

Oil

Candlemass

It begins with a whispering,
some words with no end.
The entrance with moonlit night.

Did I mention I faded through
a good ten miles?
Destroyer was making him
behind enemy lines.

Enemy lines.

Down by the river I washed up my bloody hands,
guided by voices and blinded by light.
Touched my halo, feel like I'm coming home,
I lay down my head and wait for the oil.

The oil.

I wait for the oil.
I wait for the oil.
I wait for the oil.
I wait for the oil.