

Candlemass, The Dying Illusion

From the bottom of the pit of nightmares she will come
From the dungeons of insanity to haunt the wicked mind
A crooked finger points, a spell is cast, words can kill
A weaver of the web of tears, a daughter of the dark

Oh, the moon is so cold
See the grace of her presence

Giving you the poisoned apple, beauty or beast
Dancing naked in the rain with eyes that cannot see
Calling demons that have not spoken in a thousand years
Old sad eyes of wisdom tell of dreams we can't reach

When the moon is so cold
When the air breathes of evil
And the black skies will burn
See her shadow is rising

The dying illusion
The loss of a friend
The dying illusion
Please come back again

The hideous smile of the Devil's child will tease you to believe
A forbidding shape witch or virgin - over a sinister moon
Fatal grace that blinds and binds, assaults and astounds
From the cradle of eternity to the fears of modern man

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