

# The Baying of the Hounds

Opeth

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  
Feastin 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 its pandemonium  
Fools you with a helping hand of ashes  
Reached out in the 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 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 tainting lips of a stranger  
Resting upon hers"

And I embrace bereavement  
Everything beloved 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