

# The Lake

King Diamond

Any Sunday morning, well just before dawn  
A little girl is dancing, on the mansion lawn

She calls out a name, "Dagon" of the sea  
Appear from the darkest deep  
And hear my need...

Down by the lake, there's the shadow of grief  
Dancing hand in hand with the Devil

Watching from the bridge, the one near by the lake  
Why Sister Margaret? No need the hate

Yes, we all know, that you're serving the cross  
But this time my dear  
Well you're lost

Down by the lake, there's the shadow of grief  
Dancing hand in hand with the Devil

Solo

And the nun has been seen  
I want your cross  
Now come and play  
Sister Margaret

Follow pride, the nun won't give in  
She goes down the lawn  
Scared as Hell, the little girl is screaming  
While Sister Margaret disappears in the lake

Down by the lake, there's the shadow of happiness  
Dancing hand in hand with the Devil