

# Opeth, Credence

Deserted again.

You speak to me through the shadows.

Walking in closed rooms, using cold words.

Captured by the night.

The yearning escapes from my embrace.

Strange silhouettes whisper your thoughts, scream your sadness.

And they all turned away, unable to face more of this death.

Credence in my word.

Written in dust, tainted by memories.

I confess my hope, recognize my loneliness.

Your laughter weeps the truth.

Push me into corners.

Confirming the epitaph of my soul  
and displaying the once unknown KARMA.