

# 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