

# Candlemass, 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 dragonstone  
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 island of the dead  
The sign of Eph is gone  
so is the sun  
\* No progressive technology