

The Lines in My Hand

Opeth

We are dying in the wake of gods and decrees remain arcane
And everything around us is a consequence of pain

The writings on the wall depict a truth that no one reads
A government of puppets blinded by another creed

Burning voice of insanity
Nothing is the same
Barren lands for the idle man
Find all the lines in your hand

Blinding storms are surrounding us
Take control
In our caps, poisoned wine
Find all the lines in your hands