Tot

Candlemass

Dark clad waters, still warm shrouds
Doomsday warning from the men in the clouds
Lily's weep over light that fled
Words were carved in my arm by the dead
Grim like war, foul like tar
Corroded fragments of a dying star
Sleepy herons abruptly awake
as the black god arises from the cold of the lake
Figure of smoke, emerald head
Magnificent is the king of the dead
Somewhere beyond the sun still shines
But even snow dies sometimes

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/