The Baying Of The Hounds

Opeth

I hear the baying of the hounds
In the distance, I hear them devouring
Pest-ridden jackals of the earth
Diabolical beasts and roaming the forests
In wait and constant protectors
Calling you to sit by his side
Your self-loathing image in his flesh
A revelation upon which you linger
His words are flies
Swarming towards the true insects
Feasting on buried dreams
Spreading decay upon your skin
His eyes spew forth a darkness
That cut through and paralyze
Casts light upon your secrets
Forced to confront your enemies
His mouth is a vortex
Sucking you into it's pandemonium
Fools you with a helping hand of ashes
Reached out in false dismay
His body is a country
The cities lay dead beyond despair
Friends turned enemies unable to come clean
In a rising fog of reeking death
Everything you believed is a lie
Everyone you loved is a death-burden
So you take comfort in him
And you are receptive to stark wishes
No longer struggling to declare your stand
You would inflict no harm to others
They are unaware and in a loop of futile events
You are everything, they are nothing
Drown in the deep mire
Past desires
Beneath the mire
Drown desire now with you
Drown in the deep mire
Past desires
Beneath the mire

Drown desire now with you
Lined up verses on dead skin
The tainted lips of a stranger
Resting upon hers
And I embrace bereavement
Everything beloved is shattered anyway
I would devote myself to anyone
I would accept any flaws
I am too weak to resist
Tension vibrating with horror
Finding the outcast in my eyes
Pushing nerves on a puppet
Endless poison in my veins
Clean intent now tainted with death
And so, cold touch now inhumane
Every waking hour awaiting a reverie to unfold
And now they are calling me
Louder by the minute
The baying of the hounds
Calling me back to my home

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