

Moonspell, Finisterra

the world has turned once more inside
brought up a message from our dead:
the ones you love the most
are the ones you hurt as deep

the world has turned once more inside
anchored into captivity
the ones you wanted the most
the ones you buried under sea

exit wounds, waterdrums, dream the eternal return
tree of life rotting inside, autumn leaves, winter white

a light at the end of the world

whole world a ghost shading inside
true love waits for the blessing of death
the doubt that sets me free
not to remember anything

stillborn, bloodlet, die in our feet like the trees
earthsong, neverland, let the blood have its way

a light at the end of the world

was it for this we sold our souls?
was it for this we missed our chance of leaving?

(for) a lie at the end of the world