

Opeth, Dirge For November

Lost, here is nowhere
Searching home still
Turning past me, all are gone
Time is now
The omen showed, took me away
Preparations are done, this can't last
The mere reflection brought disgust
No ordeal to conquer, this firm slit
It sheds upon the floor, dripping into a pool
Grant me sleep, take me under
Like the wings of a dove, folding around
I fade into this tender care