

Bela Lugosi's Dead

Opera IX

White on white
translucent black capes
back on the rack.
Bela Lugosi's dead.
The bats have left the bell tower,
the victims have been bled,
red velvet lines the black box.

Bela Lugosi's dead.
Undead Undead Undead.

The virginal brides
file past his tomb,
strewn with time's dead flowers,
bereft in deathly bloom,
alone in a darkened room
the count.

Bela Lugosi's dead.
Undead Undead Undead.

Oh Bela, Bela's undead.