

# Emerencia

## King Diamond

The shadows are thick and old  
I'm searching the dark for my love  
Behind the theater of puppet shows  
I find the stairs to the cellar below  
Hiding where the shadows rule  
A door opens below  
The moon is high above  
300 pounds of flesh, that woman I know  
Oh, it's the puppet master's wife  
She pulls a cart behind her  
Oh Emerencia, where are you going with that knife?  
Time to kill, it's time for her nightly thrill  
Oh Emerencia, where are you going with that knife?  
Deep in the night through the narrowest streets  
I follow her every step  
She is searching for innocent victims  
Oh Emerencia, in an alley a homeless is sleeping  
Approaching without a sound, and then, oh no  
How strange it is, to see, a life that slips away  
How strange it is, in darkness blood is black not red  
The knife is still deep in his chest  
Gotta keep the blood in its nest  
She wraps him in the sack she brought  
She better leave before she gets caught  
Through the streets dark and old  
Through the streets, no one must know  
Only the moon and I  
And none of us will ever tell  
She pulls the body off the cart  
Back at the theater, down into the dark  
Oh Emerencia, I wonder why you left the door ajar  
Deep in the night through the narrowest hallways  
I follow her every step  
There's a light from a doorway ahead of us  
Where did she go, where did she go? No  
What I see is a horror show, then the blow

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