

There was a night  
Death grinned with delight  
At the ghoulish deed of a fool  
To an old grave  
Where his father is lain  
He sought a fortune untold  
Fear turns to fright  
A cold hellish sight  
A sardonic smile ear to ear  
Featured paralyzed a grimacing skull  
His face is now grotesque  
Scared from the sight of the decaying corpse  
Once his father, profaned

All the mirrors have been removed  
Empty frames hang around the room  
No reflections to behold  
A twisted mind, a restless soul  
He learned to leave the dead alone

To search for a cure  
The methods unsure  
With blood sucking leaches he tested  
On young peasant girls from the village below  
He could not get results requested  
A doctor was summoned  
From beyond the valley  
A master with needles and toxins  
Upon his arrival he was to be greeted  
With chains, shackles and irons  
Demanding a potion to cure the affliction  
The doctor was forced to comply

All the mirrors have been removed  
Empty frames hang around the room  
No reflections to behold  
A twisted mind, a restless soul  
He learned to leave the dead alone

Months of trial and error  
Finally showed success  
The mocking sardonic grin  
Gone and won't be missed  
Now with the doctor's task complete  
His captor sets him free  
Unwary of a side effect  
No one could foresee  
Jaws locked tight  
Can't eat or drink  
No more can he see  
Left alone to his own  
Self-inflicted doom.