

Opeth, Patterns In The Ivy 2

Without you I cannot confide in anything
The hope is pale designed in light of dreams you bring
Summer's gone, the day is done soon comes the night
Biding time, leaving the line and out of sight

It runs in me, your poison seething in my veins
This skin is old and stained by late September rains
A final word from me would be the first for you
The rest is long but I'll go on inside and through

One moonlit shadow on the wall
Disrupted in its own creation
Veiled in the darkness of this fall
Is this the end - manifestation