Advent

Opeth

It was all true
A parlor strode and the night sets forever
I stray in the quiet cold
And you gird me when I dare to listenElastic meadow, endless arms of sorrow
Lips try to form because
Trying to adapt to the wilderness
Where even foes close their eyes and leaveWe are inside the glade
Every now and then I wipe the dust aside
To rememberHow I drape my face with my bare hands
The same that brought me hereBut you were beyond all help
The folded message that wept my nameShadows, shadows skulk at my coming
We survey the slopeWe survey the slope
In search for the words, write the missing page
The tainted, the tainted, dogma, dogmaTime grows short
As the piper plays his tune
We are almost thereYou are beyond all help
Dancing into the void
We are almost there

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