

# The Wilde Flowers

Opeth

Sun hangs high, I turn away  
Failure underground  
Heart is sick and fever is high  
Waiting for a sound

Like a trail of insects to me  
I watch them from afar  
Feeding, breeding, scheming  
Tell me I am wrong  
Hiding from discovery  
Staring down into the ground  
Had they seen the posion in me  
A tide of spite wound be found

Moving faster lingering gaze  
Feasting on my sanity  
A grain of sand against endless waves  
A wish for the slaughter of conformity

Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre

Inside me sleeps a violence waiting to be freed

[Solo]

Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre

Blinding light and the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Should I speak and they'll call me a liar  
I'll retreat to my funeral pyre

My sanctuary, a thousand centuries  
I'm not waiting (x7)