The Ritual

King Diamond

As I look into the eyes of Victoria Enter the Puppet Master and his wife I can't speak...I'm in shock...

Human skulls, ancient books A strange symbol on the wall, black candles burning low

In the gloomy light, I see an altar in white Oh, what is it for? It must be a Ritual

In glass jars, up on shelves I see liquid dark as Hell, there's one for every Puppet

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I hear the Master's voice, magic words from ancient times I'm feeling strange inside Oh...as if something has taken my mind In panic, I kick the shelf.. with all the jars One of them falls from high above.. to the floor RED!! Oh so Red...it's BLOOD "How dare you disturb my work"?

Demon skull, red as Blood It's in the symbol on the wall, there's something deadly wrong

I feel a sting in my eyes, as they're given eternal life All because of the Blood on the floor, interrupted Ritual

I hear the Master's voice, magic words from ancient times I'm feeling strange inside Oh...as if something has taken my mind He lures away my soul, from its shelter and into the cold To him my soul is gold Trading souls with this Demon is something he knows As well as Hell Magic life.. is his return Pain.. in my skin, SIN... I feel some kind of Magic...inside