

Mystification

Manilla Road

Through the winds of time
A poet found The Key
To The Elder Rhyme
Some call the song mystic

With tales of gore
And terror in the night
His words, no more,
Have kept me mystified

An art revealed to no one
Some say insanity
A lesson from The Baron
Master of mystery
I'm mystified

Shadows of his thoughts
Bring horror to the mind
Legions of the lost
Brought forth by his design

Morbid tales unfold
That leave thee terrified
Poetry of old
To keep thee mystified

Macabre words of fear
Created in the night
Death always so near
Manifesting fright

In his work I've seen
A strange and mystic light
His life-long dream
Was to mystify

Decadence and suffering
Devils in the bellfry
Art of Black Arts
Summoned by his rhyme

Dark and evil madness
Induced by his passion
For mystification
Of the mind, mystify