

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...