

Trail of Grief

Anneke van Giersbergen

Mister I cannot read you
Your eyes are clouds of mist
Well well, how can I heed you?
I wish you did not exist
Uncover me
I hail to see
Your mystic trail of grief

It's funny how my heart feeds
On overload
It will never lead me through
I am just too old
For this game
I bear to see
Your mystic trail of grief

Uncover me
Uncover me