

The Creator's Biggest Pride

Illnath

The sun sets at last, sliding slowly and silently down
'Low the horizon in the west, where a small house lies.

The puppet-
man is ending his workday, as the starlight peak through the clouds
He's worked all day and says goodnight to his dolls before he close the door

He lives alone in this house, and it's his home and a way of living
Though he thought he knew all the secrets of his house, there's more.

'Cause tonight. the puppets are roaming the room
In spite. of being creatures of iron and wood
They live as well as you and I
Though driven by other forces inside
And tonight the creator's biggest pride
Will make his way through the door and charge to take the puppet-man's life

Now the doll runs through the living-room
And he's hiding in the dimly faded gloom
Now he's approaching the bed
And won't leave until the body is dead

But the creator awakes before the doll can fulfill the task
And he's paralyzed in amazement as he sees his hand-made mask
Of the horrifying devil he made
Once so many years ago
And he cannot even scream as the knife
Rips through his throat

He'll never again be put back on that shelf
"Kill the flesh! Kill the flesh!" screaming to himself
The doll is standing above the puppet-maker's corpse
The devil-mask covered in blood and gore
Silently standing, looking down
With the dripping knife still in his hand

Now he turns and he sees the door
He's tasted blood and is thirsty for more
The rain is cleansing his mask as he runs through the night alone
He's shaking in tension as he's heading for the town.

(Solo)

'Cause tonight. the puppets are killing in town
And the villagers are lying in bloodstained nighting-gowns
And now as they all have become alive
They are immortal and cannot die
And tonight the creator's biggest pride
Will run into the world and try to take mortal men's life

He's hunting at night. Watch out for open windows
He's hunting at night. Perhaps you should stay inside?
He's hunting at night

The creator's biggest pride - Comments

A most funny song to work on. It turned out quite infant and childish, with

the sheer wickedness and evil which are found in classical King, Fullci and Argento movies and with a pinch of Tales from the Crypt. I don't really have a clue why the lyric turns out like it did, but I have a sneaking feeling that the song made me do it. It's just perfect how the doll sneaks through the living-room and hides in the dimly faded gloom.

- Narrenschiff