

Marko Hietala, Roses from the Deep

I've been lost for some time now
It's different on this side
I've been gone I don't know how long
It's been different since I died

I've seen you after now and then
Still pictures, black and white
Colour creeps in as you turn grey
Red and gold autumn twilight

I never told you I would come for you
But you knew it anyway
All these years you keep my roses from the deep
Dead leaves the trees of winter always weep

I long to touch your face your hair
To move a strand behind your ear
Will there be peace with you by me
I'll wait until you're here

I never told you I would come for you
But you knew it anyway
All these years you keep my roses from the deep
Dead leaves the trees of winter always weep