

Candlemass, Black Stone Wielder

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

Take this stone and use it well don't do as I did long ago

Into the sundown he returned
The moon was rising and heaven burned
Like shadows disappeared the men
And the black stone wielders were never seen again

Stone, they wielded the stone
In generation from father to son
A star, a star is to come
And light them the way to the one who is born

They came across the western sea
With powers greater than needed
The wizards commanded the lightning
Every creature knelt in for their will

But they wielded the black stone with evil
And their evil was cast back on them
Condemned to praise god forever
'Til his son was born to deliver