

Prince Of Darkness

Warfare

The journal of Harker in Carpathians so cold
The village gave me warning signs
It feels so strange just give me a hand to hold
The blood... The wine... My corpse and mysteries they unfold
Vlad... Dracula... The moon is full
And the dark prince takes the roll

Prince of darkness

In 1922 the Count was born, so venture into celluloid
The night screams out... Vampire!
The gothic atmosphere is sleeping through my screen
The Count Nosferatu is rising from the grave
Van Helsing's crucifix in hope of lives to save

As the light slowly disperses,
the Count's lair must be found.
One must drive a wooden stake through the undead's heart
Alas the light is fading fast!