the dusk coming out from my
bones, crushing everything that I'm holding inside and
then going back again...
Feeling the dusk coming out from my bones, crushing
everything I am holding inside and all left behind seem
to come
Back again... When senses are blinded and feelings
distorted call the Martyr to show thee the real true
existence, hypnotic
Delusions are blessed with confusion, another
landscape is silent with intent of revelation, groping
one's way towards the wastes
Of life, why this seems to have no end? Groping one's
way towards the wastes of life, please help me inhale
the true existence!...

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