Heir Apparent

Opeth

Long days, slow waste
Sew lies, sow hate
So many years to clean the slate
Endless despair within its wake
His touch soiling what used to be clean
His gaze burning on the edge of our dreams
No more
Long days, long days
And again he rides in
It's September and he covets the gullible
Skeletal wish hunter
A thousand lies, cast from the throne of secrecy
Hear him spewing forth a meaning to miserables lies
See the twisted hand of doubt seal the affair
The insect trust believer
Your body a vehicle to to house his disease
Pearls before swine, they are nothing but blind
Submit to nothing and swallow my spit of scorn
Invisible king, dying
Procession of woe, struck down by sorrow
A burden so great weighs heavy on old and withered beliefs
The swift solution crumbles
Beneath the mock notes of a masterpiece
Death in his eyes, waiting
Spiraling judgment, provoked in the rains
This futile test drowned in the levee of deception
This futile test drowned in the levee of deception
In the year of his sovereign
Rid us of your judgment
Heir apparent

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