

# The Twilight Is My Robe

## Opeth

Unto you I whisper  
The wildest dreamsIn the coldness of nightShrouded in crystals  
Through the frosty dusk  
Souls of the full moon awaits  
Their shadows ablazeWe'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 breatheAt the waters I dwell  
The waves are still whispering  
Ancient lullabies, I die  
While mystic brothers still seekUnder 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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