

Opeth, April Ethereal

It was me, peering through the looking-glass.
Beyond the embrace of Christ.
Like the secret face within the tapestry.
Like a bird of prey over the crest.
And she was swathed in sorrow, as if born within its mask.
Her candlelight snuffed, the icon smiled.
Emptiness followed by her wake.
I could clasp her in undying love.
Within ghostlike rapture the final word was mine.
She faced me in awe. 'twas a token of ebony colour.
Embodied in faint vapour.
Wandering through April's fire.
Compelled to grasp and to hold the one that was you.
I will endure, hide away.
I would outrun the scythe, glaring with failure.
It is a mere destiny I thought, a threshold I had crossed before.
The rain was waving goodbye, and when the night came
the forest folded its branches around me.
Something passed by, and I went into a dream.
She laughing and weeping at once: "take me away"
I don't know how or why, I'll never know WHEN.