

Masque of the Red Death

Manilla Road

Outside these walls
Dances The Plague
All victims fall
Within it's wake Oh, Prince Prospero
All of your dreams
Fade with your last
Dying breath Locked in your palace
Safe as it seems
But not from The Masque
Of Red Death Masquerade Ball
Morbid the night
The Reaper calls
Grandfather chimes The uninvited guest
Who mocks the masquerade
In guise of wretched death
A masque of red decay He passes through the archways
Of all the palace rooms
The seventh dark and deadly
Where The Clock strikes midnight's
doom Casting his blade
The Prince attacks
Death show it's face
Behind The Masque

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