

A Fine Day to Exit

Anathema

Long way from home, nowhere to go
What made the river so cold?
The sweat of thoughts trickle down my brow
Soaking and stinging my eyes Tell tale signs and cries of dreams unfulfilled
And time is running, running dry
Panic stricken, bloodshot hearts, try to restart
But no longer build the will to survive, sweet oblivion I got these feelings and I don't know why
I see all my fears in the darkness of light
What made the river so cold? Never anyone to rearrange and fall to
Time inside the empty
Call to the blameless, I am faithless
Placid dying eyes You gotta face it head on, so you can't turn this thing 'round
'Cause this ain't right
You have to go eye to eye, raise your face to the sky
'Cause this ain't right I gotta believe when I say
Only this is the way

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