Anathema, A Fine Day To Exit

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 eye

You've got to face it head on
So you can turn this thing around
'cause this ain't right

Tell tale sighs and cries
Of dreams unfulfilled
And time is running, running dry

Panic-stricken bloodshot hearts
Try to restart
But no longer build the well
To survive sweet oblivion

You've got to face it head on
So you can turn this thing around
'cause this ain't right

I've 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've got to face it head on
So you can turn this thing around
'cause this ain't right

You have to go eye to eye
Raise your face to the sky
'cause this ain't right

I got to believe when I say
Only this is the way