

Macabria

Theatres Des Vampires

In the night... when the stars sing litany of
horror I raise the chalice... full of blood to the
dark moon that announces the death In the dismal
smiles... by the rotten mouth, painted eyes like a
black pitch A shout rises from beyond... from
beyond "the death is near... the death has
arrived"

The singer with its tormented voice sings hymns of
pain... pain... The mad painter and its brush
paints walls and windows black

Flowers fade... as she'd pass... when the bells
over the ancient church ring midnight... Strange
figures rise from the fog... Like a funeral
party... the children plays with old buried
skulls... The clown that never smiles kisses the
woman with two heads