

# The Wilde Flowers

## Opeth

Sun hangs high, I turn away  
Failure underground  
Heart is sick and fever is high  
Waiting for a sound Like a trail of insects to me  
I watch them from afar  
Feeding, breeding, scheming  
Tell me I am wrong Hiding from discovery  
Staring down into the ground  
Had they seen the posion in me  
A tide of spite wound be found Moving faster lingering gaze  
Feasting on my sanity  
A grain of sand against endless waves  
A wish for the slaughter of conformity Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre Inside me sleeps a violence waiting to be freed Blinding light as the flames grow  
higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Blinding light as the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre Blinding light and the flames grow higher  
Searing skin on a funeral pyre  
Should I speak and they'll call me a liar  
I'll retreat to my funeral pyre My sanctuary, a thousand centuries  
I'm not waiting, I'm tired of waiting  
I'm not waiting, I'm tired of waiting  
I'm not waiting, I'm tired of waiting  
I'm not waiting

Songwriters

Mikael Akerfeldt Published by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>