

## Opeth "April Ethereal"

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It was me, peering through the looking-glass.  
Beyond the embrace of Christ.  
Like the secret face within the tapestry.  
Like a bird of prey over the crest.  
And she was swathed in sorrow, as if born within its  
mask.  
Her candlelight snuffed, the icon smiled.  
Emptiness followed by her wake.  
I could clasp her in undying love.  
Within ghostlike rapture the final word was mine.  
She faced me in awe. 'twas a token of ebony colour.  
Embodied in faint vapour.  
Wandering through April's fire.

Compelled to grasp and to hold the one that was you.  
I will endure, hide away.  
I would outrun the scythe, glaring with failure.  
It is a mere destiny I thought, a threshold I had crossed  
before.  
The rain was waving goodbye, and when the night  
came  
the forest folded its branches around me.  
Something passed by, and I went into a dream.  
She laughing and weeping at once: "take me away".  
I don't know how or why, I'll never know WHEN.

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