

# Thrice, The Red Death

entertain the hope that somehow you'll escape me  
weld the bolts and close the iron gate  
drink deeply THE ILLUSION OF YOUR SAFETY,  
my how wishful thoughts inebriate,

masquerade and revel in your opulence.  
writhe unfettered by your stabs at ignorance.  
swim through hues and whispered tones of heresy,  
a dozen strokes to run your blood cold enough to believe  
remember me?

you look so surprised to see me here,  
with hells black wings did i overperch these walls,  
for stony limits cannot hold me out,  
and now

you  
all  
DIE