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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