# Beneath The Mire

## Opeth

Haunted nights for halcyon days
Can't sleep to the scraping of his voice
Nature's way struck grief in me
And I became a ghost in sickness
Willingly guided into heresy
Beneath the surface, stark emptiness
And you'd pity my conviction
Whereas I thought of myself as a leader
You'd cling to your pleasant hope
It is twisted fascination
While I'd ruin the obstacles into despair
And I'm praising death
Lost love of the heart
In a holocaust scene memory
Decrepit body wearing transparent skin
Inside the smoke of failure
Wept for solace and submit to faith
In his shadow I'm choking, yet flourishing
Master, a delusion made me stronger
Yet I'm draped in pale withering flesh
I sacrificed more than I had
And left my woes beneath the mire

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