

Mask of Red Death

Enforcer

The bells chant out at midnight to invite the guest of doom
Inaugurates the dark between the walls of the seventh room

The outside was kept unbidden to escape their sickened breath
Now in the ballroom of prosperous stands the plague behind the
mask of death

The unknown guest moves westward
Through each and every room
Its disguise pictures a victim
Of its own rampaging gloom

The hall is saturated
With ominous ambience
The masquerade turns silent
In the presence of the face of Death

The gates now are sealed
To escape their sickened breath
Finally you will stand
To face the mask of red death