

The Path

Miracle Of Sound

Long roads through the raging days
Walked the world upon my wary way
Bestowed with the blade and phrase
Far too long I've been a lonesome stray
These lines upon my brow
They beckon to me now

I've followed the path so long
I've weathered this tide
Through everything carried on
With strength in my stride
I've followed the path so long
I need a place where I belong at last
Oh

At the end of the path
I rest my weary feet
At the end of the path
In quiet comfort we'll meet

Warm glow with a golden shine
Come to rest under the virile vine
Dark flow from the oldest shrines
Blight and blood under the wealth and wine
With black blood in my veins
My silver sings again

I've followed the path so long
I've weathered this tide
Through everything carried on
It's hardened my hide
I've followed the path so long
The oldest pain is fading now at last
Oh

At the end of the path
I rest my weary feet
At the end of the path
In quiet comfort we'll meet

Through trails of blood and wine
Hunting one last time
One last time

These lines upon my brow
They beckon to me now

I've followed the path so long
I've weathered this tide
Through everything carried on
With strength in my stride
I've followed the path so long
I need a place where I belong at last
Oh

At the end of the path
I rest my weary feet

At the end of the path
My journey is complete

At the end of the path
I rest my weary feet
At the end of the path
In quiet comfort we'll meet

Weary wolf at the end of war
Loves aloof are apart no more
(White skies still shimmer)
Weary wolf at the end of war
(Wild eyes still flicker)
Loves aloof are apart no more