

The Virgins

"The Outsider"

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A cheering light
I've never seen
My days are bleak
Sans the serene

These ancient walls
I never left
From balming sleep
I've been bereft

Solitude has always been my lot
Cobwebs and shadows, rats and old toads
How long I dwell in here I seem forgot
In smell of ages gone and putrid moats

There is bitter comfort
In my ways that have no sun
Through ruins of decay I hunt
I am the eidolon

I linger on old graves
I exist unseen
The outcast and the wretched spawn
- I am the unclean

For in one night
I touched the cold
And polished glass
Thus had insight

A fiendish ghoul of gruesome shape and view
Stared at me in fright and awe
But once I took a closer look I knew
The dreadful horror - my self I saw...

There is bitter comfort
In my ways that have no sun
Through ruins of decay I hunt
I am the eidolon

I linger on old graves

I exist unseen
The outcast and the wretched spawn
- I am the unclean

I feast upon the beauty
Of things that others shun
In netherworlds and crypts I dwell
- I am the alien one

I wallow in the old world
In things that they condemn
Through solitude and shadow
- The outsider I am

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