

The Twilight Is My Robe

Opeth

Unto you I whisper
The wildest dreams In the coldness of night Shrouded in crystals
Through the frosty dusk
Souls of the full moon awaits
Their shadows ablaze We're all, we're all bending
Our tired leaves over your empty shell
In the sign of true esteem
Are you beloved Lord
Sighing deep under these waterfalls? The birds of the sun
Separates these dark cloud
While the winds of winter sleeps gently around
I am sworn to the oath, to breathe At the waters I dwell
The waves are still whispering
Ancient lullabies, I die
While mystic brothers still seek Under your command I will obey
In my vision you are the embodiment of pure freedom
But through my eyes you are made of stone

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