

Through The Grain

Artist: Northern Trails

Music & lyrics: Thomas Isberg

A scent of old bottled time.
The rush towards the end of the night.
I've come to love what I see.
But I don't even know if it's real.

Oh when the light hits the ground
you'll be the truth that I found.
Eyes looking sharp through the grain.
Don't even blink at the shame.
Eyes looking sharp through the grain.

The sound of glass getting kissed.
Words running wild in the mist.
Crystal thoughts pass me by.
I need you but can't tell you why.

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You'll be the truth that I found.
Eyes looking sharp through the grain.
Don't even blink at the flames.
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