

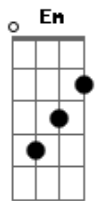
# The Rebel Troubadour - Ignis Fatuus

tom:  
Em

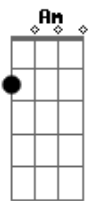
In the depths of the mind where whispers roam  
There's a flicker of hope in the shadows it's shown  
An Ignis Fatuus emerging from the dark  
But beware, it's allure in the mind's quiet park  
Ignis Fatuus, in the dead of night  
A prisoner of the Mind in its ghostly flight  
Whispers and shivers confusions 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

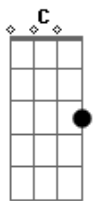
## Acordes



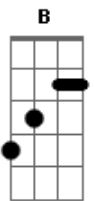
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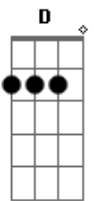
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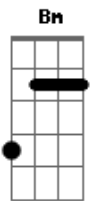
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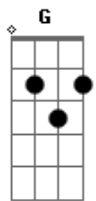
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