

Opeth, The Moor

The sigh of summer upon my return
Fifteen alike since I was here
Bathed in deep fog, blurring my trail
Snuffing the first morning rays

Weary from what might have been ages
Still calm with my mind at peace
Would I prosper or fall, drain the past
The lapse of the moment took it's turn

I was foul and tainted, devoid of faith
Wearing my death-mask at birth
The hands of God, decrepit and thin
Cold caress and then nothing
I was taken away from my plight
A treason bestowed to the crowd
Branded a jonah with fevered blood
Ungodly freak, defiler

Pale touch, writhing in the embers
Damp mud burning in my eyes
All the faces turned away
And all would sneer at my demise

Outcast with dogmas forged below
Seared and beaten, banished from where I was born
No mercy would help me on my way
In the pouring rain nothing is the same

Vows in ashes
I pledge myself to no-one
Seethed and spiteful
All shudder at the call of my name
If you'll bear with me
You'll fear of me

There is no forgiveness in these eyes
For any of you but one
Dispel the mist for now
Melinda is the reason why I've come

She is waterdrops over the pyre
A thistle in my hands
Stained and torn, aged and brown
Virtuous shell with kindred innocence

I awoke from the miasma
Passing swiftly through the moor
This is here, waters stir
And in the distance all that was lost
If you'll bear with me
You'll fear of me
You'd never leave me to
A fate with you