

The Devil's Orchard

Opeth

This trail is obsidian, the grip of Winter uncoiled
A lover would follow me
Cast down and sworn to the darkTake the road where devils speak
"God is dead"The wealth of darkness
Inside you, telling you "now"
Your senses corrupted
Controlling a poisonous willTake the road where devils speak
"God is dead"In the corner of my eye
You are tearing flesh from boneLed the blind in search to find
A pathway to the sun
Saw the signs intertwine
And forgave me all my sinsNo stigmas revealing our vices
And there are no stigmas revealing our vicesGod is dead

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