

House on Rue Royale

Omen

Madame LaLaurie
Socialite and aristocracy
Secret debauchery
In the attic under lock and key...
Under lock and key

Oh, Dr.LaLaurie
What did you teach her to be?
Surgical butchery
Insane her crimes on humanity... her butchery

Chained to the cooking stove
Imprisoned there years in a row
Deliberately set the house aflame
Desperate her freedom to gain
They came dousing the fire
And rescue all trapped there in dire
Better down the doors that hide
The honor to be found inside
The decay of those who died
Lay before their eyes

Who could do such ghastly deeds?
What reason could trigger the need?
To maim and cut and cleave from sin
Upstairs the doors locked from within
Victims of scullduggery
Experimental surgery
None there could believe their eyes
The horror of such tragic size

One with dislocated limbs
Rest to heal improperly
Then stuffed inside a box to heal
The agony that slave did feel
Another one hung upside down
Til buckets of his blood drained out
Still one strapped to a tabletop
And left to rot
There at the spot
Death overcomes
Pain felt is merciful numb

The gathering crowd
Evidence found
Known to none
Heinous the crime
Evil is done

...And legend tells of their scurried flight
Down French Quarter streets of New Orleans
Through dark of the night
Their horses did speed
Past the mob of pursuants standing readily
To lynch perpetrators of this grizzly deed
Lest they vanish from ne're again to be seen

A devil-handed tale
Of the House on Rue Royale
And the spirits there still dwell
In the House on Rue Royale