

## Woods Of Ypres

### "Darkest Blues: Relief That Nothing Can Be Done"

Visit "[Darkest Blues: Relief That Nothing Can Be Done](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Shallow within the earth, buried deep beneath the snow  
You would remain forever young while the rest of us  
grow old  
We would act upon our guilt, a northern burial was your  
wish  
We would obey and fulfill, for your importance is  
strengthened by your early death

It's the truth in true despair, deepest roots, darkest  
blues  
The belief that all is lost, and that nothing can be done

Forever frozen, never to decompose, your body would  
be preserved  
While we all live, and struggle on, and inherit, the life  
that you deserved  
Your youthful looks remembered, your dignity retained  
While there would be no relief for us, and we'd look  
worse everyday  
It's the truth in true despair, deepest roots, darkest  
blues  
The belief that all is lost, and that nothing can be done

In our minds and in our hearts, in frames, you image  
will hang  
On the walls of grieving homes and other places you  
would never go again

Imagine the things they would say about you, as if they  
really knew  
How your death was premature, but your life was  
overdue.

You have already spent your better years taking your  
time for granted  
It will be yours in the end, but at what price  
To have wasted, your entire life  
Wishing it all away...Death is a Tease!

To venture into the thought of despair and pull yourself  
back together again,

Knowing you had once stood on the edge and almost  
dove in.

Everything had driven me there, another lesson, best  
learned young:

When you want it, you can't have it, when you don't  
want it, it's done.

For all our guilt, for all our lies, for all we care, we'd  
gather together to say goodbye  
As if the dead can't see the living, they would volunteer  
to twist the truth

For the comfort of each other and say "He was a good  
friend of mine."

Make the choice, to stay alive! Existence is your only  
hope to fight!

Not for the love of life or the fear of death, but to save  
the lies from the breath...

...of the ones around you, who would speak and cry,  
And the ones around you who would fake and lie,  
Who would say that they knew you and that you would  
be missed,  
As a storm of admiration buries you again.

Visit [Woods Of Ypres](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.