

# My Funeral Dreams

Candlemass

There is a light, a flickering light  
The eye in the sky is now approaching  
I fall into, the well of taboo  
In the maelstrom of morte I am floating  
I'm going down, deeper and down  
The door to the other world is open

High court of the witch lord  
I got the invitation  
Curved blade of the doom sword  
No room for hesitation  
Like a lamb to the slaughter  
I died in the Douaumant trenches  
Did the devils daughter  
In the realm of superstition

Do I have to go, where all the sinners burn?  
It isn't real, am I able to return?

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I'm one out of 13  
Got hit by an poisoned arrow  
3 rusty daggers  
The voice of the scarecrow  
I'm trapped here by treason  
And strangled in the blue light  
Was shot for no reason  
In the minefield of midnight

Do I have to go, where all the sinners burn?  
It is not real, but am I able to return?

MY FUNERAL DREAMS

It's dark, I'm blind, I'm trying to climb  
Up from the holes into my head  
In my dream I stab and I scream  
I'm dead without leaving my own bed

When I'm awake I don't recall  
What I've been doing there at all  
I don't know what I've become  
My mind is gone when I'm alone

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