

## Dirge for November

Opeth

Lost, here is nowhere  
Searching home still  
Turning past me, all are gone  
Time is now  
The omen showed, took me away  
Preparations are done, this can't last  
The mere reflection brought disgust  
No ordeal to conquer, this firm slit  
It sheds upon the floor, dripping into a pool  
Grant me sleep, take me under  
Like the wings of a dove, folding around  
I fade into this tender care