

The Baying of the Hounds

Opeth

I hear the baying of the hounds
In the distance, I hear them devouring
Pest-ridden jackals of the earth
Diabolical beasts and roaming the forests
In wait and constant protectors
Calling you to sit by his side
Your self-loathing image in his flesh
A revelation upon which you linger

His words are flies
Swarming towards the true insects
Feastin on buried dreams
And spreading decay upon your skin
His eyes spew forth a darkness
That cut through and paralyze
Casts light upon your secrets
Forced to confront your enemies

His mouth is a vortex
Sucking you into its pandemonium
Fools you with a helping hand of ashes
Reached out in the false dismay
His body is a country
The cities lay dead and beyond despair
Friends turned enemies unable to come clean
In a rising fog of reeking death

Everything you believed is a lie
Everyone you loved is a death-burden
So you take comfort in him
And you are receptive to stark wishes
No longer struggling to declare your stand
You would inflict no harm to others
They are unaware and in a loop of futile events
You are everything, they are nothing

Drown in the deep mire
With past desires
Beneath the mire
Drown desire now with you

Lined up verses on dead skin
"The tainting lips of a stranger
Resting upon hers"

And I embrace bereavement
Everything beloved shattered anyway
I would devote myself to anyone
I would accept any flaws

I am too weak to resist
Tension vibrating with horror
Finding the outcast in my eyes
Pushing nerves on a puppet
Endless poison in my veins
Clean intent now tainted with death

And so, cold touch now inhumane
Every waking hour
Awaiting a reverie to unfold
And now they are calling me
Louder by the minute
The baying of the hounds
Calling me back to my home