

## 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