

Throes Of Dawn

"The Hermit"

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I held the stars on my hand
the night sky in these robes
The world under this wand
in the garden of the misanthrope
I felt the fading starlight
the folding hope of a soul
in the screams of the dying universe

What was there
I could never see

The human is dead

inside the robes of the Hermit

"Speak of my anguish
Sing of my despair

For nothing can ever
heal this soul
Too deep the wounds
from life to heal
Total isolation is the key
For your world never
meant nothing to me..."

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