

# Ghost of Perdition

## Opeth

Ghost of Mother  
Lingering death  
Ghost on Mother's bed  
Black strands on the pillow  
Contour of her health  
Twisted face upon the head  
Ghost of perdition  
Stuck in her chest  
A warning no one read  
Tragic friendship  
Called inside the fog  
Pouring venom brew deceiving  
Devil cracked the earthly shell  
Foretold she was the one  
Blew hope into the room and said:  
"You have to live before you die young"  
Holding her down  
Channeling darkness  
Hemlock for the Gods  
Fading resistance  
Draining the weakness  
Penetrating inner light  
Road into the dark unaware  
Winding ever higher  
Darkness by her side  
Spoke and passed her by  
Dedicated hunter  
Waits to pull us under  
Rose up to it's call  
In his arms she'd fall  
Mother light received  
And a faithful servant's free  
In time the hissing of her sanity  
Faded out her voice and soiled her name  
And like marked pages in a diary  
Everything seemed clean that is unstained  
The incoherent talk of ordinary days  
Why would we really need to live?  
Decide what is clear and what's within a haze  
What you should take and what to give  
Ghost of perdition  
A saint's premonition's unclear  
Keeper of holy hoards  
Keeper of holy whores  
To see a beloved son  
In despair of what's to come  
If one cut the source of the flow

And everything would change  
Would conviction fall  
In the shadow of the righteous  
The phantasm of your mind  
Might be calling you to go  
Defying the forgotten morals  
Where the victim is the prey

Songwriters

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