Castillo Del Mortes

Mercyful Fate

Somewhere in ancient Spain
Close to what was Baecula
There lay Castillo Del Mortes
To be known as 'House of the dead'Oh, no, oh, not here
A fool was playing with magic
Magic he did not understand
He opened the unholy gates
Letting out the ancient ones from hellSix hundred people
Standing on the castle walls
Screaming for mercy
Someone must have heard their callsSix hundred people
Wondering what's going on
Two armies in the sky
Forming and in battle lineHear the battle cries
Seven cohorts of angels
Fighting for the elders to win
Seven cohorts of angels
Fighting for the people withinThe 'House of the dead'
Soon to be buried in sinNine units of demons
The ancient ones command
Nine units of demons
The ancient ones will standThe 'House of the dead'
Will soon be buried in sinSix hundred were watching in horror
As they began to fight
None of the armies were using a weapon
As it is known to manDemons and angels were falling in numbers
Out of the burning sky, the burning sky
Retreat, retreat, oh, the angels flee
Defeat, defeat, the battle's over, it's doneSomewhere in ancient Spain
Close to what was Baecula
There lay the battleground
Where many an angel was slain
[Incomprehensible]Nine units of demons
Bringing unbearable sin
Nine units of demons
Coming for the people withinThe 'House of the dead'
Will soon live up to its nameSix hundred people
Running deep inside
Six hundred people

Trying to hide
From the ancient ones
But there's nowhere to run on this dayThere is no need to speak of the horrible fate
Bestowed upon the six hundred from Baecula

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/