Masque of the Red Death

Stormwitch

The gates are closed, the bolts are welded
they've left the red death far behind
in the abbey's deep seclusion
there's just beauty, there is wine

The external world is dying
death is raging in the shade
no time to think about the terror
let's celebrate the masquerade

But who's that stranger in the dark?
his vesture is dabbled in blood
his masque shows scarlet signs of pest
masque of the red death

The fete is held in seven clambers
triponds spread a gleaming light
glare and glitter, madman fashions
feverish dreams in the dead of night

The mighty clock strikes twelve, it's midnight
and the echoes fade away
the crowd becomes aware of a figure
dressed in cerements of the grave

but who's that...

Try to catch him, try to gasp him
try to seize and to unmask him
prince Prospero foams with rage
But he cries out
and his death-shout
took possession of the whole crowd
'cause the red death entered their cage

Darkness and decay, and the red death
holds dominion over all

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