

Opeth

"Karma"

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And as they say, grief is only able to possess
The rotting body clad in ancient clothes
Is left behind with a wave of the hand

I've gone away, the bed is cold and empty
Trees bend their boughs towards the earth
And nighttime birds float as black faces

It was the hand reaching out through the mirror
Unknown and scarred by life
The luring eyes you had never seen

You have nothing more to find
You have nothing more to loose
You have nothing more to find
You have nothing more to loose

The cold season drifts over the land
They huddle in the brown corners

Some would settle for less, the castles were all empty
Asleep, long awaiting their king, beckoning round the
bend

Amidst the forest one would hear that I had been there
Draped within a fate, I could not change
And always welcoming winter's epilogue

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