

# Opeth, Still Day Beneath The Sun

There is a light that hits the gloom around  
Shows the footprints round this grave  
Dried up roses scattered on the mound  
Honouring the one engraved

Will ever the morning  
Carry away  
The souls of those for whom we cry

Leaving, grieving  
Seeking, meeting  
Binding, unwinding  
Sighing "You"

Black procession through the narrow aisles  
Another's gone for all to see  
Near the site for one who lost his trials  
Sleeping neath the ground is me

Still day beneath the sun  
Asking you who is the one  
And when the day is late  
We know who must forever wait