

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Dissected, turned and then withdrawn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...