

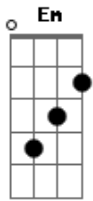
The Rebel Troubadour - Ignis Fatuus

tom:
Em

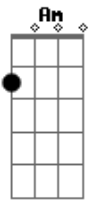
In the depths of the mind where whispers roam
 There's a flicker of hope in the shadows it's shown
 An Ignis Fatuus emerging from the dark
 But beware, it's allure in the mind's quiet park
 Ignis Fatuus, in the dead of night
 A prisoner of the Mind in its ghostly flight
 Whispers and shivers confusions embrace
 In the realm of thought It finds its space
 In the twilight grasp where dreams entwine
 The Ignis fatuus in darkness does shine
 The tricksters life. So hollow and absurd
 It draws you near, with its ghostly world
 In the depths of night a prisoner's silent gloom
 A prisoner of thought, in its spectral room

Whispers and echoes, confusion's disguise
 In the mind's vast expanse, it tells its lies
 In the labyrinth of thought, where echoes play
 The ignis fatuus whispers, a mysterious say
 It speaks of dreams, and visions untold
 But in the mind's depths, its tale is cold
 But in the mind's depths, it's tale is cold
 Whispers, a mysterious say
 It speaks of dreams, and visions untold
 But in the mind's depths, its tale is cold
 In whispers of shadows, it spins its thread
 A flicker of hope in the vast mind's spread
 With shivers, it calls, in the dark, so deep
 Lost in the maze of a mind's gentle sleep

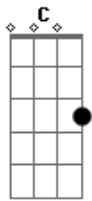
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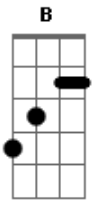
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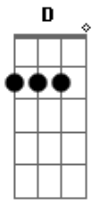
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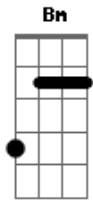
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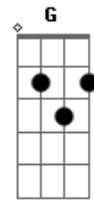
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