

All Things Will Pass

Opeth

Rose of Summer, withered times
Shadows fall on contouring lines
Far beyond a sleeping wish
Lunar tongue on a lasting bliss

Dead within a dream
Icy river stream

Lend yourself...

Clouds of dust in a waning light
You have given up on plight
Time is now, my dearest friend
Hidden years and a heart to mend

And should we meet again
The loss of everything
Three wishes to a friend
Three hundred sorrows gather
But if we lend ourselves
Amidst rock and poison grime
There may well be a time
A kingdom past its prime

Dead within a dream
Icy river stream

Your silver voice in my throat
Potion without an antidote
A routine death for the well-immersed
After all, the years have left us cursed
A simple test in an iron cage
Old tradition in a modern age
Strong and true are the weak at heart
I am you, you am I

If everything ends
Is it worth to turn back home again?
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