

Opeth, The Wilde Flowers

Sun hangs high, I turn away
Failure underground
Heart is sick and fever is high
Waiting for a sound

Like a trail of insects to me
I watch them from afar
Feeding, breeding, scheming
Tell me I am wrong
Hiding from discovery
Staring down into the ground
Had they seen the poison in me
A tide of spite would be found

Moving faster lingering gaze
Feasting on my sanity
A grain of sand against endless waves
A wish for the slaughter of conformity

Blinding light as the flames grow higher
Searing skin on a funeral pyre
Blinding light as the flames grow higher
Searing skin on a funeral pyre

Inside me sleeps a violence waiting to be freed

[Solo]

Blinding light as the flames grow higher
Searing skin on a funeral pyre
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Blinding light and the flames grow higher
Searing skin on a funeral pyre
Should I speak and they'll call me a liar
I'll retreat to my funeral pyre

My sanctuary, a thousand centuries
I'm not waiting (x7)