

The Jonah

King Diamond

After 7 years on a dusty shelf
The book seemed unreal
For 7 years in an ancient rhyme
The fate of a girl was sealed
In the attic, I was searching by the moonlight
What would I find
Old and gray from dust, I felt it staring back
Oh, that book
Yellow pages caught my eyes, so unreal
Through the dust of time
In an ancient rhyme, the truth had been sealed
On a broken shelf it would all be revealed
It had been there for years
And no one ever knew
Now break the spell and free the girl
From the candle of fate
Look at the flame and say the rhyme
The end is near, no more pain, ah you're free
As the candle melts away, the spirit of the candle girl
Emerges from the flame, she doesn't seem the same
With a smile on her face
She starts to speak
Hear my story

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