Spiritdance

Necromantia

I travelled through the eyes of the Necroscope
Into the realm where marble tombs lay open
Where Death and Decay hold their thrones
And sorrow chants her funeral song
A weird sweet music fills the air
As shadow forms gather in circles
And it is nighttime, so cold, so dark
When spirits start their dance macabre
Ghostly dancers whirling around
Their lips move in silence
And there is death in their eyes
A young couple waltzes among the gravestones
(holding goblets of silver in their hands)
Together they drink as the music plays on
Together they die poisoned by their own hands
Beside a grey mausoleum
Two duellists fence with etherial blades
And as the sword pierces the heart
A misty veil enshrouds them both
A man whose faithless wife betrayed his love
Slays the unwary lovers onto their bed of lust
As a poet of unsound mind ends his damned being
Giving his life for the glory of the black art
Centuries of spectral agony and pain
Performed like a drama before my eyes
In the first light of day the spirits disappear
In a haze of ghostly mist shimmer away
Until the next time they replay their deaths

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