

Arrival

Ihsahn

Eventually the fire overcame
The smell of (...) old rooms and dust
Now seal the purposes anew
The night outside was still the same

From the window one could see
The long dark road stretch back for miles
A path of peril, sleepless black
Now breathing slow alone, not free

Breathing slow
Alone, not free

Within this cloak of shame
There is nothing worth undoing
The night outside is still the same

Tragedy writes snow and storm
By now it cover and entrack
Of this escape whence no one knew
The crime was cold, the passion warm
And know all fears were now long dead
A whisper of the night and time
The door below had better still
To keep it shut (...)

Sleepless
Fearless
Lifeless

Within this cloak of shame
There is nothing worth undoing
The night outside is still the same

White snow would cover every track
Of this escape whence noone knew
And all the fears should be long dead
The night outside was still the same