It's a landscape of terror Of evil's dark hue Beset by the glow Of an ominous moon From the forest of nightmares To the garden of death The stench of the flesh And the blood takes your breath Trees stand like towers With corpses adorned There's scores of black roses With venemous thorns It's a playground for murder The damned and insane And deep in it's heart Sets the mad house of Cain Cain is evil incarnate He hungers for blood His hate for the living Created a flood From the wine press that sets On the alter of grim Come the vats of red liquid All filled to the brim Where killers among mortals Bow down to his feet To bring him their offerings Of fresh butchered meat It's a haven for murder The damned and insane A temple of slaughter The mad house of Cain