

# Opeth

## "Heir Apparant"

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Long days  
Slow waste  
Sew lies  
Sow hate

So many years to clean the slate  
Endless despair within it's wake  
His touch soiling what used to be clean  
His gaze burning on the edge of our dreams

No more  
Cold pace  
Slow days (?)

And again he rides in  
It's September and he covets the gullible  
Skeletal wish - hunter  
A thousand lies  
Cast from the throne of secrecy

Hear him spewing forth a meaning to miserable lies  
See the twisted hand of doubt seal the affair  
The insect trust - believer  
Your body a vehicle to

Pearls before swine they are nothing but blind  
Submit to nothing and swallow my spit of scorn  
Invisible king - dying  
Procession of woe, struck down by sorrow

A burden so great  
Weighs heavy on old and withered beliefs  
The swift solution crumbles  
Beneath the mock notes of a masterpiece  
Death in his eyes - waiting  
Spiraling judgment, provoked in the rains

This futile test drowned in the levee of deception

In the year of his sovereign  
Rid us of your judgment  
Heir apparent

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