

# Beneath the Mire

## Opeth

Haunted nights for halcyon days  
Can't sleep to the scraping of his voice  
Nature's way struck grief in me  
And I became a ghost in sickness Willingly guided into heresy  
Beneath the surface, stark emptiness  
And you'd pity my conviction  
Whereas I thought of myself as a leader You'd cling to your pleasant hope  
It is twisted fascination  
While I'd ruin the obstacles into despair  
And I'm praising death Lost love of the heart  
In a holocaust scene memory Decrepit body wearing transparent skin  
Inside the smoke of failure Wept for solace and submit to faith  
In his shadow I'm choking, yet flourishing Master, a delusion made me stronger  
Yet I'm draped in pale withering flesh  
I sacrificed more than I had  
And left my woes beneath the mire

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