

# 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.