

## Black Stone Wielder

Candlemass

The rain kept on falling  
And darkened the sky  
The dawn was to come with the sunrise  
Revealing the shadows  
That passed through the mist  
The torchlight was flickering, the storm  
Was chasing them on

A procession of dark coats  
Followed the star  
Foretold to come since ages  
In silence they walked on  
Crossing the lands  
On their way to Bethlehem, to break the  
Chains of the spell  
Stone, they worshiped the stone  
In generation from father to son  
A star, a star is to come  
To light them way to the one who is born  
The leader he knelt there  
To greet the newborn  
Holding his pendant before him  
Teardrops were falling from his eyes as he said

(Don't do as I did long ago)

Into the sundown he returned  
The moon was rising and heaven burned  
Like shadows disappeared the men  
And the black stone wielders were never seen again  
Stone, they wielded the stone  
In generation from father to son  
A star, a star is to come  
And light them the way to the one who is born

They came across the western sea  
With powers greater than needed  
The wizards commanded the lightning  
Every creature knelt in for their will  
But they wielded the black stone with evil  
And their evil was cast back on them  
Condemned to praise god forever  
'Till his son was born to deliver