

## Opeth

### "Face in the snow"

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No more wishes for the past,  
No lingering of sages and seers.  
Desperations and fevers last,  
The undertows are stronger here.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,  
Too far away from coming home.

I see a face in the snow.  
Inside my head a voice calls for me.  
I see your face in the snow  
And outside the sun's too far away to feel.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,  
Too far away from coming home.

And here I lie, another morning arrives,  
Too far away from coming home.

And could we live within the wake of aging lies  
When we're too far away?

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