

Iwrestledabearonce "The Red Death"

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The rooms are crowded the dances begin in the
euphory of the
Party, the orgy frenetically takes place but the last
room, the
Black one, is lonely.
Solitary presence: an ebony clock: the mute echo of the
pauses
After every lugubrious stroke.
The black walls eclipse the room, the band interrupts
an euphoric
Melody, wide open eyes under the mask are seeking
after a veil of
Certitude, terror and uneasiness in the hearts, the
strokes stop,
The music plays again the dances get livelier, a playful
shouting
Spreads somebody has forgotten, to someone else if's
only a faint
Memory, time goes cruelly by.
The pendulum-clock strikes midnight, the pauses are
painfully
Endless, the dances stop again, twelve long strokes
call the
Attention to a lugubrious figure tall and slender
wrapped in
A sudarium.
The mask represents the red death.
The bloodstained cloak, the broad forehead, a still
corpse's face
It's glassy stare. It slowly moves with regal bearings as
if it's
Stirred by a cold wind and passing it sows a cursed
horror.
Pestilence among the masters, pestilence among the
servants,
Pestilence among all the guests.
An on a death carpet it victoriously disappears in the
black room

