

A Trace Of Blood

Pain Of Salvation

Touching ground Going home to those I miss
Safe and sound Weeks of exile turn to bliss
But there's something in her voice When she is calling me
A trace of blood to lead me
Through roads of agony With blood taste in my mouth
And clouds before my eyes
I kneel beside the bed Where my bleeding dryad lies

Three young souls in misery

Hitting ground Nausea wakes me up at dawn
Hopes are found
Dissected, turned and then
Withdrawn
A chair of steel and wire Her legs are open wide
Helpless in myself I stand there cold beside
The doctors stay away Leave us with this dismay
To see the colours of a miracle Fade and turn to gray

Then a cry and rivers of blood Flow so sadly
bringing you
Our dreams pour into a cold tray Two young souls in misery
Missing you

I never knew your name but I will miss you just the same
I was to live for you I lost the will to live at all the day you came
It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same
You were to be the first, how wonderful
Now I will always fear to hope again

The irony Of seeing me whispering through her skin
So joyfully To our child there deep within
Or of when she called to me To tell me cheerfully
That she had seen your shape On a hospital screen
And of nurses being concerned That you never moved or turned
Too late we see the warnings Too late we learn

[Hallgren]
[Gildenlow]

I never saw your face and now you're gone without a trace
Except the trace of blood that's deeply scarred into my eyes To fill
your place
It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same
I was prepared to be your father How can I ever prepare for that again?
n?

Still I follow that trace of blood Always leading back to you
Hollow years of damming that flood Two young souls in misery

Missing you... missing you...
Tiskáno z www.txp.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!