

## **Candlemass**

# **"The 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 devil's 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

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please come back again

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