

Opeth, Reverie / Harlequin Forest

Into the trees
Past meadow grounds
And further away from my home
Baying behind me
I hear the hounds
Flock's chasing to find me alone

A trail of sickness
Leading to me
If I am haunted
Then you will see

Searching the darkness
And emptiness
I'm hiding away from the sun
Will never rest
Will never be at ease
All my matter's expired so I run

There falls another
Vapor hands released the blade
Insane regrets at the drop
Instruments of death before me

Lose all to save a little
At your peril it's justified
And dismiss your demons
As death becomes a jest
You are the laughing stock
Of the absinthe minded
Confessions stuck in your mouth
And long gone fevers reappear
Nocturnally helpless
And weak in the light
Depending on a prayer
Pacing deserted roads to find
A seed of hope

They are the trees
Rotten pulp inside and never well
Roots sucking, thieving from my source
Tired boughs reaching for the light

It is all false pretension
Harlequin forest
Awaiting redemption for a lifetime
As they die alone
With no one by their side
Are they forgiven?

Stark determination
Poisoning the soul
Unfettered beast inside
Claiming sovereign control

And now the woods are burning
Tearing life crops asunder
Useless blackened remains
Still pyre smoldering