

Crimson Glory, Queen Of The Masquerade

Woman - madame of mystery
Heavens anger, devils daughter
Lady - black widow strange and cruel
Is it true?

Do you still need hearts to bleed
To be satisfied?
Gathering prey, deadly webs
Hang in dark disguise
Showing no mercy, insatiable appetite
Down, down to your knees
Bow before her majesty

Hail - to the queen of the masquerade
Deep in your heart she feeds
Hail - to the queen of the masquerade
Bow to her majesty

Look out

Slowly, crawling feeding on your heart
So many kings with broken dreams,
The tyrants rule, the dragon pleads
Tell you man she'll tear you all apart
In chambers of the wicked queen
The silence falls, the feast begins

Moon-shining eyes, clinging cobwebs
Above her bed
Spider smooth legs across faces
On silken web
Feeling the sting of her venomous
Clinching bite
Down, down to your knees
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Her majesty queen

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Hard in your heart that bleeds
Hail...