

Departure

Ihsahn

Please get away from me...
Descending backwards
Through the sleepless black
Washing the firey glare
The small (...)
In the distance, it disappears

Breathing with emptiness
Filled with collumns of winter and night
The stinging sensation remains
Of hungry eyes, nurturing the pain

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Of hungry eyes, nurturing the pain

To return from (...)
Revive from colder air, yeah
Watching, watching... there was a man
Through (...)

Your heart is barren flame
You keep it above your head
Like a torch gone black
You dig in the dark, you dig in the dark

She spoke to me like hope was real
That peace was something I could feel