

Opeth

"My Arms, Your Hearse"

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A morning in magenta, the petals fed from the dew.
She held her breath for a
moment, to pause off the stream. Still clinging to vast,
old memories. And I
would marvel at her beauty, playing through the rain.
The coffin is
beautifully engraved. Stained by soil, symbols of
death. All of which are
stared upon, with porcelain eyes it seems. Some spoke,
and it was my turn to
go. In death entwined, I could not believe. But it hangs
around my neck. A
soft breeze passed me by, somewhat warmer for a
second. I knew it was the
coming of spring, thus our APRIL ETHEREAL. 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. 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 t

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