

Candlemass, Galatea

All the songs, the ivory
Floats around so peacefully
and fulfill the scenery
In my time
In the grass, the ogre is slayed
The fragile moment of the day
No need to stay, I know I've paid
In my time
Close inside the electric tower
In the centre a white centaur
Afraid of life, the sweet and sour
In my time
Halfway to centurion
Northwest of Babylon
The map is complete, I'll pass it on
In my time
My peace of mind