

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