

Twilight Guardians "Kings Of The Wasteland"

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I've sat on the shore to set my lands in order
Journeyed through the wild frontier
Travelled on the wasteland with all these breathing
stones
To hear my voice, to feel

I've loved the whore, cut the throat of my healing
With love without feeling
Empty hands touch is cold, it's freezing
Alone without you

Stand on the open land
My wasteland on your hand
Stand on the wasted land
My quicksand on your hand

I've fared through the shore where all hearts are
broken
Sick to the core
Buried in sand my weary soul still calling
For you not the whore

Stand on the open land
My wasteland on your hand
Stand on the wasted land
My quicksand on your hand

Stand on the open land
My wasteland on your hand
Stand on the wasted land
My quicksand on your hand

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