

# 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