

Helstar, Harker's Tale (Mass Of Death)

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)