

Clouds of Dementia

Candlemass

Jaded and demented
In the attic the bonemen soared
I slammed the door behind me
Reality was no more

The screams of the demented
Follows me where I go
A secret door I entered
Leads to the everflow...oh no...

And the days before sunrise are the worst
When my mind... goes from friend to foe
So I stare into the wall of gloom
Where the troops of deceit and sickness loom

Confused and delusive
I stand where I stand
In the dungeons, in the chaos
Thought the truth would set me free

The cries of the demented
I tried to shut them out
So I did what they wanted
But failed... with poison glass and rope

And the days before sunrise are the worst
When my mind gets challenged by my foes
So I stare into the wall of gloom
Where the troops of darkness loom

The clouds in my veins
The clouds in my gaze
The sum of my pain
The same every day