

In The Woods... "Path Of The Righteous"

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Empty...
It cuts me like a razor
I am feeling cold as ice
Deep into the brain I can see
The skin of an old man
I am trying to understand
These strange eyes
End the voices in my head
Your arrows have touched me
Your right hand is too heavy on me
Because you are punished
You're indignant
There is nothing fresh on my body
Bleeding wounds are killing me

Release me from my hate
End, show me the way
Out of this pain
In the shadow of your wings
I seek humankind shelter
I can see the earth
I can see the sun
Everything is clear in my heart
I can see the moon
I can see the son
Everything is clear in my world

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