The Harrowing Years

Insomnium

This I have learnt: World forces all of us down the fleeing years bend our backs love but smears our heartsHere I now lie still like a broken bow soul sullen and rigid with the will to die sighing after the days long since gone cursing every step on this ill-fated trail"In vain I try (to forget) - In vain I try to (to forgive) Black bird from evening sky - Raven from heaths of night come and take my cares - carry away the grief bereave me of my new woes - rend off these earthly throes fly them to deepest lakes - to the starlit shores"This I have learnt: even the sweetest wine turns sour we work our fingers to the bone all our efforts of no availHere we all are but troubled guests on darkling earth lost echoes that pine away into the dusk nothing more than the wind to rely on nothing more than the death to comfort us in the endThis I have heard: all ends in serene sleep all these sorrows are washed away as we lapse into the nightBut I know it's a lie

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