

# Candlemass, Embracing The Styx

Blood runs free, down the river  
I'm the weeper, the life believer  
I cross the Styx, with coins of onyx  
Without the trumpets and horns and pyres

Embracing the Styx  
Life is floating out, wave after wave  
Embracing the Styx  
I sail with Charon this day  
Embracing the Styx  
Life is floating out, wave after wave  
Embracing the Styx  
Me, my wrists and a blade

The final curtain, death is certain  
Harpy's sing, my soul is hurting  
Razors, rope, mountains of dope  
Does it matter, there's no hope

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In times of eternal darkness  
In times of peace and embrace  
When the minstrel of atrophy mock us  
There's need for love and there's need for death  
Too late for understanding  
Too late for your tears  
I wait for the last descending  
To the opal city and the flaming stairs

I surrender, I return to dust  
It must end here, in daze and dusk  
So I cry, for all of us  
And I smile, as I die...

A small breeze in time

Waiting and waiting, for a moment of truth and a sun  
Dreaming and dreaming, 'til the dreams were crushed by our hands (smothered to sand)  
Great thoughts of a triumphing giant  
Was given these golden-brown wings  
A man who was an ant an a lion  
Died on the isle of the king