Opeth, The Baying Of The Hounds

I hear the baying of the hounds
In the distance, I hear them devouring
Pest ridden jackals of the earth
Diabolical beasts and roaming the forests
In wait and constant protectors
Calling you to sit by his side
Your self loathing image in his flesh
A revelation upon which you linger

His words are flies
Swarming towards the true insects
Feasting on buried dreams
And spreading decay upon your skin
His eyes spew forth a darkness
That cut through and paralyze
Casts light upon your secrets
Forced to confront your enemies

His mouth is a vortex Sucking you into it's pandemonium Fools you with a helping hand of ashes Reached out in false dismay His body is a country The cities lay dead and beyond despair Friends turned enemies unable to come clean In a rising fog of reeking death Everything you believed is a lie Everyone you loved is a death burden So you take comfort in him And you are receptive to stark wishes No longer struggling to declare your stand You would inflict no harm to others They are unaware of you And in a loop of futile events You are everything, they are nothing

Drown in the deep mire With past desires Beneath the mire Drown desire now with you

Lined up verses on dead skin "The tainted lips of the stranger Resting upon hers"

And I embrace bereavement Everything beloved is shattered anyway I would devote myself to anyone I would accept any flaws

I am too weak to resist
Tension vibrating with horror
Finding the outcast in my eyes
Pushing nerves on a puppet
Endless poison in my veins
Clean intent now tainted with death

And so, cold touch now inhumane Every waking hour Awaiting a reverie to unfold And now they are calling me Louder by the minute The baying of the hounds Calling me back to my home

