

# 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

Songwriters

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Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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