

# Candlemass, Karthago

Where were you as the sun died  
Spewing out its collapse  
Did you care as heaven slowly fried  
Missing out on the Swansong  
You were never that keen  
But my death was a knockout  
I believe  
It's a cold December  
I count my wounds as ever  
And that day was the seventh  
When blood fell from the sky  
You turned your back as the nightfall  
Closed my eyes  
New  
or old millennium  
I still count the cost  
With runs left to remember  
Who I was  
It's a cold December  
I count my wounds as ever  
It's worth all pain forever  
To see your beautiful face