

## Insite

### "Black Waters"

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Somber is my mind, now that  
Misfortune has faced my kind;  
Weary glazed stare, Beneath the  
Pitch-black hair.  
On my cheeks, once so live, Adorn  
Flood of tears, caused by strife  
And as I grieve under the sky, even  
Raven croaks to me it's despise

My warm hand against your cold  
Palm...  
Words echoing in the air through  
You're gone...

Somber is my mind, Black is the  
Colour I feel  
These completely dead emotions,  
Drain the last bit of me  
No matter how many tiers I shed,  
No matter how much I repent  
Some things just can't be undone  
And some of us can't be forgiven.

No matter how many tears I shed,  
Some this can't be undone...

I've reached the point of the no return,  
These are deeds from I can not flee  
From a reflection I see a tired man,  
Longin for a relief  
The Black waters in front of me  
Will sway me till I'm in sleep,  
Carry me to the shores of Manala  
Where I'll be free from my sins.  
The Black waters will sway me till I'm sleep...

This Roaring stream will wash me  
Pure and clean...

