

Blessed stand I, he has in fear
Yield to despair,
Four swords drawn, sworn to Kings,
A will that they share,
Oh to die for martyrdom,
Wash the wind martyrdom, with blood,

In Canterbury, oh, oh, in Canterbury.
She's settled as evil,
As a plague to destroy old Canterbury,
Bear witness to malady,
For here the chords that will make history,
Oh mystery.
They say 'strike him down!'
'strike him down!'

His 'strife stirred France' repaid by those
Who'll raise their hearts
To spite the people of Canterbury.
Ethereal Cathedral,
Your voice, the voice of Canterbury,
Resist your temptations
And look to the wind, for conspiracies, ooh Infamy!
They say 'strike him down!'
'strike him down!'

Let stone and oak decay the crown.
Who'll raise their hearts
To spite the people of Canterbury.

When her dead breath has numbered the land,
And Barons will rule as they planned.
Oh Cathedral you've died!
Oh Cathedral you lied!

The sins of our Fathers,
You are here with me,
Can we forgive you?
For the fall of Canterbury.