

## 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