"Wake up Abigail", midday, Henry was at her door
The Count would not rise 'til the afternoon and lunch was for t
wo
So they talked about Miriam and then Abigail said:
"What about Little One?"
Henry froze: "Oh, you mean our ghost?"

"Downstairs on the lowest floor That's where you will find THE DOOR Beyond which there ware slippery stairs Leading down to the crypt

And Little One sleeps there during the day
But at night she'll rise, searching for her Mom
Don't you ever go there at night, it's a sinister place
There's so much pain, so much death, so much nothingness"

When night time came on the second day and dinner it was done Jonathan's headache it was gone "Miriam please take my hand", then his mood really changed "Time is right to produce an heir"

Playing along with his eerie game she followed him up the stair \boldsymbol{s}

Up to a room where love they would share
To a room that smelled as if Miriam was still in there

Jonathan was a hideous sight
So Abigail she hilled the candlelight
What was to come, should have never been done
She was blocking her mind from his awful thing
In her mind his moaning became
Nothing but falling on slippery stairs
Falling and crying, crawling and dying
At the end of the stairs

Her eyes turned black in disgust Hating him more with every thrust And then it was over before it begun He was done... oh what a man

The only time he would call her MINE