

Temple of the Dead

Candlemass

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

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

I am the moongod
who dwelleth among the dead
I shall not perish in heaven or 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