

Cloven Hoof "Notre Dame"

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Esmeralda, the bell tolls for thee!

A tortured soul in a twisted frame
I'm the one who tolls the bell.
In a cathedral tower,
That is Notre Dame.
... Notre Dame!

I wave high above
To the crowd down below,
Though heaven help me.
I killed for love
Now there can be no Sanctuary.

No-one would weep
As I go to my grave,
Only she who knew me.
The arrows of one betrayed,
Life's hollow mockery.

Rings loud in my ears,
The bitter call of there jeers.
Cruel laughter drowns my tears.

On top of the world,
I'm falling to the ground.
Hear the bells cry Sanctuary!
On top of the world,
I'm deafened by the sound.
Hear the bells cry Sanctuary!

Grotesque, outcast and alone,
They used ropes to bind me.
Broke a whip across my back
To remind me who I am.

She was beauty,
I was the beast.
My Esmeralda.
Bitter sweet she was
Caught and released
By this hunchback of Notre dame.

In anger and shame,
Bearing torches they came.
This fool was not to blame.

Up here I'm safe
And on my guard.
While bloodlust rules
The boulevard.
These hallowed walls
Are all around,
How long before madmen
Tear them down to the ground?

Cry Sanctuary!

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