

Dirge for November

Opeth

Lost, here is nowhere
Searching home still
Turning past me
All are gone
Time is nowThe Omen showed
Took me away
Preparations are done
This can't lastThe mere reflection
Brought disgust
No ordeal to conquer
This firm slitIt sheds upon the floor
Dripping into a pool
Grant me sleep
Take me under

Songwriters

AKERFELDT, MIKAEL LARS / LINDGREN, SVEN PETER MALCOLMPublished by
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