

Twin Obscenity "The Wanderer"

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A lonely man on a lonely journey
Bewildering ways he rode
The heavens did not treat him fairly
And the winds did chill him to the bones

Through icy storms and dim-lit moonlight
His search would never end
His hauberk shone brighter than any sun
His sword was adorned with purest of gold
A woollen cloak covered his weary face

A face frostbitten and old

His fearless steed he held most dearly
No beast was ever so bold
It's snow-white mane with lustre shone
And it's hoofs never touched the ground

His deeds in strife he cheerfully remembered
In battle he rejoiced
Never before had he met his match
Many a time strivings he aroused

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