

Heir Apparent, Opeth

Long days
Slow waste
Sew lies
Sow hate

So many years to clean the slate
Endless despair within its wake
His touch soiling what used to be clean
His gaze burning on the edge of our dreams

No more
Cold pace
Slow days

And again he rides in
It's September and he covets the gullible
Skeletal wish - hunter
A thousand lies
Cast from the throne of secrecy

Hear him spewing forth a meaning to miseries lies
See the twisted hand of doubt seal the affair
The insect trust - believer
Your body a vehicle to

Pearls before swine they are nothing but blind
Submit to nothing and swallow my spit of scorn
Invisible king - dying
Procession of woe, struck down by sorrow

A burden so great
Weighs heavy on old and withered beliefs
The swift solution crumbles
Beneath the mock notes of a masterpiece
Death in his eyes - waiting
Spiralling judgement, provoked in the rains

This futile test drowned in the levee of deception

In the year of his sovereign
Rid us of your judgement
Heir apparent