

# Opera IX, Bela Lugosi's Dead

(by Bauhaus)

White on white  
translucent black capes  
back on the rack.  
Bela Lugosi's dead.  
The bats have left the bell tower,  
the victims have been bled,  
red velvet lines the black box.

Bela Lugosi's dead.  
Undead Undead Undead.

The virginal brides  
file past his tomb,  
strewn with time's dead flowers,  
bereft in deathly bloom,  
alone in a darkened room  
the count.

Bela Lugosi's dead.  
Undead Undead Undead.

Oh Bela, Bela's undead.