

# Opeth, Face Of Melinda

By the turnstile beckons a damsel fair  
The face of Melinda neath blackened hair  
No joy would flicker in her eyes  
Brooding sadness came to a rise

Words would falter to atone  
Failure had passed the stepping stone  
She had sworn her vows to another  
This is when no-one will bother

And conceded pain in crumbling mirth  
A harlot of God upon the earth  
Found where she sacrificed her ways  
That hollow love in her face

Still I plotted to have her back  
The contentment that would fill the crack  
My soul released a fluttering sigh  
This day fell, the darkness nigh

I took her by the hand to say  
All faith forever has been washed away  
I returned for you in great dismay  
Come with me, far away to stay

Endlessly gazing in nocturnal prime  
She spoke of her vices and broke the rhyme  
But baffled herself with the final line  
My promise is made but my heart is thine