

Advent

Opeth

It was all true
A parlour strode, and the night sets forever
I stray in the quiet cold
And you gird me when I dare to listen

Elastic meadow, endless arms of sorrow
Lips try to form "because"
Trying to adapt to the wilderness
Where even foes close their eyes and leave

We are inside the glade
Every now and then I wipe the dust aside
To remember...

How I drape my face with my bare hands
The same that brought me here
But you were beyond all help
The folded message that wept my name

Shadows skulk at my coming
We survey the slopes
In search for the words to write the missing page
The tainted dogma

Time grows short
As the piper plays his tune
We are almost there

You are beyond all help
Dancing into the void
We are almost there