

Under The Weeping Moon (The Roundhouse Tapes)

Opeth

Once again I've cried
Unto the moon
That burning flame
That has guided me
Through all these years The lake from which you flow With eyes of fire
Once unlit but now alive
This energy, sparkling
Like a morning star The morning star Riding the fires of
The northern gold
I've searched the eye
I laugh under the weeping moon I am the watcher in the skies
Nor the emeralds know my mark
Glisten to mark their presence
Set the enigma ablaze
Searching
Finding Burn the winter landmarks
That said I was there
Burn the spirit of cold
That travel through my soul

Songwriters

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