

Candlemass, Dead Angel

You are the gospel that is spread
A mighty voice, the rhymes of the dead
The bible of the holy rage
A broken angel of this age
The fire in the flesh
God knows I'm still possessed
You are the thunder, earth and sea
A born devil, a saint that deceives
The silent footprints of the wolf
The morning, sun, the saviour that engulfs
I'm an image of perfection
I'm the sunrise, resurrection
You are the sense in all our fears
The very reason of our tears
A ticking warning in my soul
The demon son of my own mould
The fire in the flesh
God knows I'm still possessed
In the eyes of the world
For the roots to the soul
In the songs of the child
The dead angel's alive
In the eyes of the world
For the roots to the soul
In the heart of the wild
I'm the angel alive