

Within Temptation, Candles

Take away,
These hands of darkness.
Reaching for my soul.
Now, the cold wind,
blows out my candles.
Feeling,
only fear,
without any hope.

A thousand dark moons.
A thousand winters long.
A million fallen stars,
the candle burns in the womb.

We try not to forget,
they live through us.
Slowly they die away at every candle's end

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