

Opeth

"The Apostel In Triumph"

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In solitude I wander...
Through the vast enchanted forest

The surrounding skies are one
Torn apart by the phenomenon of lightning
Rain is pouring down my (now) shivering shoulders
In the rain my tears are forever lost

The darkened oaks are my only shelter
Red leaves are blown by the wind
An ebony raven now catches my eyes
Sitting in calmness
Before spreading its black wings
Reaching for the skies

In this forest
Where wolves cry their agony unto the moon
My spirit is hidden
In the form of wisdom
Carved on a black stone

The only way to follow

Open your soul
Redeem, I am immortal

Blinded by a light
My soul is held up high in glory
I engulf the skies
The apostel in triumph

Through the eternal flame I travel
As the rain keeps falling...

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