

# Single Phial

## Skyclad

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 millennium is 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 bourne 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 -  
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