

Universal Truth

Opeth

Sweat on the brow runs over faces made of snow
There comes a time in life when death may come too slow

Honesty in the necrology
The offspring smear your name in print

You have waited far too long
But Spring is set in bloom
You have conquered love inside
Yet sorrow is your doom

The debts are long since paid, inheritance is set
Still agitation reels inside, lest you forget
Lest you forget

At sunrise Friday morning
A haven for your sins
The written dedication
Etched into your skin

Time won't heal the wounds you bare
Between old pride and desperate prayers

Time won't heal any wounds you bare
A set few years of your life are stolen
Light cast on the obvious
Behold the white when it's faded golden

A stranger's truth holds no water here
But soon we may have learned
Dead sympathy, a aversion proceeds

A voice lives in your chest
That comforts wary thoughts
Yet the brook is still too wide
To bridge the gap you've sought

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The offspring smear your name in print

You trade your vices every day religiously
A pack of vultures wait for everyone to see

You gave away too much, a harness on your kin
For any transgressions never mirrored mortal sin
Mortal sin

You're still alone

The day in zenith now
You made it through the night
Voice of perdition
Came and went far out of sight