

Harker's Tale (Mass of Death)

Helstar

Harker is my name, to you people I must say
What I've seen, think of me as mad if you may
The Carpathian Gothic ruin is alive and well.
From my clutch I've made my flee
He lives, the prince of hell.
His evil scheme has spread the plague that
Drains you of your life.
Transforms you into living death as he did my wife
Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)
One by one he'll own your soul
Make you the undead
Thriving in the darkness
Believe these words I've said
Legend has it through his heart
You must drive a stake
Exorcise him in his sleep
You must before he wakes
Destroy him before sunset
Or more loved ones he will seize
I dare not join you
For his fear still lives in me
Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)
Thunder roared from the pounding hoofs
The horses lead the black coach
That brings the demon to the church
Quick the sun now slowly sets

In silence they gathered
Around the great box
The creaking sound as the lid was removed
The sign of the cross, rosaries in hand
Placing the host upon his forehead
Then I heard a hellish howl
As it burned into his flesh

Rising in a vengeance
The priest was first to go
Slashing and biting engulfing at his throat
The holy water useless as well the crucifix
They all prayed for salvation
But his words were blasphemous
A sea of broken bodies marks the spot
Where he has been
The bloodless cadavers
Here sucked dry of their sins