

# Opeth, Under The Weeping Moon

Once again I've cried  
Unto the moon  
That burning flame  
That has guided me  
Through all these years  
The lake from which you flow

With eyes of fire  
Once unlit but now alive  
This energy, sparkling  
Like a morning star

The morning star

Riding the fires of  
The northern gold  
I've searched the eye  
I laugh under the weeping moon

I am the watcher in the skies  
Nor the emeralds know my mark  
Glisten to mark their presence  
Set the enigma ablaze  
Searching...  
Finding...

Burn the winter landmarks  
That said I was there  
Burn the spirit of cold  
That travel through my soul