

# 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  
'Cause at 5 o'clock they take me to the gallows pole  
The sands of time for me are running low  
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 easy to stop from screaming  
The words escape me when I try to speak Tears flow but why am I crying  
After all I'm not afraid of dying  
Don't I believe that there never is an end, no As the guards march me out to the courtyard  
Somebody cries from a cell, "God be with you"  
If there's a God, then why has he let me go? As I walk all my life drifts before me  
Though the end is near I'm sorry  
Catch my soul 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 seek the truth So when you know that your time is close at hand  
Maybe then you'll begin to understand  
Life down here is just a strange illusion, no Hallowed be thy name  
Hallowed be thy name  
Hallowed be thy name

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