

The Devil's Orchard

Opeth

This is obsidian
The grip of winter unkind
Devil will follow
Be cast out and sworn to the dark
Take the road where devil's speak
God is dead, God is dead Throw out the darkness
Inside you, telling you now
Senses corrupted
Controlling a poisonous will
Take the road where devil's speak
God is dead, God is dead In the corner of my eye
Demon fades from the hole Led the blind
Searched to find
A pathway to the sun
Saw the signs
Intertwined
Forgave me all my sins
Why, why
Oh, stigmata revealing our vices
And oh, oh, stigmata revealing our vices

Songwriters

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