

Monumental

The Claymore

Far away from this world, my spirit rests in loneliness
Lost in this dimension, a victim of your ignorance
Without love I'm dying, like a foetus faced by fear
Deaf and blind I'm waiting for a dawn that never comes

Monument of fear - lying in memory
Monument of fear - follow my tears
Monument of fear - what is my destiny?
Monument of fear - is this the end?

Scornful masses haunt me
And I'm staring at the Gallows Tree on the hill
Surrounded by fools
An actor without audience
Like a puppet on a string I am hanging on
The winds of doom

Monument of fear - lying in memory
Monument of fear - fragments of youth

Monument of fear - lying in memory...