

Woods Of Ypres, The Sea Of Immeasurable Loss

Who knows how long I've stood here...
Or how many times.
I may wander, but I will return,
The same time each night.
For running water plays the score to this scene.
I stand and stare into the mirror.
This has become so familiar to me,
Because I no longer rest where I used to sleep.
A handful of water to cool your face
will be the only comfort you'll know.
So pick up your heart and run for your life.
To drain your body of all it's energy.
For heavy steps on a quiet path,
Is the sound of earning your rest.
(Clean)
Try to sleep
on the other side of the room.
Forget all the time you have lost
For it's the insight...that kills you.
This night will end,
Only to begin again.
And nothing will change until the change of the seasons
Many months away.
The night is long,
Exhausted I make my way home.
As the earliest of those begin their day,
I finally begin to sleep.
This strain that resolves in me,
Truly has come at a cost,
For the rain, that falls on me,
Was drawn, from the sea of immeasurable loss.