Candlemass, Temple Of The Dead

A hymn for the praise of the setting sun In ancient Egypt my home Child of Horus catch the morning star To the Elysian fields we will go

The God at the top of the staircase The usurper that weighs our hearts In your court I deliver my soul To be coming forth by day

In the temple of the dead In the temple of the dead

North, south, east and west My bones lay all around My shadow will soon get rest To higher ground I'll be bound

In the temple of the dead In the temple of the dead

I am the Moongod who dwelleth among the dead I shall not perish in heaven or on earth I've cleft the horizon, I've passed through the underworld I have divided the heavens and scattered the gloom of night

To sail the northern heaven With the sacred eye of stars The white crown I bear forever The immortality of my soul

In the temple of the dead In the temple of the dead