

## Next of Kin

Opeth

Every morrow, every year  
Choir in the sounds  
The final sorrow, so shed a tear

Someone dies within creation  
Doubts in everlasting life  
How to lie to one innocent child  
You are loved, I'm execrated  
You belong, I circle strife  
Routine pathways in escape from the wild

We are left in a city all alone  
In the breathing of ashes  
On the earth, one second  
Just a piece of meat in essence

Every morrow, every year  
Choir in the sounds  
The final sorrow, so shed a tear

We are left in a city all alone  
In the breathing of ashes  
On the earth, one second  
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We are left in a world that's burning  
Crawling through embers to safety  
And my name is next to last  
Feast on famine and death on the broadcast

Finding friends in algorithms  
Forgot the sound of my daughter's voice  
Please remind me of my emptiness  
The hissing of machines lost rhythm  
As death would give an interview  
In a metropolitan holiness

I am outside waiting  
Outside waiting  
I am outside waiting  
Outside waiting

Am I the last one of my kind,  
Who's afraid of dying?  
But I would perish to save a child  
And give all I can for love  
It seems I might have reconciled  
Even if my destiny's lying  
For the ones I hold dear I hold close  
And force my way through the ether