

Opeth, The Lotus Eater

The liquid is in your throat
One hopeless delight

After all you fell in love with death,
Life has aborted.
All you've had and all you became,
The night is calling, you pray for it.

The barren waste is your land
Your crops, they were sown to die

The skin is a mirror
The eyes hollow with ignorance
Health runs from your lips
Tucked in and safe in a world of sleep

All those years caring for a liar
A benefit road that is winding higher
You're a moth too close to the fire

You are stuck in a route of confusion
Changing and waiting and seeking the truth of it all

Fleeing your sorrows
Pushing your spirit away

The weakness of the psyche
A whisper from the heart of evil luring them all into despair
Resenting the goods of a savior

And cries out
For the restless will also die

A selection culled from the damned, drawing a lifeline of one
A friend died in your room and sought the birth of a follower

O brother, you are a killer and you target yourself
I wish you had never come back for us to see the beckoning end

And the pride of a mother brought flaws in a mother's son
And the love from a father was used by a father's son

Overheard us talking in a smoke of lost hope
The language of a parting so clear and so true
Overheard us talking