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 lighning 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 lighning 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 millenium i 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 lighning 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 lighning 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.

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