

The Old House

Abstract Essence

"Come near my dear child
Don't be afraid of my empty rooms
I am a wizard of imagination
From the cellar to the roof"

Step by step
To the front door
Grasp by fingers
The handle of gold
Step by step
To the main hall
Take a deep look
Prayer to the Lord

Open your mind
Let fantasy do
A new king of sight
To the lacquered wood

Evoking, punishing, feelings of what?
Smouldering, diffusing, feelings of terror

Step by step
To the second floor
Grasp by fingers
The handrail of gold
Step by step
To the bedroom's door
What is in the corner
Prayer to the Lord

The old ruined tomb
Where lives only doom
Forsaken by smile
In a wondering while
Come little young friend
To pay a high rent
Cost of his sanity
Stolen by atrocity

"Oh no I lost him"

The little young kid returned back home
The others were frightened
"What lives in the old house?
What is it's curse?"

What is hidden
In the old house
No one can say
That his truth is right
There lives just doom
And dreadful terror
May be on the roof
Or in the cellar

"Come near another brave child"

Don't be afraid of my empty rooms
I am the wizard of imagination
Who'll take your sanity soon!"

The old black house
Where lives just one mouse
Forsaken by smile
In a wondering while
Come little young friend
To pay a cheap rent
Cost of a only few nerves
Stolen by mouse upstairs