

# I Still See The Black

## Candlemass

I'm standing up, I'm sitting down  
A precious jewel - creation's crown?  
Someone is holding my breath  
Someone is finding my fears  
While the self got lost as the world appeared  
Gimme more, gimme less  
Than soulless death in the nightingness  
I'm missing the moments of love, missing the moments of truth  
But hell ain't too bad when you go where there's people you know  
Love is such a thing  
All join hands and we shall sing  
Bade in all its light  
And tomorrow brings new life  
I Still See the Black  
You can walk with me  
You can talk with me  
You make love to me  
I recall  
Feed me cake and glass  
Put me in a trance  
Just the same romance as before

Songwriters  
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