

# The Black Lodge

## In Mourning

Gone for days, Julia  
Without a trace, Julia  
Leaving some words, a note  
If anyone gave a damn

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Without a trace, Julia

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If anyone gave a damn  
She laid her eyes upon the glade  
A place unseen by many  
And unknown to all  
She was hiding herself in the broad daylight  
From the seekers of the grind denial  
She approaches to the water  
The dark, cold water

She was a keeper of the inside  
(Revealed) by this place which is unfound  
A pity sight for the magpie  
The Black Lodge

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Beautiful when she left the door  
Unclosed behind  
Red dress, the evidence was on her wrists  
Julia, where are you going  
What are you leading me to  
The trail to the lodge is irrelevant  
It's always the end  
When they're finally there  
I can still see you through the water

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