

April Dusk

Under my cold and aching feet
This is the path I have to go
Through the deadwood, through the trees
It feels like a swelling undertow

So full of restlessness and grief
I'm breathing dark and foggy air
Snapping sticks and rustling leaves
Dreary noises everywhere

I've gone too far to turn around
Burning bridges I've crossed
In the stench of rot, and sour ground
I'm digging a grave to bury the loss

Nothing really dies, nothing really ends
Goodbyes and epitaphs are written in sand
One final glimpse, one final touch
I'm sliding deeper into April dusk

I'm digging deep, I'm digging deeper
I'm digging deep into the ground
I'm digging deep, I'm digging deeper
I'm digging deep into the ground

Sowing a seed for a new dawn
With all my disbelief and hope
Yesterday's already gone
A bitter taste is stuck in my throat

Nothing really dies, nothing really ends
Goodbyes and epitaphs are written in sand
One final glimpse, one final touch
I'm sliding deeper into April dusk

Deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper
Deep into April dusk
Deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper
Deep into April dusk

Stolen moments, borrowed time
Broken memories left to keep
Gloomy shades stay in my mind
I've got miles to go before I sleep

