

Insite

"Song Of The Forlorn Son"

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Wretched is my lot here, mirthless is my fate
Alone to face the cruel winters, endure the dreary cold
What is there to hope for, what is there to seek
For this forsaken child, for this forlorn son

Whose sins am I now atoning for?
Whose lapses am I forced to undo?
Who

So echoes my tune through these darkling shaws
Above the frozen streams resounds my song
Only these sullen trees will hearken to me
Only snow-bound hills ever hear my call

What is there to hope for, what is there to seek
For this forsaken child, for this forlorn son
For this embittered man, for this grim castaway

Solace I find in the light of the pale moon
My comfort in the night the murmur of the trees
Now I set forth without ever glancing back
It is time to make my own way through the dusk

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