

# 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