Spring MCMLXXIV

Opeth

On a wind that's sailing through the morning
I have cut the harness off of my heart
On a tide that's rising with the dawning
I find I belong inside the dark

And when the waves roll in to cover me in shame
I avoid another sign of the efforts made in vain
I am just another ripple in the current of an age
Another crossed out name on another wrinkled page

Carry me home
Carry me home
Carry me home
Carry me home

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Carry me home
Carry me home

There's a dream that tells me I'm haunted
It comes to visit every fortnight or so
I wake up having lost all I have ever wanted
And a bleak apparition wants what I hold

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I avoid another sign of the efforts made in vain
I am just another ripple in the current of an age
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Should it disappear, should it go away?
Would it mend the wounds I bare, the wound of love?
Could it reappear like a familiar tale?
Like a broken friendship that snuffs the moonlight above

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