

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