

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

I hear the Master's voice, magic words from ancient times
I'm feeling strange inside
Oh...as if something has taken my mind

I hear the Master's voice, magic words from ancient times
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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