

Woods Of Ypres

"The Thrill Of The Struggle"

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The fire still burns, when you are gone. Life in the North goes on without you.

My fire will burn, with you or not. My passion will overcome.

Year's end, coming home, and what do you have to show for yourself?

I amount to nothing more, than what they understand. Feel the sense of confusion, for your wins you cannot explain.

See the lack of comprehension, over the ground you worked so hard to gain.

The fire still burns, when you are gone. My fire will burn, with you or not.

We live for the thrill of the struggle. We live for the love of our sorrows.

I fight the fight I can never win, but I fight the fight for the fight itself.

And so I am rich with failure? Brutal north, bring me down again.

I guess these are the risks you take, when you've been gone for so many years.

Would they even look up from their tables, if suddenly you appeared?

The fire still burns, when you are gone. My fire will burn, with you or not.

We live for the thrill of the struggle. We live for the love of our sorrows.

Brutal north bring me down.

Brutal north bring me down again.

I stood at the foot of the mill again, like a metaphor of northern time.

I watched them burn off the excess, flames to the sky

The fire still burns, when your are gone

My fire will burn, with you or not

So many small losses, for one giant gain
Quiet victories spent alone, along the way
Now I wander the streets as out of place as the day I
left
No better off. Nothing has changed. These are the risks
we take...I guess?
Brutal north bring me down.
Brutal north bring me down again.

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