

Candlemass

"Dying Illusion"

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From the bottom of the pit of nightmares she will come
From the dungeons of insanity to haunt the wicked
mind
A crooked finger points, a spell is cast, words can kill
A weaver of the web of tears, a daughter of the dark
Oh, the moon is so cold
see the grace of her presence
Giving you the poisoned apple, beauty or beast
Dancing naked in the rain with eyes that cannot see
Calling demons that have not spoken in a thousand
years
Old sad eyes of wisdom tell of dreams we can't reach
When the moon is so cold
when the air breathes of evil
And the black skies will burn
see her shadow is rising
The dying illusion
the loss of a friend
The dying illusion
please come back again
The hideous smile of the devils child will tease you to
believe
A forbidding shape witch or virgin - over a sinister
moon
Fatal grace that blinds and binds, assaults and
astounds
From the cradle of eternity to the fears of modern man
When the moon is so cold
when the air breathes of evil
and the black skies will burn
see her shadow is rising
The dying illusion
the loss of a friend
The dying illusion
please come back again

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