Pain Confessor "A Trace Of Blood"

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Touching ground Going home to those I miss Safe and sound Weeks of exile turn to bliss But there's something in her voice When she' is calling me

A trace of blood to lead me Trough roads of agony With blood taste in my mouth And clouds before my eyes I kneel beside the bed Where my bleeding dryad lies

Three young souls in misery

Hitting ground Nausea wakes me up at dawn
Hopes are found
Dissected, turned and then
Withdrawn
A chair of steel and wire Her legs are open wide
Helpless in myself I stand there cold beside
The doctors stay away Leave us with this dismay
To see the colours of a miracle Fade and turn to grey

Then a cry and rivers of blood Flow so sadly Bringing you Our dreams pour into a cold tray Two young souls in misery Missing you

I never knew your name but I will miss you just the same

I was to live for you I lost the will to live at all the day you came

It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same You were to be the first, how wonderful Now I will always fear to hope again

The irony Of seeing me whispering through her skin So joyfully To our child there deep within Or of when she called to me To tell me cheerfully That she had seen our shape On a hospital screen And of nurses being concerned That you never moved or turned

Too late we see the warning Too late we learn

[Hallgren] [Gildenlow]

I never saw your face and now you're gone without a trace

Except the trace of blood that's deeply scarred into my eyes To fill your place

It'll never be the same but I will love you just the same I was prepared to be your father How can I ever prepare for that again?

Still I follow that trace of blood Always leading back to you

Hollow years of damming that flood Two young souls in misery

Missing you... missing you...

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