

# Candlemass, Man Of Shadows

2 o'clock, the basement doom shift  
Afternoon and you dig in the black ditch  
Comatose, turned off's the light switch  
Collector of grief, full scale deathwish

Everyday, a grey and sad day  
I dip my love in soul pain  
And still looking for things to detest  
Beware of the love that you'll regret

And I'm sitting here with my arms around me, arms around me  
I'm a bit surprised that you haven't found me, haven't found me

On top of mount failure, damned and ignored  
I nurse the depressions I know what I've lost  
Anti-social process, with razors in the closet  
On a suicidal mission, whatever the cost

The Lord of grief, no relief  
The Lord of grief No relief

Man of shadows  
The clouds bear your name  
And your thought fade to grey With  
Days in shadow  
The dark is the same  
But's a whole different day for the