

## Dance of the Vampires

Pagan Altar

Lengthening shadows, mark the end of another day  
And then enters into a twilight world,  
where the Vampire hold sway  
Dusk falls like a curtain, to welcome in the night  
And the rising moon beckons them again  
To join in the dance of death

Awakening figures, in answer to the call  
Resplendent in all their finery,  
as they file into the hall  
The mirror holds no reflection,  
of this entourage of dead  
And the dust lays undisturbed, on the floor  
To bear no witness to the dance of death

Crinoline dresses and brocade coats of gold  
Minuet in the candle light, as the grandeur unfolds  
Down through many centuries,  
they've learned their steps so well  
To move and sway so gracefully,  
to the orchestra from hell  
To the strains of the dance of death

To feed upon the living,  
is their object and desire  
And they care not  
for the material things of life  
The dance is just a prelude,  
a matinee before the morn  
As they scatter to the four winds,  
to return before the dawn

They don't see the cobweb portals,  
where time has passed them by  
Or the rat-infested catacombs,  
of the vaults where they lie  
The dance is just a prelude,  
a matinee before the morn  
As they scatter to the four winds,  
to return before the dawn