## Adalruna "Misanthropic Dream Of A Pathway Overgrown"

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Walking down the path,
Sheilded from your lies,
The stars are shining bright,
And the world turns again.
You will never see,
The beauty of this place,
You are lost in reality,
And cannot open your eyes.

The cold is death against my flesh, The warmth helps hide the lies.

I will forever walk this path,
And find the secrets along the way,
The long forgotten do lightly tread,
For the way is long overgrown.
It's not the start or the end that counts,
It's the way you choose to go.

Be forged of flame and die by ice, It's all the same to me, Encounter the ones who came before, And follow their ancient lore, I see your path intersect mine, But you do not see me.

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And the world turns again.
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The beauty of this place,
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And cannot open your eyes.

You follow the ways of the mass,
And like a sheep you wander forth,
"Wonder where all of the depth is,
To this existence I blindly live?"
But the answer you seek is where you wont go,
The hidden truth behind your mind.

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