

# Pain Of Salvation, A Trace Of Blood

Touching ground  
Going home to those I miss  
Safe and sound  
Weeks of exile turn to bliss  
But there's something in her voice  
When she is calling me  
A trace of blood to lead me  
Through roads of agony  
With blood taste in my mouth  
And clouds before my eyes  
I kneel beside the bed  
Where my bleeding dryad lies

Two young souls in misery

Hitting ground  
Nausea wakes me up at dawn  
Hopes are found  
Dissected, turned and then withdrawn  
A chair of steel and wire  
Her legs are open wide  
Helpless in myself  
I stand there cold beside  
The doctors stay away  
Leave us with this dismay  
To see the colors of a miracle  
Fade and turn to gray

Then a cry and rivers of blood  
Flow so sadly bringing you  
Our dreams pour into a cold tray  
Two young souls in misery  
Missing you

I never knew your name but I will miss you just the same  
I was to live for you  
I lost the will to live at all the day you came  
It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same  
You were to be the first, how wonderful  
Now I will always fear to hope again

The irony  
Of seeing me whispering through her skin  
So joyfully  
To our child there deep within  
Or of when she called to me  
To tell me cheerfully  
That she had seen your shape  
On a hospital screen  
And of nurses being concerned  
That you never moved or turned  
Too late we see the warnings  
Too late we learn  
(Gildenlw)

(Hallgren)  
I never saw your face and now you're gone without a trace  
Except the trace of blood that's deeply scarred into my eyes  
To fill your place  
It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same  
I was prepared to be your father  
How can I ever prepare for that again?

Still I follow that trace of blood

Always leading back to you  
Hollow years of damming that flood  
Two young souls in misery  
Missing you...  
Missing you...