

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