

## Opeth "The Lotus Eater"

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Liquid is in your throat,  
For hopeless delight.  
After all you fell in love with death,  
Life has aborted.  
All you've had and all you became,

The night is calling, you pray forth.

A barren waste is your land,  
Crops they were sown to die.

This skin is a mirror,  
The eyes hover with ignorance,  
Hell throb from your lips,  
Sucked in and safe from the world of sleep.

All years caring for a liar.  
The barren drift road is winding higher.  
You're a moth too close to the fire.

You are stuck in a beautiful future  
Changing and waiting and seeking the truth of it all.

Fleeting in sorrow  
Pushing your spirit away,

Seeking the weakness of dislike,  
Whispered from the heart.  
To be, we're all in the mourning,  
To despair.

Cries out: "The restless will also... die."

Resurrection covered with death,  
Drawing the life under one.  
A fact tied to the earth,  
The soul's a victim, a follower.

Oh, mother!  
[Incoherent growling]  
For us to see  
The blink of an eye

And the pride of a mother  
Drawn close in a mother's son,  
And the love from a father  
Was used by a father's son

Over warrior's token  
Misspoken lives on,  
The language unimportant.  
So fair and so just.

All the land is taken

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