

# Helstar, Harker's Tale

Harker's my name to you people I must say  
What I've seen, think of me as mad if you may  
The Carpathian Gothic ruin is alive and well.  
From its clutch I've made my flee  
He lives, the prince of hell

His evil scheme has spread the plague that  
Drains you of your life.  
Transforms you into living death as he did my wife

Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)

One by one he'll own your souls  
Make you the undead  
Thriving in the darkness  
Believe this words I've said

Legend has it through his heart  
You must drive a stake  
Exorcise him in his sleep  
You must before he wakes

Destroy him before sunset  
Or more loved ones will he seize  
I dare not join you  
For his fear still lives in me

Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)

Thunder roared from the pounding hoofs  
The horses lead the black coach  
That brings the demon to the church  
Quick the sun now slowly sets

Larry solo

In silence they gathered  
Around the great box  
The creaking sound as the lid was removed  
The sign of the cross, rosaries in hand  
Placing the host upon his forehead  
Then I heard a hellish howl  
As it burned into his flesh

Andr solo

Rising in a vengeance  
The priest was first to go  
Slashing and biting engulfing at his throat  
The holy water useless as well the crucifix  
They all prayed for salvation  
But his words were blasphemous

A sea of broken bodies marks the spot  
Where he has been  
The bloodless cadavers  
Here suck dry of their sins

Listen my friends to my tale (the mass of death)