

Candlemass, Apathy

I sleep inside the machinery
Letting it all go
Wait, keep, preserve the cold within yourself
What more is there to know
Watchin' seven holy man bring on the funeral bell
Flashing it so all can see
They sink it in a pond
Torching open corridors up and down and inside out
I close the gap that bears my name
My hart and my soul
The hours stop and fill the room
I cannot see the sun from here
Bloated red and black like death
I've seen it before
Somewhere there's a one way street
Leading to an empty house
Maybe you will find this town called Apathy
I wait for you there