

Empty Tombs

Witchery

Gabriel, his trumpets blows
The end of days, the darkness glows
The rise of seas, and mountain falls
The dead shall rise - judgement to all!

There's a hole in the sky
There's a quake of the Earth
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run

All tombs are empty! All tombs are empty!
On that final day... All tombs are empty

Angels usher forth the heard
Your deeds are about to be heard
Tremble in fear of the scale
Tipping the scales - descend into Hell
The restless Dead - now leave their beds

All tombs are empty! All tombs are empty!
On that final day... All tombs are empty

Insurmountable light of God
Pass thy judgement onto all
The meek will inherit the lands
The rest the fires will fan

All tombs are empty! All tombs are empty!
On that final day... All tombs are empty

Empty - empty tombs! Empty - empty tombs!