

Resurrection of the Wild

Windir

Every move that we make are for our own sake
You see yourself in the eye of others,
why the hell do you bother?

You are the civil man dying for a Promised Land
I live in the wilderness to avoid human emptiness

Firstborn in the hall of the mountain
Wandering through the endless woods
Surviving on weaker creatures
This solitary ambience feels so good

With love for myself I have no need for pride
i avoid human contact I live my own life
Your aggressive and selfish fright,
keep you awake every night

You hide in the shadows from the past
But the past resurrects and makes the pain last
Wounds from times best forgotten
Are reopening with a smell so rotten

In the hours of despair
When wounds open and grief overwhelms
You close your eyes and cherish moments
From a simple yet so perfect time
When anxiety didn't haunt your mind

A variety of choices
Multiplicity of stupidity
Either path chosen
Lead in the same direction
The abyss seem unavoidable
For the man without affections