

# 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