## Candlemass, House Of 1000 Voices

Inside the house that burned No exit, no return A place of oak and ashes The silence of a 1000 voices In the ruins of blackened wood The house of orphans stood No play, no childhood existed You checked in, you never left In the house of a 1000 voices There's the hall of a 1000 devils Broken dreams, no hopes no choices Just a box full of evil There's a room that no-one has seen In the walls, a 1000 screams Little voices, toys and laces In the mirrors you see their faces Stones and thrash, grass and berries In the yard, there's something buried There's a smell of somethings that's wrong Something is wrong Tiny feet and tiny shoes In the shadows they're still running loose Innocent to murder and death Murder and death