

Insomnium, Unmourned

When the days get shorter
And winter draws near
All that once was fair
Withers and dies
Thoughts of despair
Breeding in darkness
Growing from desolation
Decaying my sanity
If I would die away, drown in misery
Choke on these tears, who would mourn me
No one to light the candle, or weep on the grave
If I'd be gone forever, die of this grief
...Forever gone...
Would you kiss me goodbye
And hold me in your arms
If you were here with me
Heading towards the dark
The river runs black
Through these forgotten woods
I kneel down by the water
Wash my stained face
I let the stream take me
Carry away from here
To where I feel nothing
Where no pain can reach me