

# 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