

The House

Grave Digger

I'm riding through the night, a friend has called me
I see the moonless sky, the stars shine bright
The house before me, fog hangs over
I'm standing there alone in the dark

I ring the bell
He opens the door
He looks like death
No shadow on the floor

It seems life's gone out of his body
And madness has now taken control

Pale and grey
A weird mind
His sister is dead
And I'm so blind

Deep in the house
She's lying there
This bird of happiness
With long black hair

Silent screams out of the distance
It seems the walls would talk to me
Whispering voices out of the grave
It seems the house can't set me free

Horror running through my veins
As I see my friend going insane

Pale and grey
He's standing there
Scratching and moaning,
Disturbing the air

He knows that he buried his sister alive
But as he sees her he knows that he'll die

Silent screams out of the distance
It seems the walls would talk to me
Whispering voices out of the grave
It seems the house can't set me free

And it's burning...