

## Against the Stream

Insomnium

And down we go again...  
into the ocean of sorrow  
towards the sea of despair  
in the deep grooves of the death  
lifeline running in roaring stream

"Like sand slipping through my fingers  
nothing ever lasts, ever will"

"To impart elegance all living  
experience the grandeur in giving  
felicity found in commitment  
tranquillity in mere being"

And down we go again  
under the relentless waves  
into the arms of calm breakers  
into bayou of forgotten dreams

Like sand slipping through my fingers  
nothing ever lasts, ever will

"To impart elegance all living  
experience the grandeur in giving  
from existence into oblivion  
not in cycles, but in lines"

Getting nowhere fast  
by contending with time  
accept the alteration  
come to terms with your days

Down we go just the same  
into the ocean of sorrow  
towards the sea of despair

This river runs relentlessly  
and this river runs deep  
not in cycles, but in lines