

Opeth, Prologue

A morning in magenta, the petals fed from the dew.
She held her breath for a moment, to pause off the stream.
Still clinging to vast, old memories.
And I would marvel at her beauty, playing through the rain.
The coffin is beautifully engraved.
Stained by soil, symbols of death.
All of which are stared upon, with porcelain eyes it seems.
Some spoke, and it was my turn to go.
In death entwined, I could not believe.
But it hangs around my neck.
A soft breeze passed me by, somewhat warmer for a second.
I knew it was the coming of spring, thus our APRIL ETHEREAL.