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 Douaumant 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 MY FUNERAL DREAMS MY FUNERAL DREAMS