

## **Ix Opera "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, terro 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 fain  
Memory, time goes cruelly by.  
The pendulum-clock strucks 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 ona a death carpet it victoriously disappears in the  
black room

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