

# Opeth, Wreath

Falling inside again  
This nightmare always the same  
Still never enough  
Halting at the brink of discovery  
Moving into the darkness  
Leaking inside to cover up  
Dragging me down and under  
Entangled and undone at once  
Old memories  
I'm not in need but wish to know  
What are the tragedies  
The history behind the walls  
Pacing further down  
Familiar children's laughter  
Dissonant and out of time  
And their eyes are dead  
Watching myself in a pool of water  
Wearing the mask of a ghost  
Smeared all across my skin  
Rotten earth and insects  
Endless night  
Always preserving the calm  
Movement behind  
Bleeding animals in a field of fire  
There is no absolution  
Death is but a fairytale  
They are mere visions  
They are afraid of me  
Clear insight  
A smoke is rising nearby  
Dust covering my coat  
Blend together to spell my name  
Pale, covered me with sweat  
There are no words left  
Sole provider of death  
Distorted faith in myself  
Human harvest burning  
Blackest pages turning  
Twisted perception come true  
Captured in dreams connected  
Staring right back  
Spiritual decay - Still seeking  
Frozen in time  
Mourn this departure - All watching  
Calling me back  
Closure to bleak matters - I'm leaving  
End of a search  
Coming of morning  
Calling me back  
Closure to bleak matters - I'm leaving  
End of a search  
Coming of morning - Returning