

The Explosion

"Solitary Soul"

Visit "[Solitary Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In spring of youth it was my lot, to haunt of the wide
world a spot. The which I could not love the less- So
lovely was the loneliness. Of a wild lake, with black rock
bound, and the tall pines that towered around. But
when the Night had thrown her pall, upon that spot, as
upon all
And the mystic wind went by, murmuring in melody.
Then- ah, then I would awake, to the terror of the lone
lake. Death was in that poisonous wave, and in it's gulf
a fitting grave. For him who thence could solace bring,
to his lone imagining. Whose solitary soul could make
an Eden of that dim lake?

Visit [The Explosion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.