

## Harker's Tale (Mass of Death)

Helstar

Harker is my name, to you people I must say  
What I've seen, think of me as mad if you may  
The Carpathian Gothic ruin is alive and well.  
From my clutch I've made my flee  
He lives, the prince of hell.  
His evil scheme has spread the plague that  
Drains you of your life.  
Transforms you into living death as he did my wife  
Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)  
One by one he'll own your soul  
Make you the undead  
Thriving in the darkness  
Believe these words I've said  
Legend has it through his heart  
You must drive a stake  
Exorcise him in his sleep  
You must before he wakes  
Destroy him before sunset  
Or more loved ones he will seize  
I dare not join you  
For his fear still lives in me  
Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)  
Thunder roared from the pounding hoofs  
The horses lead the black coach  
That brings the demon to the church  
Quick the sun now slowly sets

In silence they gathered  
Around the great box  
The creaking sound as the lid was removed  
The sign of the cross, rosaries in hand  
Placing the host upon his forehead  
Then I heard a hellish howl  
As it burned into his flesh

Rising in a vengeance  
The priest was first to go  
Slashing and biting engulfing at his throat  
The holy water useless as well the crucifix  
They all prayed for salvation  
But his words were blasphemous  
A sea of broken bodies marks the spot  
Where he has been  
The bloodless cadavers  
Here sucked dry of their sins