

# Insomnium, In The Groves Of Death

In the evening of a grey day, a bleak day  
I strayed into the dim silence of the hallowed trees  
Where the fir-trees whisper of those been, those gone  
Where the sacred earth still hides all those we once loved  
O father, hear these words, your son is not made for this world  
Faint-hearted and careworn, into this vile life I was hurled  
In the woods the fiends sigh, I swear I heard the demons neigh  
On the seashore I espy the dreadful void under the tides  
Ill-assorted with this life, these cares  
Each moment I am waiting for the worst to come my way  
Dark berry from my mothers womb; a frail one  
I was affrighted at my birth, bewildered from the start  
Better it would be to stay in the shades  
In the thicket of the dead, in the groves of death  
Here I would lie to the end of the days  
Hear me now, my hapless son  
Warn away all yours fears  
Make good use of your brief days  
Life may be grim but death is more austere  
By yourself you sit and wait  
By yourself you will have time to repent  
In these lowly halls  
No moon will beam, no sun will shine  
In these narrow rooms  
No tears are seen, no laughter heard  
At the dawn of a quiet day  
I strolled from the woods, returned to the hearth  
And with a restful mind I roamed  
The dreary shores, the darkling wilds  
Greeting all the days that befall  
Taking life as it comes