

# 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