

Faith in Others

Opeth

The grave of our youth is up ahead
And life has become a burden
We move in circles of suppressed despair
Waiting for the sun
And turning stones to find evidence
But it hides in the recesses of our hearts

A written decree of our loss
And we carried no faith in the cross
And the cold years are coming
For the victims of a longing

Out through the doors of starvation
And into the rains of damnation
Where the bitter winds are singing
For the victims of a longing

We carried along through squalor
With an inborn need to dominate and possess
It gives birth to an anger inside
And we can't control this
The blood of departure in our tracks
Dripping from our emptying vessels
Your hand reached out to hold mine
But you're grasping melting ice

Asleep in the rain
A child once again
And the ghost in my head
Has forgiven me

Lifted his curse upon me