

Human Ground

"Can A Prophet Be Wrong?"

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The blaze of the candle is stretching it-self
Like a flower that sees the sun
Oh please come back - the bliss I felt
Can I find myself from the scum?
Blessed with the faculty
Chosen by the lord
The keeper of the legacy
It's me, but I'm recalled
Wray abbey I raised is sinking on me
My power has made me weak
The one I deceived enjoys when I bleed
No pity for me when I weep
The blaze of the candle is hanging it's head
Like a flower that meets a night
The dance of the demons continues in red
'Till shadow man quenches the light

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