Black Stone Wielder

Candlemass

The rain kept on falling
and darkened the sky
the dawn was to come with the sunrise
Revealing the shadows
that passed through the mist
the torchlight was flickering, the storm
was chasing them on
A procession of dark coats
followed the star
foretold to come since ages
In silence they walked on
Crossing the lands
On their way to Bethlehem, to break the
chains of the spell
Stone, they worshipped the stone
In generation from father to son
A star, a star is to come
to light them way to the one who is born
The leader he knelt there
to greet the newborn
holding his pendant before him
Teardrops were falling from his eyes as he said

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