

Candlemass, My Funeral Dreams

There is a light, a flickering light
The eye in the sky is now approaching
I fall into, the well of taboo
In the maelstrom of morte I am floating
I'm going down, deeper and down
The door to the other world is open
High court of the witch lord
I got the invitation
Curved blade of the doom sword
No room for hesitation
Like a lamb to the slaughter
I died in the Douaumont trenches
Did the devils daughter
In the realm of superstition
Do I have to go, where all the sinners burn?
It isn't real, am I able to return?
MY FUNERAL DREAMS
I'm one out of 13
Got hit by an poisoned arrow
3 rusty daggers
The voice of the scarecrow
I'm trapped here by treason
And strangled in the blue light
Was shot for no reason
In the minefield of midnight
Do I have to go, where all the sinners burn?
It is not real, but am I able to return?
MY FUNERAL DREAMS
It's dark, I'm blind, I'm trying to climb
Up from the holes into my head
In my dream I stab and I scream
I'm dead without leaving my own bed
When I'm awake I don't recall
What I've been doing there at all
I don't know what I've become
My mind is gone when I'm alone
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