

The Bells of Acheron

Candlemass

A distant calling,
A faint echo from the past
The bells are still tolling,
The message of sadness and death

In the city of Acheron
The priests burned the Book
Worshipped false Gods
Scoffed at the good
Desecrated the altar
Spat on the cross
Tear down the temples
And laughed at their loss
Oh faith... oh faith...

Stone on stone,
The ringing goes on and on
Attracting a memory,
Forgotten and nowhere to be found

Forged by the mighty
Admired by the great
Once blessed by the holy
Protected by fate
Announcing the twilight
The wrath of the Gods
The city of Acheron
Was drowned by the flood

The bells of Acheron