

Mad House of Cain

Jacobs Dream

It's a landscape of terror
Of evil's dark hue
Beset by the glow
Of an ominous moon
From the forest of nightmares
To the garden of death
The stench of the flesh
And the blood takes your breath
Trees stand like towers
With corpses adorned
There's scores of black roses
With venomous thorns
It's a playground for murder
The damned and insane
And deep in it's heart
Sets the mad house of Cain
Cain is evil incarnate
He hungers for blood
His hate for the living
Created a flood
From the wine press that sets
On the alter of grim
Come the vats of red liquid
All filled to the brim
Where killers among mortals
Bow down to his feet
To bring him their offerings
Of fresh butchered meat
It's a haven for murder
The damned and insane
A temple of slaughter
The mad house of Cain