

# The Baying of the Hounds

## Opeth

I hear the baying of the hounds  
In the distance, I hear them devouring  
Pest-ridden jackals of the earth  
Diabolical beasts and roaming the forests  
In wait and constant protectors  
Calling you to sit by his side  
Your self-loathing image in his flesh  
A revelation upon which you linger  
His words are flies  
Swarming towards the true insects  
Feasting on buried dreams  
Spreading decay upon your skin  
His eyes spew forth a darkness  
That cut through and paralyze  
Casts light upon your secrets  
Forced to confront your enemies  
His mouth is a vortex  
Sucking you into it's pandemonium  
Fools you with a helping hand of ashes  
Reached out in false dismay  
His body is a country  
The cities lay dead beyond despair  
Friends turned enemies unable to come clean  
In a rising fog of reeking death  
Everything you believed is a lie  
Everyone you loved is a death-burden  
So you take comfort in him  
And you are receptive to stark wishes  
No longer struggling to declare your stand  
You would inflict no harm to others  
They are unaware and in a loop of futile events  
You are everything, they are nothing  
Drown in the deep mire  
Past desires  
Beneath the mire  
Drown desire now with you  
Drown in the deep mire  
Past desires  
Beneath the mire  
Drown desire now with you  
Lined up verses on dead skin  
The tainted lips of a stranger  
Resting upon hers  
And I embrace bereavement  
Everything beloved is shattered anyway  
I would devote myself to anyone  
I would accept any flaws  
I am too weak to resist  
Tension vibrating with horror  
Finding the outcast in my eyes  
Pushing nerves on a puppet

Endless poison in my veins  
Clean intent now tainted with deathAnd so, cold touch now inhumane  
Every waking hour awaiting a reverie to unfold  
And now they are calling me  
Louder by the minute  
The baying of the hounds  
Calling me back to my home

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