

# The Twilight Is My Robe

Opeth

Unto you I whisper  
The wildest dreams In the coldness of night Shrouded in crystals  
Through a frosty dusk  
Souls of the full moon awaits  
Their shadows ablaze We are all bending  
Our tired leaves over your empty shell  
In the sign of true esteem  
Are you beloved lord  
Sighing deep under these waterfalls?  
The birds of the sun  
Seperates these dark clouds  
While the winds of winter sleeps gently around  
I am sworn to the oath  
To breathe... At the waters I dwell  
The waves are still whispering  
Ancient lullabies  
I die...  
While our mystic brothers still seek  
Under your command I will obey  
In my vision  
You are the embodiment of pure freedom  
But through my eyes you are made of stone  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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