

Opeth, White Cluster

Still it came passing by
The pieces weaved together rose the sun
And fooled me with another day
The knocking message called for my life

Sealed the spell of my scrawny body
Soil to skin, my next of kin
Damp air grasped, stole the words
And greeted me with a hiss

This is forgiveness, so I know
Once I repent I seal the lid
I slither for you and I'm dying
I find trust in hate

They wear white for me
Seemingly jaded and lost
I forge myself into your dreams
And here I am your life

Hangman, clutching at his tools
I will come for you

The noose is tied
Murmur through the crowd
Plunging into anywhere but here

Cloak-captured sighs of relief
As the primal touch brought me back
And the last sight I did see is still here
Beckoning right behind me