

# Peccatum, The Banks Of This River Is Night

Running wide  
on promises of sweet tomorrows  
running deep  
in ignorance and hope  
on and on  
towards the big black sea  
the banks of this river is night  
night is within me  
and I am here in your arms  
drawn in  
by this massive flow of violence  
drawn down  
in this procession of mud  
on and on  
towards the big black sea  
the banks of this river is night  
look at her  
when she passes you by  
feel him  
as he denies you again  
on and on  
towards the big black sea  
the banks of this river is night  
night is within me  
and I am here in your arms.