

Opeth, Madrigal

Our abode 'mongst the stars is waiting,
long enough for our last breath of life.
You stare at nothing, right through me,
at times resembling the Devil's concubine.
And me, I am the idol that would long
to caress our eyes until they would open no more.
I would comfort you if I only could,
but as we all know by now... I am just thin air.
Unaware as you are of my presence,
you are losing yourself.
Hiding within THE AMEN CORNER.