# The Funeral Portrait

## Opeth

You wait by the window
Morning's breath on the sill
Idle hands given another try
So you wait and you savour the moment
Outside the canvas turned white
Ruby eyes in the fog

Rain washing clean all the sins
A liquid gown that covers all
Your loathe turns endless
Opened mirage sooths your sense
Locked on the pinnacle
The best secret within

Like a derelict child
Heart burning for a stranger
Ascending to the meek
Flock round the liars in awe

Caked in the soil beneath
Fear me when we meet
Turn away in admiration
My firm grip round the nucleus of joy

Enough of this
You will leave me now
You will see it now
Perish at my hands

Close to you
Tangled up in hair
Fresh stigma looks
Shall I take you with me
And it is cold
Ruby eyes in the fog
It is me

And you are just like them all
Stained by the name of fathers
I'm greeting my downward fall

Leaving the throes to others

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written by AKERFELDT, MIKAEL LARS
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