

Next of Kin

Opeth

Every morrow, every year
Choir in the sounds
The final sorrow, so shed a tear

Someone dies within creation
Doubts in everlasting life
How to lie to one innocent child
You are loved, I'm execrated
You belong, I circle strife
Routine pathways in escape from the wild

We are left in a city all alone
In the breathing of ashes
On the earth, one second
Just a piece of meat in essence

Every morrow, every year
Choir in the sounds
The final sorrow, so shed a tear

We are left in a city all alone
In the breathing of ashes
On the earth, one second
Just a piece of meat in essence

We are left in a world that's burning
Crawling through embers to safety
And my name is next to last
Feast on famine and death on the broadcast

Finding friends in algorithms
Forgot the sound of my daughter's voice
Please remind me of my emptiness
The hissing of machines lost rhythm
As death would give an interview
In a metropolitan holiness

I am outside waiting
Outside waiting
I am outside waiting
Outside waiting

Am I the last one of my kind,
Who's afraid of dying?
But I would perish to save a child
And give all I can for love
It seems I might have reconciled
Even if my destiny's lying
For the ones I hold dear I hold close
And force my way through the ether