

Jonathans Diary

Stormwitch

Dark, strange Transylvania
Mysterious land
Where the Death's close at hand
The journey has come to an end
The coach arrives at the castle
 He gets out and stares
 Up the tumble-down stairs
The walls are veiled in gloomy air
He's standing at the gate
 Beyond someone's appearing
 Whispering: "I have been waiting
 Enter of your own accord
 Eat and drink, tell me
 Something 'bout your land
 I'm interested in England
Show me the plans you have brought""Now, it's time to retire
 I think that you need
 A rest that is deep!"
But Jonathan can't fall asleep
Fog ascends from the valley
 There is no doubt
The wolves roam about, with flames
In their eyes they swarm out
Nightmares strangle his neck
 Make his heart scared
 He's turning about while
 A voice blares: "Don't think
 That you are still free!"
 No key to open the door
 There is no key to leave this
 Damned castle at once, he knows
That there's no chance to flee
Jonathan's diary, Jonathan's diary
Now a new day is dawning
 The sky is aglow, my diary knows
 The things that have happened ago
 Watch out for his shadow
 His fingers of ice
 The greed in his eyes
He is the bat in disguise
Warning, with the help of the
 Gipsy he's leaving, the coffins
 Are gone, he's intending
 To get to a new hunting-ground

London, watch out
His hunger's abandoned
There is no use if you run and
Hide yourself you will be found

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