

# Opeth, Heir Apparent

Slow days  
Slow words  
Slow lies  
Slow ends

So many years to clean the slate  
Endless despair within its wake  
His touch soiling what used to be clean  
His gaze burning on the edge of our dreams no more

Slow pain  
Slow deaths

And again he rides in, it's September and he covets the gullible  
Skeletal wish  
Hunter  
A thousand lies, cast from the throne of secrecy

Hear him spewing forth meaning to miserable lies  
See the twisted hand of doubt seal the affair  
The insect trust  
Believer  
Your body a vehicle to house his disease

Pearls before swine they are nothing but blind  
Submit to nothing and swallow my spit of scorn  
Invisible king  
Dying  
Procession of woe, struck down by sorrow  
A burden so great weighs heavy on old and withered beliefs  
The swift solution crumbles beneath the mock notes of a masterpiece  
Death in his eyes  
Waiting  
Spiralling judgement, provoked in the rains

This futile test drowned in the levee of deception

In the year of his sovereign  
Rid us of your judgement  
Heir apparent