

Amberian Dawn, Charnel's Ball

When the night's slowly falling, shadows grow
Longer in the cold moonlight,
The nightbirds are singing their sad tunes - then the
Time has come for the Charnel's ball.

White bones in the moonlight
Dressed up also in white
Dancing upon their own tombs
Waltzing across the
- Graveyard is
Filled with joy
Corpses are looking like toys
Undead girls and boys
Dance in the Charnel's ball!

You're asleep and you don't hear a thing, then the
Dead are crawling out of their tombs.
We think death is for eternity but midnight welcomes
The dead to dance.

... Undead girls and boys
dancing and swaying!

... Undead girls and boys
Dance in the Charnel's ball!