

Skyclad "Single Phial"

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I have walked the earth so many times before your
birth,
Today is only yesterday's tomorrow.
And as the gardener in Eden it was I who sowed the
seed then,
I've come here to reclaim this life you borrow.
Singing 'ring a ring o rosies' for your final lullabye,
Have you any prayers to make before you wave your
last goodbye?
I bring 'a pocket full of posies' - lay a wreath to ease my
guilt,
As the lights go out forever not one drop of blood was
spilt.
Chorus:
As yet unwritten history -
once more I'll stride the lightning road,
Identity a mystery -
my burden is Pandora's load.
Traversing endless centuries -
disguised behind Death's lipless smile,
I hide that my intention is to pour this single phial.
I'd have rather seen your face almost any other place,
Still here we meet - always the way in this profession.
And as I gaze into your eyes I see the glimmer within
dies,
From the moment I first make my dark confession.
How could I swear I would be there for you until your
dying day,
Certain in the knowledge that it's not that far away!
So you leave me sitting here bewildered as a new dead
ghost,
While I try to justify destroying that which I love most.
Chorus:
As yet unwritten history -
once more I'll stride the lightning road,
Identity a mystery -
my burden is Pandora's load.
Traversing endless centuries -
disguised behind Death's lipless smile,
I hide that my intention is to pour this single phial.
The dark millenium i ending - final daze of the
decayed,

And a reign of tears is falling - it's the judgement eve
parade.

Though I wash my hands a thousand times - still the
guilt remains,

She stole my heart - I took her life...

(and yet I never knew her name).

Chorus:

As yet unwritten history -

once more I'll stride the lightning road,

Identity a mystery -

my burden is Pandora's load.

Traversing endless centuries -

disguised behind Death's lipless smile,

I hide that my intention is to pour this single phial.

Out with a whimper - not with a bang.

And they all gathered round when the church bells
rang.

Singing 'bring out your dead' - they'll stretch for miles,

To be borne to their graves in single files.

Chorus:

As yet unwritten history -

once more I'll stride the lightning road,

Identity a mystery -

my burden is Pandora's load.

Traversing endless centuries -

disguised behind Death's lipless smile,

I hide that my intention is to pour this single phial.

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