

The Devil's Orchard

Opeth

This trail is obsidian, the grip of Winter uncoiled

A lover would follow me

Cast down and sworn to the dark

Take the road where devils speak

"God is dead"

The wealth of darkness

Inside you, telling you "now"

Your senses corrupted

Controlling a poisonous will

Take the road where devils speak

"God is dead"

In the corner of my eye

You are tearing flesh from bone

Led the blind in search to find

A pathway to the sun

Saw the signs intertwine

And forgave me all my sins

No stigmas revealing our vices

And there are no stigmas revealing our vices

God is dead

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