

Dark, strange Transylvania
Mysterious land
Where the Death's close at hand
The journey has come to an end
The coach arrives at the castle
He gets out and stares
Up the tumble-down stairs
The walls are veiled in gloomy air

He's standing at the gate
Beyond someone's appearing
Whispering: "I have been waiting
Enter of your own accord
Eat and drink, tell me
Something 'bout your land
I'm interested in England
Show me the plans you have brought"

"Now, it's time to retire
I think that you need
A rest that is deep!"
But Jonathan can't fall asleep
Fog ascends from the valley
There is no doubt
The wolves roam about, with flames
In their eyes they swarm out

Nightmares strangle his neck
Make his heart scared
He's turning about while
A voice blares: "Don't think
That you are still free!"
No key to open the door
There is no key to leave this
Damned castle at once, he knows
That there's no chance to flee

Jonathan's diary, Jonathan's diary

Now a new day is dawning
The sky is aglow, my diary knows
The things that have happened ago
Watch out for his shadow
His fingers of ice
The greed in his eyes
He is the bat in disguise

Warning, with the help of the
Gipsy he's leaving, the coffins
Are gone, he's intending
To get to a new hunting-ground
London, watch out
His hunger's abandoned
There is no use if you run and
Hide yourself you will be found