

# Masque of the Red Death

Manilla Road

Outside these walls  
Dances The Plague  
All victims fall  
Within it's wake

Oh, Prince Prospero  
All of your dreams  
Fade with your last  
Dying breath

Locked in your palace  
Safe as it seems  
But not from The Masque  
Of Red Death

Masquerade Ball  
Morbid the night  
The Reaper calls  
Grandfather chimes

The uninvited guest  
Who mocks the masquerade  
In guise of wretched death  
A masque of red decay

He passes through the archways  
Of all the palace rooms  
The seventh dark and deadly  
Where The Clock strikes midnight's  
doom

Casting his blade  
The Prince attacks  
Death show it's face  
Behind The Masque