

## Dark Moor "Bells Of Notre Dame"

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Born in a sorry cot, left on the stairs of the cold stone;  
Damned to be scorned, in darkness, damned to be  
alone;  
Taken by the Church, his soul will be slave of God;  
In the belfry's beauty is his figure something odd.

We see the hunchback in Notre Dame  
Dancing on the tallest towers

Arcades and spires, filling his heart,  
Deep like the choir, fine like the art  
Is the place my cell, is it?  
Is God's home my hell?  
Oh, my body prisons my poor soul,  
Until I toll!

I am grim, full of gloom  
In my dim gothic tomb  
But the bells in my heart chime for ever  
With the ding that belongs  
To the king of their songs  
I'm the sound of Notre Dame  
In the Wheel of Life he is a horror for the crowd,  
When will be the time he'll see the sun between the  
clouds?  
Looking at the bells he thinks about his tragic fate  
Wants to be a rock or metal like his souless mates

We hear the hunchback in Notre Dame  
Crying on the tallest towers

Gargoyles and columns, his relity;  
Chants wich are solemn, his agony  
Is this place my cell, is it?  
Is God's home my hell?  
Oh, my body imprisons my poor soul  
Until i toll!

I am grim, full of gloom  
In my dim gothic tomb  
But the bells in my heart chime for ever  
With the ding that belongs

To the king of their songs  
I'm the sound of Notre Dame

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