

# The House of Usher

Stormwitch

The House of Usher is a dark and evil place  
A curse lies on the Usher race

My friend he called me in despair  
In the autumn of this year  
And a feeling I could not declare  
Sneaked up to me was it fear  
For this reason I searched for their place  
The park looked dark and dead  
But the door it opened and I saw his face  
And I had never seen someone like that

The house of usher...

What is wrong I asked him frightened  
He answered tortured slow  
Since three years something holds me tighten  
To this place and never let me go  
The house of usher...

My friend was mad you likely think  
But for sure it wasn't so  
Since two years his sister's on the brink  
Of her grave and she must go  
My friend's condition was getting worse  
When we found her dead in her room  
What we didn't know we fulfilled the curse  
When we put her living in the thumb

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