

Apraxia, Vampires' Castle

There exists the legend from long ago
That during fullmoon time
The count of vampires rises again
In the dark forlorn castle.
And awoken by the moonlight
He calls up vampires with
Wolve howling
To a new blood celebration,
From the vault, where he's been
esting for years.
On hearing this call, his servants
Hurry into the castle.
And to have a feast they
Carry live people.
And pour blood in the cups,
It flares up like a flame...
I would like to have a drink
Of human blood at this ball...