

Horslips

"Chapter Seven: Bible Black"

Visit "[Chapter Seven: Bible Black](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Step by step on through the void through these veins of
rust we wander.

Among the shadows of life I'm scared of ghosts yet to
come, all the ruins of past times as dark caress they
touch my skin.

Oh, this long unbounded journey, is it still the path of
mourning?

They teach their stories, like babies crying, as howling
winds, ferocious and undying.

Like a lullaby comes the true story of gloom that brings
the glory, silent dirge is welcomed now, we close in
circles and fall down.

We cry out blood, dance hypnotized, we embrace the
void and face this night.

Let us all be dressed in this inner state of corrosion...
A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in
silence.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men that from ancient times in
human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by
hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead!

In dark black pages path is shown, what once was sure
is now unknown, every tear it feeds the engine, every
drop of blood's divine.

Bow down before them, adore their shades, they'll
make us hunters, they'll let us prey.

Let us all be dressed in this inner state of corrosion...
A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in
silence.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, that from ancient times in
human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by
hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead.

Turn the page of fate as darkness feeds our hate.

The heart that pulses in my cold and rusted cage, is
now black as night and pitch, as the book that wears
the mark.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, that from ancient times in
human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by
hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead!

The soul I used to wear as a fancy clothe of guilt, is
erased or sold or something, maybe rotting in the mist.
A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in
silence.

With a smile I face the torment, through my flesh I live
my hell, for the knife I used to hold from my hand it fell
down onto the ground, it's the stain that now I wear, it's
the fault I want to bear.

Step by step on through the void of this long
unbounded journey, I reach it's end and take a breath,
the wicked shadows of my memories embrace me
once again.

And so now my blackened heart forged with hate and
will for vengeance will forever rest in peace.

Visit [Horslips](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.