

Opeth - The Roundhouse Tapes

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1. When

Red sun rising somewhere through the dense fog.
The portrait of the jaded dawn
Who had seen it all before.
This day wept on my shoulders.

Still the same as yesterday.
This path seems endless, body is numb.
The soul has lost its flame.
Walking in familiar traces to find my way back home.

So there I was.
Within the sobriety of the immortals.
A semblance of supernatural winds passing through,
The garden sighs, flowers die.

The gate was closed that day,
But I was bound to carry on.
She could not see me through the windows.
In dismay, strangest twist upon her lips.

Graven face, she said my name.
Once inside I heard whispers in the parlour.
The gilded faces grin, aware of my final demise.
And I cried, I knew she had lied.

Her obsession had died, it had died.
When can I take you from this place?
When is the word but a sigh?
When is death our lone beholder?

When do we walk the final steps?
When can we scream instead of whisper?
When is the new beginning, the end of this sad Madrigal.

2. Ghost Of Perdition

Ghost of Mother
Lingering death
Ghost on Mother's Bed
Black strands on the pillow
Contour of her health
Twisted face upon the head

Ghost of perdition
Stuck in her chest
A warning no one read
Tragic friendship
Called inside the fog
Pouring venom brew deceiving

Devil cracked the earthly shell
Foretold she was the one
Blew hope into the room and said:
"You have to live before you die young"

Holding her down
Channeling darkness
Hemlock for the gods
Fading resistance
Draining the weakness
Penetrating inner light

Road into the dark unaware
Winding ever higher

Darkness by her side
Spoke and passed her by
Dedicated hunter
Waits to pull us under
Rose up to it's call
In his arms she'd fall
Mother light received
And a faithful servant's free

In time the hissing of her sanity
Faded out her voice and soiled her name
And like marked pages in a diary
Everything seemed clean and is unstained

The incoherent talk of ordinary days
Why would we really need to live?
Decide what is clear and what's within a haze
What you should take and what to give

Ghost of Perdition
A saint's premonitions unclear
Keeper of holy hordes
Keeper of holy whores

To see a beloved son
In despair of what's to come

If one cut the source of the flow
And everything would change
Would conviction fall
In the shadows of the righteous
The phantasm of your mind
Might be calling you to go
Defying the forgotten morals
Where the victim is the prey

3. 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

4. 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

5. Face Of Melinda

By the turnstile beckons a damsel fair
The face of Melinda neath blackened hair
No joy would flicker in her eyes
Brooding sadness came to a rise

Words would falter to atone
Failure had passed the stepping stone
She had sworn her vows to another
This is when no-one will bother

And conceded pain in crumbling mirth
A harlot of God upon the earth
Found where she sacrificed her ways
That hollow love in her face

Still I plotted to have her back
The contentment that would fill the crack
My soul released a fluttering sigh
This day fell, the darkness nigh

I took her by the hand to say
All faith forever has been washed away
I returned for you in great dismay
Come with me, far away to stay

Endlessly gazing in nocturnal prime
She spoke of her vices and broke the rhyme
But baffled herself with the final line
My promise is made but my heart is thine

6. The Night And The Silent Water

And so you left us
Jaded and gaunt, some September
Wilted with the seasons
But hidden inside the delusion

I saw your eyes, somewhere
Devoid of death
The aura poises amidst (the storm)
In solid tears I linger

A parlour glade, moonlit sorrow
Lonely resting pools
Relics of the moon dogged lake
Whisper: "All your words are misgiven"

Am I like them?
Those who mourn and turn away
Those who would give anything
To see you again

If only for another second
Your face was, like the photograph
Painted white
We did not speak very often about it

What does it matter now?
Cloak of autumn shroud
I gaze, dim ricochet of stars
I reckon it is time for me to leave

You sleep in the light

Yet the night and the silent water
Still so dark...

7. Windowpane

Blank face in the windowpane
Made clear in seconds of light
Disappears and returns again
Counting hours, searching the night
Might be waiting for someone
Might be there for us to see
Might be in need of talking
Might be staring directly at me
Inside plays a lullaby
Slurred voice over children cries
On the inside

Haunting loneliness in the eye
Skin covering secret scars
His hand is waving a goodbye
There's no response or action returned

There is deep prejudice in me
Outshines all reasons inside
Given dreams all ridden with pain
And projected unto the last

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. Demon Of The Fall

Silent dance with death.
Everything is lost.
Torn by the arrival of Autumn.
The blink of an eye, you know it's me.
You keep the dagger close at hand.
And you saw nothing.
False love turned to pure hate.
The wind cried a lamentation before merging with the grey.
Demon of the fall.
Gasping for another breath.
She rose, screaming at closed doors.
Seductive faint mist forging through the cracks in the wall.
I shan't resist.
In tears for all of eternity.
She turned around and faced me for the first time.
Run away, run away.
Just one second, and I was left with nothing.
Her fragrance still pulsating through damp air.

That day came to an end.
And she had lost in me, her Credence.