

A Stubborn Soul

The Duskfall

Short were the days of the wise man,
Went up the hill and never came back.
A stubborn soul will fight anything,
A restless soul won't just settle in.
Left home in search for a paradise,
Found a place for parasites,
Like leaches they sucked him dry.
Numbed the pain, with bottles of whiskey...

On that day, he went up that hill,
Couldn't go on by remaining still.
Gave him some and took some more,
Made him their slave, became a whore.

There was no other choice for it to end,
Just to look at the bullet with a grin.
So won't you stand and hail this institution,
This is the enticement, your one last solution.

These were the days of the wise man,
Went up the hill and stumbled back.
Lost it all and everything, such a will to fly,
They lured him in.

On that day, he went up that hill,
Couldn't go on by remaining still.
Gave him some and took some more,
Made him their slave, became a whore.

There was no other choice for it to end,
Just to look at the bullet with a grin.
So won't you stand and hail this institution,
This is the enticement, your one last solution.
You can fight against but these walls will stand.
For every brick you take you'll fight a wicked man.