

Prologue

Opeth

A morning in magenta, The petals fed from the dew
She held her breath for a moment, To pause off the stream
Still clinging to vast, Old memories
And I would marvel at her beauty, Playing through the rain
The coffin is beautifully engraved
Stained by soil, Symbols of death
All of which are stared upon, With porcelain eyes it seems
Some spoke, And it was my turn to go
In death entwined, I could not believe
But it hangs around my neck
A soft breeze passed me by, Somewhat warmer for a second
I knew it was the coming of spring, Thus our April Ethereal