

# Masque of the Red Death

Stormwitch

The gates are closed, the bolts are welded  
they've left the red death far behind  
in the abbey's deep seclusion  
there's just beauty, there is wine

The external world is dying  
death is raging in the shade  
no time to think about the terror  
let's celebrate the masquerade

But who's that stranger in the dark?  
his vesture is dabbled in blood  
his masque shows scarlet signs of pest  
masque of the red death

The fete is held in seven clammers  
triponds spread a gleaming light  
glare and glitter, madman fashions  
feverish dreams in the dead of night

The mighty clock strikes twelve, it's midnight  
and the echoes fade away  
the crowd becomes aware of a figure  
dressed in cerements of the grave

but who's that...

Try to catch him, try to gasp him  
try to seize and to unmask him  
prince Prospero foams with rage  
But he cries out  
and his death-shout  
took possession of the whole crowd  
'cause the red death entered their cage

Darkness and decay, and the red death  
holds dominion over all