

Digging Up The Past

Lord Huron

Led into the forest
By a presence without form
The way is cold and lightless
But your memory keeps me warm

Guess I'll just keep walking
Toward the tombs that glow within

Digging up the past
And dreaming of what might have been

Heading through the darkness
I hear whispers in the pines
Voices void of meaning
Empty echoes in my mind

Guess I'll join the ghouls
And have a laugh beside your grave

Digging up the past
And dreaming of the good old days

Nothing left to keep me here
So, I'll be on my way
I guess I'll just keep walking
'Til the nighttime turns to day

Guess I'll just keep talking
'Til I hear your voice again

Digging up the past
And dreaming of what might have been