

The Northern Cold

Woods of Ypres

I'm at home in the North, when I'm alone in the Northern Cold
And I belong in the North, when I'm at home in the Northern Cold

If you seek understanding, I will try to explain to you
The origins of my madness, and my strength in solitude
Seldom seen, seldom spoken
My heart was my compass, and it was broken
Mine was that of a quiet love, deep and true.

If you seek understanding, I will show you what we have known
The long ride on the road to nowhere
The cold walks in the woods alone
In my ocean, the water was frozen
And I could see my reflection, within the ice
Mine was that of a quiet love, deep and true.

Years later I am still obsessed (with the North)
Years later still restless and depressed (from the Northern Cold)
Years later I still drown in passion for my sorrows
Years later I'm alone, and I'm at home in the Northern Cold

My blues are so dark they are black. The roots are buried, so deep in my past.
See my roots, for they are true. Feel my blues, for they are real.

The feel of cold, the black of night, the white of snow,
Walking home, the smell of smoke, these are the memories of my youth.