

Fair Haven, Kings of Empty Castle

What is this rage inside?
These eyes are blind
This mouth is dry
What is this weight I carry around?
Are these steps not far?
What will it take to touch the ground?
What is this you yearn to heal?
In the corner, in the dark
A lonely refuge for the armour
What is this that I am
Am I not free to be within me the lion and the lamb?
Is that what I feel really real?
A dream denied or satisfied.
I feel what I feel
I am that I am
Kings of empty castles,
Beneath a crimson cry
Living in a garden with the wind, the rain, the cry
Escaping from the tyranny, no fear, no need to hide
Abandoning defenses,
Into the world we ride
No longer does this rage abide
Vision shining from these eyes
No longer do I feel a weight
My steps now sure upon the ground
No longer is this unclear
In the light I stand to dance
No longer do I wonder why
Within me the lion and the lamb