

# The Red Death

## Thrice

Entertain the hope that somehow you'll escape me  
Weld the bolts and close the iron gates  
Drink deeply, the illusion of your safety  
My, how wishful thoughts inebriate  
Masquerade and revel in your opulence  
Writhe unfettered by your stabs at ignorance  
Swim through hues and whispered tones of heresy  
Dozen strokes to run your blood cold enough to believe  
Remember me?  
You look so surprised to see me here  
With hell's black wings did I o'er perch these walls  
For stony limits cannot hold me out  
And now, you all die

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