

# Moon Above, Sun Below

Opeth

You are sleeping unhampered by guilt  
Comes the morning you shut down  
The devil's breath is a disease on your lips  
Reaching out for your loss  
You prey on your flock

Seeking out the weaker hearts  
With eternity in your grip  
And on a lifelong throne of sub-religion  
They will eat from your head

With the moon above and the sun below

I can't remember the sun upon my skin  
Slave to a sorrow that is whispering within  
I'm always waiting for you before I sleep  
There is no comfort in the distance that we keep

In a river of grief I am drowning  
And your grip is surrounding my heart  
Balancing on the edge of failure  
And relieved, should I fall  
Scattered dust upon my eyes  
A winding road taking you nowhere  
A winding road taking me home  
And my home is my grave

Waiting for a day when there is nothing left to say

Voices of despair is a familiar friendship  
A society in your head holds the code to destruction

Dying fast  
Summer dying fast  
And this can't last, as nothing ever lasts  
In a forest of flesh  
There is a need to sever myself away from happiness

Still no drifting sun  
Black upon the earth  
Still the air is dry  
And the locust wait

There is no help in the wake of our needs  
There is no help to dispel the pain  
There is no help yet some cling to a phantom  
There is no help, only circles on the water

Only circles on the water