

Opeth - Blackwater Park

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1. The Leper Affinity

We entered Winter once again
Naked, freezing from my breath
Neath the lid all limbs tucked away
This coffin is your abode from now
and onwards
Your body is mine to avail
Such a tragic sight you are
Slave under my creed
Spurring me with those tears
I am beyond death
Midst a dreaming affinity
Saving strength now, faint whispers
Come erotic communion in its splendour
Fever mirrored ghosts
Night time consolation, cross the line
Draw murder into art
Sleep inside through days
In the wake of this relief
Shivering, longing for more
Insanity at it's peak
Love me to my death
Lost are days of Spring
You sighted and let me in
Keep the beast inside
Shackled within my hide
Screaming out too late
Losing to my hate
Grew together with your skin
And paced the trails of sin
Your gaze covered with virgin snow
Rigid features
It's the shallow deeds who is to blame
Deafening shrieks pierced the night
A step from oblivion
Moving into the dim lights
Hiding within a reverie
It was worth it for the wait alone

2. Bleak

Beating
Heart still beating for the cause
Feeding
Soul still feeding from the loss
Aching
Limbs are aching from the rush
Fading
You are fading from my sight
Break of morning, coldness lingers on
Shroud me into nightmares of the sun
Moving
I am moving closer to your side
Luring
You are luring me into the night
Crying
Who is crying for you here
Dying
I am dying fast inside your tears
Plunging towards bereavement faster yet
Clearing thoughts, my mind is set
Devious movements in your eyes
Moved me from relief
Breath comes out white clouds with your lies
And filters through me
You're close to the final word
You're staring right past me in dismay
A liquid seeps from your chest
And drains me away
Mist ripples round your thin white neck
And draws me a line
Cold fingers mark this dying wreck
This moment is mine
Help me cure you
Atone for all you've done
Help me leave you
As all the days are gone
Night fall again
Taking what's left of me

Slight twist, shivering corpse
Ornated with water, fills the cracks
Clasped in my limbs by tradition
This is all you need

3. Harvest

Stay with me awhile
Rise above the vile
Name my final rest
Poured into my chest

Into the orchard I walk peering way past the gate
Wilted scenes for us who couldn't wait
Drained by the coldest caress, stalking shadows ahead
Halo of death, all I see is departure
Mourner's lament but it's me who's the martyr

Pledge yourself to me
Never leave me be
Sweat breaks on my brow
Given time ends now

Into the orchard I walk peering way past the gate
Wilted scenes for us who couldn't wait
Drained by the coldest caress, stalking shadows ahead
Halo of death, all I see is departure
Mourner's lament but it's me who's the martyr

Spirit painted sin
Embers neath my skin
Veiled in pale embrace
Reached and touched my face

Into the orchard I walk peering way past the gate
Wilted scenes for us who couldn't wait
Drained by the coldest caress, stalking shadows ahead
(Release your grip, let me go, into the night)
Halo of death, All I see is departure
Mourner's lament but it's me who's the martyr

4. The Drapery Falls

Please remedy my confusion
And thrust me back to the day
The silence of your seclusion
Brings night into all you say
Pull me down again
And guide me into pain
I'm counting nocturnal hours
Drowned visions in haunted sleep
Faint flickering of your powers
Leaks out to show what you keep
Pull me down again
And guide me into
There is failure inside
This test I can't persist
Kept back by the enigma
No criterias demanded here
Deadly patterns made my wreath
Prosperous in your ways
Pale ghost in the corner
Pouring a caress on your shoulder
Puzzled by shrewd innocence
Runs a thick tide beneath
Ushered into inner graves
Nails bleeding from the struggle
It is the end for the weak at heart
Always the same
A lullaby for the ones who've lost all
Reeling inside
My gleaming eye in your necklace reflects
Stare of primal regrets
You turn your back and you walk away
Never again
Spiralling to the ground below
Like Autumn leaves left in the wake to fade
away
Waking up to your sound again
And lapse into the ways of misery

5. Dirge For November

Lost, here is nowhere
Searching home still
Turning past me, all are gone
Time is now
The omen showed, took me away
Preparations are done, this can't last
The mere reflection brought disgust
No ordeal to conquer, this firm slit
It sheds upon the floor, dripping into a pool
Grant me sleep, take me under
Like the wings of a dove, folding around
I fade into this tender care

6. The Funeral Portrait

You wait by the window
Morning's breath on the sill
Idle hands given another try
So you wait and you savour the moment
Outside the canvas turned white
Ruby eyes in the fog
Rain washing clean all the sins
A liquid gown that covers all
Your loathe turns endless
Opened mirage soothes your sense
Locked on the pinnacle
The best secret within
Like a derelict child
Heart burning for a stranger
Ascending to the meek
Flock round the liars in awe
Caked in the soil beneath
Fear me when we meet
Turn away in admiration
My firm grip round the nucleus of joy
Enough of this
You will leave me now
You will see it now
Perish at my hands
Close to you
Tangled up in hair
Fresh stigma look
Shall I take you with me
And it is cold
Ruby eyes in the fog
It is me
And you are just like them all
Stained by the names of fathers
I'm greeting my downward fall
Leaving the throes to others

7. Patterns In The Ivy

[Instrumental]

8. Blackwater Park

Confessor
Of the tragedies in man
Lurking in the core of us all
The last dying call for the everlost
Brief encounters, bleeding pain
Lepers coiled neath the trees
Dying men in bewildered soliloquys
Perversions bloom round the bend
Seekers, lost in their quest
Ghosts of friends frolic
under the waning moon
It is the year of death
Wielding his instruments
Stealth sovereign reaper
Touching us with ease
Infecting the roots in an instant
Burning crop of disease
I am just a spectator
An advocate documenting the loss
Fluttering with conceit
This doesn't concern me yet
Still far from the knell
Taunting their bereavement
Mod round the dead
Point fingers at the details
Probing vomits for more
Caught in unbridled suspense

We have all lost it now
Catching the flakes of dismay
Born the travesty of man
Regular pulse midst pandemonium
You're plucked to the mass
Parched with thirst for the wicked
Sick liaisons raised this monumental mark
The sun sets forever over Blackwater park

9. Still Day Beneath The Sun

There is a light that hits the gloom around
Shows the footprints round this grave
Dried up roses scattered on the mound
Honouring the one engraved

Will ever the morning
Carry away
The souls of those for whom we cry

Leaving, grieving
Seeking, meeting
Binding, unwinding
Sighing "You"

Black procession through the narrow aisles
Another's gone for all to see
Near the site for one who lost his trials
Sleeping neath the ground is me

Still day beneath the sun
Asking you who is the one
And when the day is late
We know who must forever wait

10. Patterns In The Ivy 2

Without you I cannot confide in anything
The hope is pale designed in light of dreams you bring
Summer's gone, the day is done soon comes the night
Biding time, leaving the line and out of sight

One moonlit shadow on the wall
Disrupted in its own creation
Veiled in the darkness of this fall
Is this the end - manifestation

It runs in me, your poison seething in my veins
This skin is old and stained by late September rains
A final word from me would be the first for you
The rest is long but I'll go on inside and through

One moonlit shadow on the wall
Disrupted in its own creation
Veiled in the darkness of this fall
Is this the end - manifestation

Patterns in the Ivy
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