

# Dirge for November

## Opeth

Lost, here is nowhere  
Searching home still  
Turning past me  
All are gone  
Time is nowThe Omen showed  
Took me away  
Preparations are done  
This can't lastThe mere reflection  
Brought disgust  
No ordeal to conquer  
This firm slitIt sheds upon the floor  
Dripping into a pool  
Grant me sleep  
Take me underLike the wings of a dove  
Folding around  
I fade into  
This tender care

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