

# Within Temptation, Candles

Take away,  
These hands of darkness.  
Reaching for my soul.  
Now, the cold wind,  
blows out my candles.  
Feeling,  
only fear,  
without any hope.

A thousand dark moons.  
A thousand winters long.  
A million fallen stars,  
the candle burns in the womb.

We try not to forget,  
they live through us.  
Slowly they die away at every candle's end

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