

Face of Melinda

Opeth

By the turnstile beckons a damsel fair
The face of Melinda neath blackened hair
No joy would flicker in her eyes
Brooding sadness came to a rise

Words would falter to atone
Failure had passed the stepping stone
She had sworn her vows to another
This is when no-one will bother

And conceded pain in crumbling mirth
A harlot of God upon the earth
Found where she sacrificed her ways
That hollow love in her face

Still I plotted to have her back
The contentment that would fill the crack
My soul released a fluttering sigh
This day fell, the darkness nigh

I took her by the hand to say
All faith forever has been washed away
I returned for you in great dismay
Come with me, far away to stay

Endlessly gazing in nocturnal prime
She spoke of her vices and broke the rhyme
But baffled herself with the final line
My promise is made but my heart is thine