

The Northern Cold

Woods of Ypres

Mine was that of a quiet love deep and true. 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. 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 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. 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

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 the 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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