

Woods Of Ypres, The Ghosts Of Summer's Past

There is a comfort in longing for
Something that's gone forever
It shows how much that something meant to you
When it was here

To a person who claims
To never having had anything
They can be confronted by
The empty space where something once was

I could only remember feeling so bad
When the present time was passing by
Looking back now I realise
That the best and worst times in my life
Could coincide

My greatest achievement is also my greatest loss
The best thing I ever had is forever gone

It is a dark and fulfilling feeling of frustration
To reminisce and feel the opposite of anticipation

It is a talent of the soul
To discover the joys in pain
Thinking of moments you long for
Knowing you'll never have them again

A moment of euphoria
Inspired by a photograph from that summer
I remember how we hated everything
And in that we managed to find comfort in each other

Those days are gone, my heart goes on
I long for the way it used to be
When summer comes it will return
That feeling will become again
It comes on strong and so fast
But you know that it won't last
It's just the hauntings of
The ghosts of summer's past

And though they are far behind me
I can still hear them calling
As if they were right beside me
Tempting my comfort in longing