

Candlemass, Copernicus

Our names are written on the stars on heaven's tree
Yes, nine by nine they die, just like you and me
These peerless eyes look down, giving us our choices
Each one calls out, a universe of voices

These are the ancient fathers, the laws that bind us all
White jewels of mystery, mirrors for our souls
They spoke of life and death, love and history
Today the stars are for fools and vanity

And there's Orion and there's the Zodiac
If you look close, they're needles in a stack
And you saw, in your telescope on earth
Copernicus, the order of the worlds

Evening caress
Always yearning
I must confess
The stars aren't burning

Copernicus

The sky is full of shining crosses for our sins
Each one a monument for what ends and what begins
Small emerald satellites, orbiting so fast
Will they be gone tomorrow, just like painted glass?

If I had wishes, I would shout to you and scream
But now I realize, you're like young dying streams
I'm in the real world, with people, crises and scars
Copernicus, I don't care about your stars

Evening caress
Always yearning
I must confess
The stars aren't burning

Copernicus