

The Red Death Ball

Hana Pestle

Nothing much to see,
But a sad, sad, girl
In purple polka dots
And her long black curls.
She sorts the sad remains
Of her broken baby dolls
Such delicate delight
In the red death ball.
But they don't see...

If only for a friend,
Maybe one she'd spare
After mommy by her hand,
Even daddy didn't care
She locked away the dark
And waited for the day
She could play...

There's nowhere to run
And no one can hide
Come one, come all
To the red death ball
Like pawns in play,
We all fall down
So come one come all
To the red death ball

The taste of 23,
The time had come
The invitation read:
Drink, Dance, and Fun!
The guests they filled the hall
As she succumbs to lusts for gore
Our hostess locked the door...

The screams were heard for miles
The sight no one believed
She dreamed that they would bleed
But dreams can much deceive
The scarlet river flowed
Now our villain is free
Not one survived...

There's nowhere to run
And no one can hide
Come one, come all
To the red death ball
Like pawns in play,
We all fall down
So come one come all
To the red death ball

And as she danced
They took her down
Among what was left of them... (away she went)
But they don't see....

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