

Jacobs Dream, Mad House Of Cain

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 venomous 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 murder 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 cats 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