

# Hallowed Be Thy Name

Cradle of Filth

I'm waiting in my cold cell when the bell begins to chime  
Reflecting on my past life and it doesn't have much time

Cos at 5 o'clock they take me to the Gallows Pole  
The sands of time for me are running low  
Motherfuckers, running low

When the priest comes to read me the last rites  
I take a look through the bars at the last sights  
Of a world that has gone very wrong for me

Can it be that there's some sort of error  
Hard to stop the surmounting terror  
Is it really the end not some crazy dream

Somebody please tell me that I'm dreaming  
It's not so easy to stop from screaming  
But words escape me when I try to speak  
Tears they flow but why am I crying  
After all I am not afraid of dying  
Don't believe that there is never an end

As the guards march me out to the courtyard  
Someone calls from a cell "God be with you"  
If there's a God then why has he let me die?  
As I walk all my life drifts before me  
And though the end is near I'm not sorry  
Catch my soul cos it's willing to fly away  
Mark my words believe my soul lives on  
Don't worry now that I have gone  
I've gone beyond to see the truth  
When you know that your time is close at hand  
Maybe then you'll begin to understand  
Life down there is just a strange illusion.

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