

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