

I travelled through the eyes of the Necroscope  
Into the realm where marble tombs lay open  
Where Death and Decay hold their thrones  
And sorrow chants her funeral song  
A weird sweet music fills the air  
As shadow forms gather in circles  
And it is nighttime, so cold, so dark  
When spirits start their dance macabre  
Ghostly dancers whirling around  
Their lips move in silence  
And there is death in their eyes  
A young couple waltzes among the gravestones  
(holding goblets of silver in their hands)  
Together they drink as the music plays on  
Together they die poisoned by their own hands  
Beside a grey mausoleum  
Two duellists fence with etherial blades  
And as the sword pierces the heart  
A misty veil enshrouds them both  
A man whose faithless wife betrayed his love  
Slays the unwary lovers onto their bed of lust  
As a poet of unsound mind ends his damned being  
Giving his life for the glory of the black art  
Centuries of spectral agony and pain  
Performed like a drama before my eyes  
In the first light of day the spirits disappear  
In a haze of ghostly mist shimmer away  
Until the next time they replay their deaths