

# The Cask Of Amontillado

## The Alan Parsons Project

By the last breath of the four winds that blow  
I'll have revenge upon fortunate  
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  
(Spare me my life only name your reward)  
Part of you dies each brick I lay  
(Bring back some light in the name of the Lord)  
You'll feel your mind slipping away

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