

The Funeral Portrait

Opeth

You wait by the window
Morning's breath on the sill
Idle hands given another try
So you wait and you savour the moment
Outside the canvas turned white
Ruby eyes in the fog
Rain washing clean all the sins
A liquid gown that covers all
Your loathe turns endless
Opened mirage soothes your sense
Locked on the pinnacle
The best secret within
Like a derelict child
Heart burning for a stranger
Ascending to the meek
Flock round the liars in awe
Caked in the soil beneath
Fear me when we meet
Turn away in admiration
My firm grip round the nucleus of joy
Enough of this
You will leave me now
You will see it now
Perish at my hands
Close to you
Tangled up in hair
Fresh stigma look
Shall I take you with me
And it is cold
Ruby eyes in the fog
It is me
And you are just like them all
Stained by the names of fathers
I'm greeting my downward fall
Leaving the throes to others