

The Puppet Master

King Diamond

Night time in Budapest
So many people are waiting in line
Darkness without a glow
What a night to be watching a Christmas show

What a magical mystery feeling
Dancing at the end of their silvery strings
Almost human in size
Like children with plague in their flesh
These Puppets are oh so grotesque

Night time in Budapest
The Puppet Theater is so dark inside
Gas lamps light the stage
We're watching as the curtain begins to rise

What a magical mystery feeling
Dancing at the end of their silvery strings
Almost human in size
Like children with plague in their flesh
These Puppets are so grotesque

Sssssshhhh...here come the Puppets
There is 1..2...I see 3 Puppets waiting in the wing
Then they start to walk, in line
And suddenly they're all on the stage
I see the Puppet Master high above on the walkway
He pulls one string and up goes a leg.. Down goes a head
He pulls one more and he lets them all go!

No strings, none of them fall, no strings at all...

I take a look at the Little Drummer Boy, up on the stage.. Oh no
I think he looked at me.. ME, is he alive?
I get a little scared...as he starts to play his drum
On the skin of his hand, I see a little cut...BLOOD

Night time in Budapest
So many things here are not what they seem
But we love them all
What a night to remember forevermore

What a magical mystery feeling
Dancing at the end of their silvery strings
Almost human in size
Like children with plague in their flesh
These Puppets are so grotesque

The show has come to an end
The Master himself is on the STAGE
With his CHILDREN, the curtain must fall
And then the Puppets they are...Gone