Hear The Bells

bell monks

Stealing glances through the key hole
In a brick wall's wooden door
Change are keeping quite secrets
200 year old folklore
And the graveyard on Elizabeth, no one ever goes
Kneeling praying to a gravestone
But the gravestone never tells
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
December crossing on to Chinatown
As the wind starts to cut through
Always, always on the lookout
But the poisons running through you
Stomachaches, try to concentrate

Want the stairs on the third floor
Now I'm asking a witch doctor but the witch doctor won't tell
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
Floating on the sea stars are watching me
Current takes me out what will be will be
Floating on the sea stars are watching me
Current takes me out what will be will be
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
Hear the bells
Hear the bells

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