

Opeth "The Devil's Orchard"

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This trail is obsidian,
The grip of winter uncoiled
A lover would follow me
Cast down and sworn to the dark

Take the road where devils speak
"God is dead"
"God is dead"

The wealth of darkness
Inside you telling you "now"
Your senses corrupted
Controlling a poisonous will

Take the road where devils speak
"God is dead"
"God is dead"

In the corner of my eye
Tearing flesh from bone

Led the blind in search to find
A pathway to the sun
Saw the signs intertwine
And forgave me all my sins

No stigmas revealing our vices
And there are no stigmas revealing our vices

God is dead

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