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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