

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.