

# To Bid You Farewell

[Opeth](#)

I am awaiting the sunrise  
Gazing modestly through the coldest morning  
Once it came, you lied  
Embracing us over autumn's proud treetops I stand motionless  
In a parade of falling rain  
Your voice, I cannot hear  
As I am falling again Devotion eludes  
And in sadness, I lumber  
In my own ashes, I am standing without a soul  
She wept and whispered "I know" We walked into the night  
Am I to bid you farewell?

Songwriters

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