

Tidal Waves

Fiddlehead

Death strikes at night when I'm low: my soul, hollow
Light of: long gone and unknown, undone, unwhole

Memories of your face like tidal waves
Of your non-stop pounding love
Now in a race to the grave
To embrace the one I truly loved

Don't think I can know you. My blue, cold gloom
Has me forever consumed with doom in my room

Memories of your face like tidal waves
Of your non-stop pounding love
Now in a race to the grave
To embrace the one I truly loved

It's to relate when you're on your own
It's to awake when you do it alone
It's hard to believe, when the day is long
And the one you love is forever gone
It's hard to relate
It's hard to believe
It's hard to re-love

I'll come out if you'll come home
(Come out, come out...)