

Psalm for the Dead

Candlemass

Is there a sun there in your hand?
A little light that battles with itself
Is there a message in the sand,
that tells me how to set the world in flames? Do people cry or is it rain?
Do we care... do we count the stains?
When will the sunrise stay a day?
Laugh and shine, or is it all the same? PSALMS FOR THE DEAD

SONG FOR THE LIVING

AND A WREATH FOR ABSENT FRIENDS So tell me... fools and troubadours, can a simple stream grow into a
flood?

A beggar man, become a president?
And a sip of wine be shared... and thick as blood? Idols, gods... Dictators and divine,
is this the path where blind men lead the blind?
What is love, but only a dream...?
Those pains and pleasures were meant to set us free! When time is gone, the page is turned
The door is closed and all is done and said
The band has played... the spotlight's burned

ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE
PSALMS FOR THE DEAD

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