

Thrice - Words In The Water

tom:
 Capostraste na 3ª casa
 Standing knee deep in cold water
 Swiftly moving, somehow
 I knew I'd lost something
 Wading waist deep I saw a book there in the river
 Waiting for me to find it there
 I tried to read it, neck deep, treading water
 But the tide, it pulled me out to sea
 Then, with water in my eyes
 The words began to rise from their place
 They were beautiful and dread
 I reached for them and fed on each phrase
 They were honey on my lips

But then a bitter twist in my side
 I knew they'd lay me in my grave
 "is there no one who can save me?" I cried
 Sinking, down deep through cold water and heavy silence
 Shadows stirring in the gloom
 What things that lay sleeping down deep in the darkness
 Woke then
 To find me in that tomb?
 And when I lost all hope to look
 Someone took that heavy book -
 From my hands; all its weight they set aside
 After they had satisfied its demands
 I felt white and black reverse
 And the lifting a curse from my heart
 Then like one receiving sight
 I beheld a brilliant light in the dark

Acordes

