

# The Devil's Orchard

## Opeth

This trail is obsidian, the grip of Winter uncoiled  
A lover would follow me  
Cast down and sworn to the darkTake the road where devils speak  
"God is dead"The wealth of darkness  
Inside you, telling you "now"  
Your senses corrupted  
Controlling a poisonous will  
Take the road where devils speak  
"God is dead"In the corner of my eye  
You are tearing flesh from bone  
Led the blind in search to find  
A pathway to the sun  
Saw the signs intertwine  
And forgave me all my sinsNo stigmas revealing our vices  
And there are no stigmas revealing our vicesGod is dead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>