

# 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 innocense

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