

# Candlemass, Tot

Dark clad waters, still warm shrouds  
Doomsday warning from the men in the clouds  
Lily's weep over light that fled  
Words were carved in my arm by the dead  
Grim like war, foul like tar  
Corroded fragments of a dying star  
Sleepy herons abruptly awake  
as the black god arises from the cold of the lake  
Figure of smoke, emerald head  
Magnificent is the king of the dead  
Somewhere beyond the sun still shines  
But even snow dies sometimes