

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 miserables 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