

Opeth, Beneath The Mire

Haunted nights for haleyon days
Can't sleep to the scraping of his voice
Nature's way struck grief in me
And I became a ghost in sickness

Willingly guided into heresy
Beneath the surface, stark emptiness
And you'd pity my conviction
Whereas I thought of myself as a leader

You'd cling to your pleasant hope
It is twisted fascination
While I'd ruin the obstacles into despair
And I'm praising death
Lost love of the heart
In a holocaust scene memory

Decrepit body wearing transparent skin
Inside, the smoke of failure

Wept for solace and submit to faith
In his shadow I'm choking
Yet flourishing

Master

A delusion made me stronger
Yet I'm draped in pale withering flesh
I sacrificed more than I had
And left my woes beneath the mire