

Candlemass

"Embracing The Styx"

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Blood runs free, down the river
I'm the weeper, the life bereaver
I cross the Styx, with coins... onyx
Without the trumpets and horns and pyres

(The) final curtain, death is certain
Harpies sing, my soul is hurting
Razors, rope, mountains of dope
Does it matter, there's no hope

Embracing the Styx
Life is floating out, wave after wave
Embracing the Styx
I sail with Charon this day
Embracing the Styx
Life is floating out, wave after wave
Embracing the Styx
Me, my wrists and a blade

In times of eternal darkness
In times of peace and embrace
When the minstrel of atrophy mock us
There's need for love and there's need for death
Too late for understanding
Too late for your tears
I wait for the last descending
To the opal city and the flaming stairs

I surrender, I return to dust
It must end here, in daze and dusk
So I cry, for all of us
And I smile, as I die...

A small breeze in time

Waiting and waiting, for a moment of truth and a sun
Dreaming and dreaming, 'til the dreams were crushed
by
Our hands (smothered to sand)
Great thoughts of a triumphing giant
Was given these golden-brown wings
A man who was an ant an a lion

Died on the isle of the king

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