

## Notre Dame

# "A Sleighride Through Transylvanian Winterland"

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Ride, ride, ride  
Through murky spruce forests where every tree seems  
to whisper "his" name  
Goes a hazardous horse-drawn sleigh-ride, the  
coachman's fingers frozen stiff at the reins

Passing landscapes of impaled bodies, it's human  
scarecrows by birds  
Eaten bare as the cargo must be brought fore sunrise  
cannot stop before this Dracula's lair

The sleigh onward ploughing through crusty swirling  
snow being  
Watched from the edging black forest, sinister eyes in  
hundreds glow

All at once in an unanimous howling before they team  
up as to yield  
Not to kill no realization of a hell frozen over can make  
him stop until his task is fulfilled

Ride, ride, ride,  
Embraced by darkness in the form of a swarm of bats  
Must be something 'bout that coffin he's carrying, that  
stalks these predators, some devilish pact

Pre-dawn and the horses are struggling half-dead  
across a suspending bridge  
Along the winding trail torches has been lit, ill-omened  
sparkling glow marks the ridge

Make haste - there's no time to waste, the upward  
spiral leads to Castle Dracul  
In his pocket burns his wife's wedding ring still on her  
finger - now the circle is full

At arrival there's a group of gypsies, had a minor  
accident when bringing it inside  
In the coffin lies the creepy stranger, in all it's beauty  
now the sun arise

Rise, rise, rise

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