

## Hades

### "Legal Tender"

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(inspired by the work of Edgar Allen Poe)

#### I. Red Death

It was a time when life was short  
Long devastated was the land  
Never had there ever been  
A more fatal plague against all man  
Pungent pain, sudden faintness  
Your energy begins to fade  
As you stand there somewhat daunted  
You know 'Red Death' is on it's way  
Blood, blood, blood and more blood  
Profuse bleeding at the pores  
You watch your blood slowly sizzle  
As your flesh dissolves some more  
Screams of anguish, blood still flowing  
Pollutes the ground a rotten red  
Your time has come, you must meet your maker  
As you slip into the valley of the shadow of death

#### II. The Prince's Master Plan

All men feared this great disaster  
But the valiant Prince had the only answer  
For his majesty and his chosen ones  
The inception of new life would free them of contagion  
Magnificent it was this structure of seclusion  
Surrounded by these walls so massive yet elusive  
The gates were welded shut impervious to those  
forsaken  
Never letting go of the souls that were taken  
There was beauty, there was wine  
Ambrosia and sweet nectar  
Flowing from within  
All appliances of pleasure  
Inside the Master-Plan  
Providing noble lunacy  
Outside the palace gates  
'Red Death' just sits and waits for you

Narration:

It was toward the close of the fifth or

sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence... Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849)

### III. The Masquerade including the Twelfth Hour and Return of the Red Death

Bizzare it was seven chambers  
Held this jubilee except for one  
It stood alone, the western wing  
Where no one shared it's offerings  
Blood tinted panes, brazier or fire  
Projects it's rays  
A clock stands tall, ominous  
It warns of death so soon to be  
So loud, so deep the guests pay heed  
The dissonant ring of ebony  
The crowd goes pale as darkness  
Shrouds the maskers in their revelry  
Then as the echos ceased  
A light laughter spread through the assembly  
And all is well  
Until the next chiming of old ebony

The ebony clock struck the twelfth hour  
And everyting ceased as the revellers cowered  
The pendulum swings all still, all silent  
Save the voice of old ebony  
As the last chime died and sunk into silence  
Soon it was felt a presence so strange  
Tall and gaunt who is this masked figure  
Shrouded in habiliments of the grave?  
His blood splattered mask bore a striking resemblance  
The countenance of a rigid corpse  
He stalked to and fro in a slow, solemn movement  
Enraging the Duke, invasion of his sanctuary  
'Seize him, unmask him, ' commanded the prince  
'Who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery?  
You'll hang at sunrise! '  
Not a person came forth it seemed like all was lost  
As the intruder make his way unimpeded  
An anon he went on trugged through each chamber  
Where the music once swelled and the dreams lived on  
and on  
The prince in pursuit dagger drawn aloft  
As the figure retreats to the seventh chamber  
He suddenly turns, a piercing sharp cry  
Now the Prince lay dead in the hall of the velvet...  
Then summoning the wild courage of despair,  
A throng of revellers at once threw themselves

Into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer,  
Whose tall dark figure stood erect and motionless  
Within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped  
In unutterable horror at finding the grave  
Cerements and corpse-like mask, which they  
Handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted  
By any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence  
Of the Red Death. He had come as a thief  
In the night and one by one droppd the revellers  
In the blood-bedewed halls of their revel,  
And died each in the despairing posture of his fall.  
As the life of the ebony clock went out  
With that the last of the gay.

And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness  
And Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion  
over all...

Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849)

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