

Opeth, Isolation Years

There's a sense of longing in me
As I read Rosemary's letter
Her writing's honest
Can't forget the years she's lost

In isolation
She talks about her love
And as I read
"I'll die alone"
I know she was aching
There's a certain detail seen here
The pen must have slipped to the side
And left a stain
Next to his name
She knew he was gone

And isolation
Is all that would remain
"The wound in me is pouring out
To rest on a lover's shore"