

# The Outsider

## The Vision Bleak

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...

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

I linger on old graves  
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The outcast and the wretched spawn  
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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