

Emerencia

King Diamond

The shadows are thick and Old
I'm searching the dark for my love
Behind the Theater of Puppet Shows
I find the stairs to the Cellar below

Hiding where the shadows rule
A door opens below
The Moon is high above
300 pounds of flesh, that woman I know

Oh it's the Puppet Master's wife
She pulls a cart behind her
"Oh Emerencia", where are you going with that knife?

Time to kill, it's time for her nightly thrill
"Oh Emerencia", where are you going with that knife?

Deep in the night through the narrowest streets
I follow her every step
She is searching for innocent victims
"Oh Emerencia"
In an alley a homeless is sleeping
Approaching without a sound...and then...oh no

"How strange it is.. to see.. a life that slips away
How strange it is.. in Darkness Blood is Black not Red"

The knife is still deep in his chest
Gotta keep the Blood in its nest
She wraps him in the sack she brought
She better leave before she gets caught

Through the streets dark and Old
Through the streets, no one must know
Only the Moon and I
And none of us will ever tell
She pulls the body off the cart
Back at the Theater, down into the dark
"Oh Emerencia", I wonder why you left the door ajar

Deep in the night through the narrowest hallways
I follow her every step
There's a light from a doorway ahead of us
Where did she go, where did she go...? Oh no
What I see is a Horror Show...then the blow...