

Candlemass, Emperor Of The Void

I am the king, of the great islands of grey
Windswept and scatted, bent and confused
My castle is my ruin, the mouldering grave
Where the memory fades along with the mourning cry of the mother

I am the king. The ruler of the grey Islands
I'm the emperor of the void
I am grey. The weakened ruler of these islands.
I'm the emperor of the void

Who counts the wounds, who sees the hunger, the flight of denial
The fibers the nerves, the raptures and bursts, from arteric to cell
Continuously repeating, the hymn of life and death
And the holy whore, desecrated in desperation

I am the king. The ruler of the grey Islands
I'm the emperor of the void
I am grey. The weakened ruler of these islands.
I'm the emperor of the void

I stand before destruction, touching the stone of my realm
So dignified...unmerciful, without empathy
You saw my birth, an ornament in your grain
You see my death, terrible and divine

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I'm the emperor of the void
I am grey. The weakened ruler of these islands.
I'm the emperor of the void