

The Greymen

Lake of Tears

Such a dark cold way and it enters through your breathing every day

What a dark old way to stay the same

As it enters through your breathing, close your eyes and feel them turn it grey

Oh, heart of gold, spring time life and laughter borne, now you wander there alone

Down that way where life is a bad place, life is a sad place, always

Such a dark cold way and it enters through your breathing every day

What a dark old way to stay the same

As it enters through your breathing, close your eyes and feel them turn it grey

Oh, heart of stone, nights were there for you alone, now the greymen linger long

And nights are cold and hard and days are slipping away paced, moving on always

Such a dark cold way and it enters through your breathing every day

What a dark old way to stay the same

And it enters through your breathing everyday

Such a dark old way, it stays the same

As it enters through your breathing, close your eyes and feel them turn it grey