

Under the Plaintive Sky

Insomnium

And so does the downhearted tune
Resound through this murky night
And the wind groan its wistful song
For the ill-lucked dwellers in plight

These two round-shouldered figures
Forward slowly through this grey day
Under the fores'ts white canopy
Out of the drifting snow's way

With rime dressed-faces they wander
With guilt carved-hearts they flee
With grim stained-minds they hover
Between hope and despair

With rime dressed-faces they wander
With guilt carved-hearts they flee
With grim stained-minds they ponder
If they ever be free of their sins

May the stars become my eyes
And the wind become my hearing
Let them guide us through
These pitch-dark mornings

May the snowfall end
And the shining moon rise
So we can find our way out
From these all-consuming nights

Underneath the blanket of stars
Embraced by another cold night
Two round-shouldered figures
Leave these shores behind

Quietly they wonder
If they ever will see the light
They now lose in their shadows
Owe to the darkest of nights