

# 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