

# The Red Death

## Opera IX

The rooms are crowded the dances begin in the euphory of the Party, the orgy frenetically takes place but the last room, the Black one, is lonely.

Solitary presence... an ebony clock... the mute echo of the pauses

After every lugubrious stroke.

The black walls eclipse the room, the band interrupts an euphoric

Melody, wide open eyes under the mask are seeking after a veil of

Certitude, terror and uneasiness in the hearts, the strokes stop

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The music plays again the dances get livelier, a playful shouting

Spreads somebody has forgotten, to someone else if's only a faint

Memory, time goes cruelly by.

The pendulum-clock strikes midnight, the pauses are painfully

Endless, the dances stop again, twelve long strokes call the

Attention to a lugubrious figure tall and slender wrapped in

A sudarium.

The mask represents the red death.

The bloodstained cloak, the broad forehead, a still corpse's face

Its glassy stare. It slowly moves with regal bearings as if it's

Stirred by a cold wind and passing it sows a cursed horror.

Pestilence among the masters, pestilence among the servants,

Pestilence among all the guests.

And on a death carpet it victoriously disappears in the black room.