

# Candlemass, The Ebony Throne

Where's the muses cave the isle of the dead  
The sign of Eph is gone so is the sun  
Tired and confused I sail into the night  
With the Devil at my shoulder I'll be fine

I ride the straits of darkness everyday  
No light will lead my way from my pain  
Drowned in tideless pools no haven for my mind  
In grief I meet the storm eye to eye

On the ebony throne  
Lies the diagonstone  
My voyage to vanity  
Oh, take me there  
To the ebony throne  
I followed the sirensong  
No enlightened society  
Can bring me back

In the maelstrom of minds  
Like a will-o-the-wisp  
I sail on...

I sail the depths of apathy alone  
The world is fading I'm a long way from home  
Where's the muses cave the isle of the dead  
The sign of Eph is gone so is the sun

On the ebony throne  
Lies the diagonstone  
My voyage to vanity  
Oh, take me there  
To the ebony throne  
I followed the sirensong  
No progressive technology  
Can bring me back