

# The Ritual

King Diamond

As I look into the eyes of Victoria  
Enter the Puppet Master and his wife  
I can't speak...I'm in shock...

Human skulls, ancient books  
A strange symbol on the wall, black candles burning low

In the gloomy light, I see an altar in white  
Oh, what is it for? It must be a Ritual

In glass jars, up on shelves  
I see liquid dark as Hell, there's one for every Puppet

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I'm feeling strange inside  
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In panic, I kick the shelf.. with all the jars  
One of them falls from high above.. to the floor  
RED!! Oh so Red...it's BLOOD  
"How dare you disturb my work"?

Demon skull, red as Blood  
It's in the symbol on the wall, there's something deadly wrong

I feel a sting in my eyes, as they're given eternal life  
All because of the Blood on the floor, interrupted Ritual

I hear the Master's voice, magic words from ancient times  
I'm feeling strange inside  
Oh...as if something has taken my mind  
He lures away my soul, from its shelter and into the cold  
To him my soul is gold  
Trading souls with this Demon is something he knows  
As well as Hell  
Magic life.. is his return  
Pain.. in my skin, SIN...  
I feel some kind of Magic...inside