

## 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 forest's 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