

## Emperor of the Void

Candlemass

I am the king, of the great islands of grey  
Windswept and scatted, bent and confused  
My castle is my ruin, the mouldering grave  
Where the memory fades along with the mourning cry of the  
mother

Who counts the wounds, who sees the hunger, the flight of  
denial  
The fibres the nerves, the raptures and bursts, from  
arteric to cell  
Continuously repeating, the hymn of life and death  
And the wholly whore, desecrated in desperation

I am the king. The ruler of the grey Islands  
I'm the emperor of the void  
I am grey. The weakened ruler of these islands.  
I'm the emperor of the void

I stand before destruction, touching the stone of my  
realm  
So dignified...unmerciful, without empathy  
You saw my birth, an ornament in your grain  
You see my death, terrible and divine