

Candlemass, Spellbreaker

Walking 'round and 'round in circles
Locked inside himself
The funny farm where he can't hurt us
Or what we all believe
Mute and deaf with no obsessions
A broken watch he got
He's the one that got no questions
Not a word to breathe

And there you see that he flies
Across the room like a swan
The colours sparkle and change
Stars are born 'round a flashing sun

Then it all just stopped, the temperature it dropped
It was so quiet I couldn't hear the sound of grief no more
We walked into the room, the small and padded room
I looked down on/at the man that lay/laid crying on the floor

The Mother of Life is a Whore

Always drooling walking backwards
Never dries his tears
Come and see the man of miracles
But please don't come so near
Writing wierd stuf slow and patient
I think it's something deep
Then he tries some levitation
Before he disappears

A rainy day you too might meet him
Give him mercy please
It won't be long until we'll need him
And all that's beautiful
If he speaks the world will tremble
A dream of love we'll see
He's our all the cosmic centre
We are spinning 'round