

# Heir Apparent

Opeth

Cold days  
Old ways  
Told lies  
No more

So many years to clean the slate  
Endless despair within its wake  
His touch soiling what used to be clean  
His gaze burning on the edge of our dreams

Cold days  
Cold days

And again he rides in  
It's September and he covets the gullible  
Skeletal wish  
Hunter  
A thousand lies cast from the throne of secrecy

Hear him spewing forth a meaning to miseries lies  
See the twisted hand of doubt seal the affair  
The insect trust  
Believer  
our body a vehicle to him just the same

Pearls before swine they are nothing but blind  
Submit to nothing and swallow my spit of scorn  
Invisible king  
Dying  
Procession of woe struck down by sorrow

A burden so great weighs heavy on old and withered beliefs  
The swift solution crumbles beneath the mock notes of a masterp  
iece  
Death in his eyes  
Waiting  
Spiralling judgement provoked in the rains

Futile test drowned in the levee of deception  
His futile test drowned in the levee of deception

In the year of his sovereign  
Rid us of your judgement  
Heir apparent