

# 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