

# The Candle

[Selma Mutal](#)

Seven years have gone  
It can no longer be left undone  
The candle must burn again And pain must follow the unholy flame  
So burn, burn, burn  
And free the spirit from its chain Here I am blinded again by that flame  
In every candle that I burn, burn  
I see that same face return, it returns Eyes in pain, my little queen, are you a dream?  
In every candle that I burn, burn  
I see that same face return, it returns Time has come for you to tell the truth  
What shall I do? The tears are running from her eyes  
If she could only tell me why? You don't tell me why The Jonah, the Jonah With twisted key, she speaks a word  
to me  
And then I see her face falling apart  
The word Jonah is her mark, she's branded

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