Opeth, The Amen Corner

White summer.
So far I have gone to see you again.
Hiding your face in the palm of your hands.
Finding solace in the words I do despise.
You snatch at every sound.
And even though you believe that I am shackled within death,
memories are tainted with paleness.
Crestfallen still.
Those eyes... empty like a barren well.
It was the only task I would undertake.
To reap the harvest that was mine.
The seed that had sprung into a florid meadow,
and left me helpless in your embrace.
The bond we never spoke of, once stark and enticing,
now slowly smoldering to dust.
The celestial touch, from grey to black.
A fathomless void enclosing.
Unwritten secrets beneath the cobwebs.
I can not endure. And so I rose from my sleep.
The moon turned away its face.
Overture of the long, black night begins...
something you said: "Eerie circles upon the waters".
Until now we have shared the same aura.
My ashes within your hands.
My breath in the sepulchral mound.
You know that your night is my day.
The final spark that blew life into me,
the DEMON OF THE FALL.