

Candlemass, Bearer Of Pain

Once a year the white robes go on a quest
In search of a virgin, a child of innocence
Born of Apollon divine is the heritage
Chosen by foe to accomplish a holy task

Bearer of pain, Bearer of pain
Lighten the burdens of woe
Bearer of pain, Bearer of pain
Heal the wounds of the city

Up in the tower, the nerve of the city so high
Treated like a princess,
But imprisoned by the will of her fate
Concentrating, feeling the pain how it flows
Through the walls of the city into her soul

I bear your weight upon my shoulders
I bleed for you and pray
I hear your moaning in my mind
I comfort night and day
From my tower to your foundations
My soul reaches through your walls
Market square of guarded bastions
I answer to your calls

The tears of the city wiped away by summer breeze
The pain is lightened by sweet, sweet dreams
The cries of despair are silenced with a lullaby
Sleep my child, I'm with you, we are one

Now a year her chamber is opened again
Led by servants, the old one is barely sane
Marked by her burdens, the guardian can finally rest
Replaced by another, carrying on the continuing test