

Lake Of Tears "A Foreign Road"

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A Foreign Road
A road into shadows, on through haunted meadows
A road so old, so dark, the trail where the damned walk
As only darkness cares, I choose to wander here
A time to evil be, as death awaits me ...
A road dark, where the damned walk
A road old, open arms to fold me
I recall the crossroads, the junction of the ways
The misty morning fog, when I chose my faith
As no one ever cared, I chose to be all you fear
A time to evil be, damnation waits me ...
A road dark, where the damned walk
A road old, open arms to fold me

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