

Candlemass, A Cry From The Crypt

Hear the cry
The cry of tormented pain
A voice darker than Evil
The deadly moaning of hell

Oh no!
The unborn has tasted no life
Sharing the rest of the dead
Not aware that the years that go by

Lurking in the shadows
Twisted shape of creeping terra
Guarding something special
Gone since ages, dead and buried
Dead and buried

There's a cry from the crypt

It has been there for a thousand years
A lonely, lost and suffering soul
Shedding all its black tears
Faithful beyond death
Cries of pain you hear
From the crypt below
The one the being loved so much
Has turned into dust