

The Cask of Amontillado

The Alan Parsons Project

By the last breath of the four winds that blow
I'll have revenge upon Fortunato
Smile in his face I'll say, "Come let us go"
I've a cask of amontillado Sheltered inside from the cold of the snow
Follow me now to the vault down below
Drinking the wine as we laugh at the time
Which is passing incredibly slow (What are these chains that are binding my arm?)
Part of you dies each passing day
(Say it's a game and I'll come to no harm)
You'll feel your life slipping away You who are rich and whose troubles are few
May come around to see my point of view
What price the crown of a king on his throne
When you're chained in the dark all alone

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