

# House on Rue Royale

Omen

Madame LaLaurie  
Socialite and aristocracy  
Secret debauchery  
In the attic under lock and key...  
Under lock and key

Oh, Dr.LaLaurie  
What did you teach her to be?  
Surgical butchery  
Insane her crimes on humanity... her butchery

Chained to the cooking stove  
Imprisoned there years in a row  
Deliberately set the house aflame  
Desperate her freedom to gain  
They came dousing the fire  
And rescue all trapped there in dire  
Better down the doors that hide  
The honor to be found inside  
The decay of those who died  
Lay before their eyes

Who could do such ghastly deeds?  
What reason could trigger the need?  
To maim and cut and cleave from sin  
Upstairs the doors locked from within  
Victims of scullduggery  
Experimental surgery  
None there could believe their eyes  
The horror of such tragic size

One with dislocated limbs  
Rest to heal improperly  
Then stuffed inside a box to heal  
The agony that slave did feel  
Another one hung upside down  
Til buckets of his blood drained out  
Still one strapped to a tabletop  
And left to rot  
There at the spot  
Death overcomes  
Pain felt is merciful numb

The gathering crowd  
Evidence found  
Known to none  
Heinous the crime  
Evil is done

...And legend tells of their scurried flight  
Down French Quarter streets of New Orleans  
Through dark of the night  
Their horses did speed  
Past the mob of pursuants standing readily  
To lynch perpetrators of this grizzly deed  
Lest they vanish from ne're again to be seen

A devil-handed tale  
Of the House on Rue Royale  
And the spirits there still dwell  
In the House on Rue Royale