

## Droid

Candlemass

I got a date with the master, my friend  
A sunday stroll in the surreal, so zen  
From perfection to disaster again  
Thanx for showing me what's real  
A rendezvous with the psychic once more  
She's sneaking thought into my brain I'm sure  
Am I one of the cynic, the pure?  
Am I one of the sane?  
Who knows the troubled one that knows?  
Prophets come and prophets go  
And again I tried to think  
That burden only made me sink  
Crawling back to Isola to weep  
Somewhere under the sea so deep  
I don't know what to show ya that's neat  
But it will be bigger than you and me  
Who knows the troubled one that knows?  
Prophets come and prophets go  
And again I tried to think  
That burden only made me sink