

# Opeth, Blackwater Park

Confessor  
Of the tragedies in man  
Lurking in the core of us all  
The last dying call for the everlost  
Brief encounters, bleeding pain  
Lepers coiled neath the trees  
Dying men in bewildered soliloquys  
Perversions bloom round the bend  
Seekers, lost in their quest  
Ghosts of friends frolic  
under the waning moon  
It is the year of death  
Wielding his instruments  
Stealth sovereign reaper  
Touching us with ease  
Infecting the roots in an instant  
Burning crop of disease  
I am just a spectator  
An advocate documenting the loss  
Fluttering with conceit  
This doesn't concern me yet  
Still far from the knell  
Taunting their bereavement  
Mod round the dead  
Point fingers at the details  
Probing vomits for more  
Caught in unbridled suspense  
We have all lost it now  
Catching the flakes of dismay  
Born the travesty of man  
Regular pulse midst pandemonium  
You're plucked to the mass  
Parched with thirst for the wicked  
Sick liaisons raised this monumental mark  
The sun sets forever over Blackwater park