

Coming Home

King Diamond

"Grandma'?"

"I knew it was You at the door,
I saw You from the window.
Now come inside My dear.
It's good to see You again,
despite what You did to MY throat.
"THEY" are waiting upstairs.
Come. Missy is there too.
She's sitting on Grandpa's lap.
I bet You're dying for a cup of tea."

To whom it may concern.

I am scared to death.
9 years ago they finally let me out,
and I was just beginning to feel better.
I am not Myself any longer.
I guess You could not even recognize My face
if You saw Me now.
That phone call 2 hours ago has torn Me apart. It was Grandma.
She invited Me back to the old house.
I do not want to go back, but I must.
Maybe You will understand My fear
if I tell You
what happened during My childhood.

18 years ago I was living with My mother
and My sister Missy in Grandma's old house.
I had been told that Grandma was away
on a long vacation, and that she would soon return.
She did.

I have later found out
that she was actually being released
from that same asylum.
"She's insane", they said,
when she kept on babbling about "THEM".
I still cannot make up My mind
about who really did separate Grandpa's head from his shoulders.
You see, "THEY" were always so nice to Me.

Anyway, time is short
and I must leave for the old house.
So here is what happened 18 years ago.
And in case we never see each other again,
at least You will know why.

I bet we are going to have tea.