

## The Funeral Portrait

Opeth

You wait by the window  
Morning's breath on the sill  
Idle hands given another try  
So you wait and you savour the moment  
Outside the canvas turned white  
Ruby eyes in the fog  
Rain washing clean all the sins  
A liquid gown that covers all  
Your loathe turns endless  
Opened mirage soothes your sense  
Locked on the pinnacle  
The best secret within  
Like a derelict child  
Heart burning for a stranger  
Ascending to the meek  
Flock round the liars in awe  
Caked in the soil beneath  
Fear me when we meet  
Turn away in admiration  
My firm grip round the nucleus of joy  
Enough of this  
You will leave me now  
You will see it now  
Perish at my hands  
Close to you  
Tangled up in hair  
Fresh stigma look  
Shall I take you with me  
And it is cold  
Ruby eyes in the fog  
It is me  
And you are just like them all  
Stained by the names of fathers  
I'm greeting my downward fall  
Leaving the throes to others