

Emperor of the Void

Candlemass

I am the king, of the great islands of grey
Windswept and scatted, bent and confused
My castle is my ruin, the mouldering grave
Where the memory fades along with the mourning cry of the
mother

Who counts the wounds, who sees the hunger, the flight of
denial
The fibres the nerves, the raptures and bursts, from
arteric to cell
Continuously repeating, the hymn of life and death
And the wholly whore, desecrated in desperation

I am the king. The ruler of the grey Islands
I'm the emperor of the void
I am grey. The weakened ruler of these islands.
I'm the emperor of the void

I stand before destruction, touching the stone of my
realm
So dignified...unmerciful, without empathy
You saw my birth, an ornament in your grain
You see my death, terrible and divine