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 Carpethion Gothic ruin is alive an 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)