

Face in the Snow

Opeth

No more wishes for the past,
No lingering of sages and seers.
Desperations and fevers last,
The undertows are stronger here.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,
Too far away from coming home.

I see a face in the snow.
Inside my head a voice calls for me.
I see your face in the snow
And outside the sun's too far away to feel.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,
Too far away from coming home.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,
Too far away from coming home.

And could we live within the wake of aging lies
When we're too far away?