

The Bolted Door

Vulture Industries

There stands a bleak massive door
At the end of a long winding hall
A massive, dreadful, disheartening thing
Guarding terrible, dreadful things
It looms in the dim dark light
Lock upon lock, it's sealed shut, shut tight
It's been moulded through ages in dim dark rooms
To a thunderous beat of impending doom

There history is written, forgotten, ignored
And more men have died than in any war
Misdeeds of the future and sins from before
All blend in the gloom behind those locked doors

Prowling madmen, killers and kings
Stalk the shadows while judges and lawyers sing
Songs of justice and hymns to the lord
Dancing in secret to the devil's chord
Some bones must be broken and some blood ignored
Each man is due to the demons of yore
Prowling madmen, killers and kings
Grin in the shadows while judges and lawyers sing

That bolted door at the end of the hall
Will keep our secrets safe
That bolted door at the end of the hall
Will keep our secrets safe for evermore

There stands a bleak massive door
At the end of an immaculate hall
A massive, dreadful, disheartening thing
Guarding terrible, dreadful things
Its thorough design keeps pandemonium at bay
But once in a while one or two ghosts escape
Then a whisper of madness might pass chased through the night
By dogs of law with a furious bite

Written, forgotten, rewritten, ignored
Pages twisting, turning
Each man is due to the demons of yore
Creeping, crawling, calling

Misdeeds of the future and sins from before
All blend in the gloom behind those locked doors

Some bones must be broken and some blood ignored
Each man is due to the demons of yore
Prowling madmen, killers and kings
Grin in the shadows while judges and lawyers sing...

...of a higher form, to elevate us all from our gullible selves

Nothing ever happened behind those blessed doors