

# Opeth, Advent

It was all true  
A parlour strode, and the night sets forever  
I stray in the quiet cold  
And you gird me when I dare to listen

Elastic meadow, endless arms of sorrow  
Lips try to form "because";  
Trying to adapt to the wilderness  
Where even foes close their eyes and leave

We are inside the glade  
Every now and then I wipe the dust aside  
To remember...

How I drape my face with my bare hands  
The same that brought me here  
But you were beyond all help  
The folded message that wept my name

Shadows skulk at my coming  
We survey the slopes  
In search for the words to write the missing page  
The tainted dogma

Time grows short  
As the piper plays his tune  
We are almost there

You are beyond all help  
Dancing into the void  
We are almost there