

# Opeth

## "Prologue"

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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.

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