

Moon Above, Sun Below

Opeth

You are sleeping unhampered by guilt
Comes the morning you shut down
The devil's breath is a disease on your lips
Reaching out for your loss
You prey on your flock

Seeking out the weaker hearts
With eternity in your grip
And on a lifelong throne of sub-religion
They will eat from your head

With the moon above and the sun below

I can't remember the sun upon my skin
Slave to a sorrow that is whispering within
I'm always waiting for you before I sleep
There is no comfort in the distance that we keep

In a river of grief I am drowning
And your grip is surrounding my heart
Balancing on the edge of failure
And relieved, should I fall
Scattered dust upon my eyes
A winding road taking you nowhere
A winding road taking me home
And my home is my grave

Waiting for a day when there is nothing left to say

Voices of despair is a familiar friendship
A society in your head holds the code to destruction

Dying fast
Summer dying fast
And this can't last, as nothing ever lasts
In a forest of flesh
There is a need to sever myself away from happiness

Still no drifting sun
Black upon the earth
Still the air is dry
And the locust wait

There is no help in the wake of our needs
There is no help to dispel the pain
There is no help yet some cling to a phantom
There is no help, only circles on the water

Only circles on the water