Black Waters

Insomnium

Sober is my mind, now that
Misfortune has faced my kind;
Weary glazed stare, Beneath the
Pitch-black hair.
On my cheeks, once so live, Adorn
Flood of tears, caused by strife
And as I griewe under the sky, even
Raven croaks to me it's despiseMy warm hand against your cold
Palm...
Words echoing in the air through
You're gone...Sober is my mind, Black is the
Colour I feel
These completely dead emotions,
Drain the last bit of me
No matter how many tears I shed,
No matter how much I repent
Some things just can't be undone
And some of us can't be forgiven.No matter how many tears I shed,
Some things can't be undone...I've reached the point of the no return,
These are deeds from I can not flee
From a reflection I see a tired man,
Longin for a relief
The Black waters in front of me
Will sway me till I'm in sleep,
Carry me to the shores of Manala
Where I'll be free from my sins.
The Black waters will sway me till I'm sleep...This Roaring stream will wash me
Pure and clean...

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