

The Twilight Masquerade

Ten

So the revolution calls
To force the hand of fate
With its baying hounds of death
It gathers at the gates
The eleventh hour and every
Century the same
As a trick of time condemns
The dead to rise again

Slowly shapes appear to rise
through mist across the floor
Stepping from the walls they come
to fill the ancient hall
Is it just a dream?
Am I imagining it all?
Drifting on this symphony
the centuries recall

The twilight masquerade
Through icy breath
Immersed in fine brocades
This dance of death
Condemns its cast to die
While palisades
Summon revolution to climb
The barricades

Tormented souls, enchained
Expressionless in trance
Once graces the courts and
Baroque theatres of France
But a twist of hate controls their
Fate, and not by chance
Condemned in death
To execution of the dance

It's such a fine parade
Sublime, grotesque
These spirits
Can't evade the minuet
Their souls are trapped in time
While palisades
Summon revolution to climb
The barricades

The twilight masquerade
Through icy breath
Immersed in fine brocades
This dance of death
Condemns its cast to die
Defiled, betrayed
Centuries of torture rewind
Again

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Lorgnettes of tattered lace
Hide faces from the grave
With emotive, frozen eyes
Forgotten and betrayed
Supernatural contradance
This spectre of decay
Such a legacy of death
No tide could wash away

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