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*En tidig låt med många svåra ord i. Typiskt för symfonirocklåtar
typ Yes å Genesis med svårtydda ord. Har ingen aning om hur denna låt lät.*

THE PROUD DUDE

Darkness has filled my days for so long,
too long have I laid low.
Pretending peace, now my defending cease.
I've been a victim of the law, of the law.

Slipped down in the hatchway, backfire's been my part.
All efforts has turned into dust.
Now I can see someone has deceived me.
I've been a fool from the start, from the start.

But now with my eyes open wide, I will focus upon you.
Sails that was trash, but now your love surpassing.
I will grasp the hands of you.
Cause I've been so far away, a long way from you.

In the boundaries I've searched,
but only sorrows came through.
Awesome travail I razzled with, it scared me to death.
But now I live again.

Released and renewed, no more playing proud dude.
A marionette in a chess I've been.
An effluence I've found, you can't buy it with pounds.
You have only to sacrifice yourself. Ego self.

Decrease me so you can increase you.

I am restored by the Lord.
He gives me strenght to carry on, all of the way.
Now I can sing a perfect song, up to the heavens.
To a gracious God and a holy king.

Up to the heavens, to our mighty king.
To the gracious God we give our love.
In praise we sing.

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