

The Bells of Acheron

Candlemass

A distant calling,
A faint echo form the past
The bells are still tolling,
The message of sadness and death
In the city of Acheron
The priests burned the Book
Worshiped false Gods
Scoffed at the good
Desecrated the altar
Spat on the cross
Teared 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

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