

# Pallbearer, Foreigner

All along the dark and forbidden way  
I can I can feel their eyes and see their arcane thrones  
So between my steps I rest to gather up my strength  
I must keep pushing onward  
Under swirling moons and galaxies

In the presence of ancients, beckoning to me  
And I fear to be their conduit and lose myself  
In the shadow

Shifting path, that makes it hard to tread my way  
Wastes my strength, takes my breath  
For the purpose of erosion of my will to carry on  
And steals the fire from my blood  
Lost within the shade, I call out for a helping hand