

Morgul

"The Horror Grandeur"

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I can think of a thousand ways to kill you
but none so cruel
as keeping you alive

Ghastly horrific grandeur
symphonic decadence
violent strings
distorted tunes on crippled wings

So you go 'round and around
to this, such a frightful overture
a carousel of insanity
and the clowns of the show are us

Spread the great plague
and death reeking with splendour

rattle your puppet limbs
to the orchestra's song

A masquerade ball
to which you have been summoned
a gathering of the demented

The clowns of the show are us
the mad conductors
of the horror grandeur
you have got the resemblance of a pig, young man
and you shall have peace
the prospect of death
and the hope of hell
the comedy is over

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