

Candlemass, Dark Are The Veils Of Death

Death is present the candle has burned out
The scythe is raised he's eager to reap
The extreme unction prepares for the last flight
But God knows where you will rest
Dark are the veils of death

To sail the seas of eternal damnation
To cross the desert of woe and despair
Or drink the chalice of divine ambrosia
Your life will be put to the test
Dark are the veils of death

Enter the great adventure
Just wait and see
Heaven or hell will call you
Now when your spirit is free

Where can your salvation be
Now when your spirit is free
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Now when your spirit is free
Fading light
Disappearing light
Tells you darkness is to come
Ancient rites
The death-mass itself
Has never revealed where you will go
You will enter realms where angels fear to tread
Open hidden doors within your mind
Sail with Charon sail into destiny
Accept your death and make it to your own choice

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