

Candlemass, I Still See The Black

I'm standing up, I'm sitting down
A precious jewel - creation's crown?
Someone is holding my breath
Someone is finding my fears
While the self got lost as the world appeared
Gimme more, gimme less
Than soulless death in the nightingness
I'm missing the moments of love, missing the moments of truth
But hell ain't too bad when you go where there's people you know
Love is such a thing
All join hands and we shall sing
Bade in all its light
And tomorrow brings new life
I still see the black
You can walk with me
You can talk with me
You make love to me
I recall
Feed me cake and glass
Put me in a trance
Just the same romance
As before