

Anathema

"A Fine Day To Exit"

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Long way from home
Nowhere to go
What made the river so cold?

The sweat of thoughts
trickle down my brow
soaking and stinging my eye

You gotta face it head on
so you can't turn this thing around
cos this ain't right

Tell tale sighs and cries
of dreams unfulfilled
and time is running, running dry

Panic stricken bloodshot hearts
try to restart
but no longer build the will to survive sweet oblivion

You gotta face it head on
So you can't turn this thing around
Cos this ain't right
I got these feelings and I don't know why
I see all my fears in the darkness of light
What made the river so cold?

Never anyone to rearrange and falls through
time inside the empty
Call to the blameless, I am faithless, placid dying eyes

You gotta face it head on
So you can't turn this thing around
cos this ain't right

You have to go eye to eye
Raise your face to the sky
cos this ain't right

I got to believe when I say
only this is the way

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