

Psalm for the Dead

Candlemass

Is there a sun there in your hand?
A little light that battles with itself
Is there a message in the sand,
that tells me how to set the world in flames?

Do people cry or is it rain?
Do we care... do we count the stains?
When will the sunrise stay a day?
Laugh and shine, or is it all the same?

PSALMS FOR THE DEAD
SONG FOR THE LIVING
AND A WREATH FOR ABSENT FRIENDS

So tell me... fools and troubadours, can a simple stream
grow into a flood?
A beggar man, become a president?
And a sip of wine be shared... and thick as blood?

Idols, gods... Dictators and divine,
is this the path where blind men lead the blind?
What is love, but only a dream...?
Those pains and pures were meant to set us free!

When time is gone, the page is turned
The door is closed and all is done and said
The band has played... the spotlight's burned
ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE
PSALMS FOR THE DEAD