

# 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

Honesty in the necrology  
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