

Opeth, The Twilight Is My Robe

Unto you I whisper
The wildest dreams

In the coldness of night

Shrouded in crystals
Through a frosty dusk
Souls of the fullmoon awaits
Their shadows ablaze

We are all bending
Our tired leaves over your empty shell
In the sign of true esteem
Are you beloved lord
Sighing deep under these waterfalls?

The birds of the sun
Seperates these dark clouds
While the winds of winter sleeps gently around
I am sworn to the oath
To breathe...

At the waters I dwell
The waves are still whispering
Ancient lullabies
I die....
While our mystic brothers still seek

Under your command I will obey
In my vision
You are the embodiment of pure freedom
But through my eyes you are made of stone