Venke Knutson "The Chanting Of The Priests"

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Watch out -

There's a cry from Atlantis
Takes the wind by surprise
Voices so demanding
Thunder swarms the skies
To the north of horizon
Over mountains at east
There's a call to the lost ones
From the elders deceased

We're chanting - They're chanting

It's in a tear - Outside a prayer Without form it's haunting the air It's in a kiss - within a bite It brings the darkness into light

The chanting of the priests
The chanting of the priests

Watch out It's a song for Olympus
Cracks the morpheus dream
It oozes the ozone
Heavenly screaems
By the golden waterfall
Through the fog on the ice
There's a voice in the shell call
It's demanding precise

We're chanting - They're chanting The chanting of the priests

Yells ascend into the sleeping
Screech the hawk relpies
Shudders pound the marching hearts
In reborn synchronize
Held in force the feeding prism
Triangle diaboli
Catalogues the souls inside
The city in the sea

Watch Out Where there's life without presence
There's a voice without sound
Deep inside you can't feel it
Yet it's all around
Through the eye of the pharoah
To the tombs in the sand
There's a force in the distance
Calls you to the sacred land

The chanting of the priests

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