

Casque Of Amontillado

Blitzkid

Chapter one: I strode intent into a setting sun,
Down to the gala where they follow floating friends to
the fun.

I saw her standing on the landing, lithely lighting a
smoke.

She wore a red dress, she wore a red dress.

Her loosened lace, it cast an equal spell of red on my
face.

So recent and indecent infidelity and disgrace,
Like a bull with a pool of swords stuck in the back.
I'll take her down there, I'll take her down to-

The casque, to the casque, to the casque,
To the casque of amontillado.

Chapter two: I feigned a smile and purred a, "How do
you do?"

Her sottish eyes held surprise, my wolves were low on
the move.

So sorry, baby, for the wasted way you hold yourself.
Let's put it past us, and let me offer-

The casque, the casque, the casque,
The casque of amontillado.

Three: she stumbled and she mumbled, humbled by the
drink in her shell.

I led her lagging, dragging legs into a fresh mortar
cell.

She took a sip and then a trip and then extended a
hand.

I sealed her in there, I sealed her in there.

In conclusion, no illusion were the walls to her grave.
Inside this cave she'll lay and crave and realize now
she's a slave

To all the silence and her screaming and the rats and
the dew.

Here's to you, babe; here's to you-

And the casque, the casque, the casque,
The casque of amontillado.

The casque, the casque,
The casque of amontillado.