

The Curse of the Burning Belle

IN THE CHILL OF LATE OCTOBER,

AS THE STARLIGHT WASHED ME SOBER

AND MY MIND WAS STABBED BY REASON'S CRUEL CLAW,

words by
Damon Orion
pictures by
Gaelan Kelly



ALL THE CITY SEEMED BEDEVILED
AND ITS CITIZENS DISHEVELED

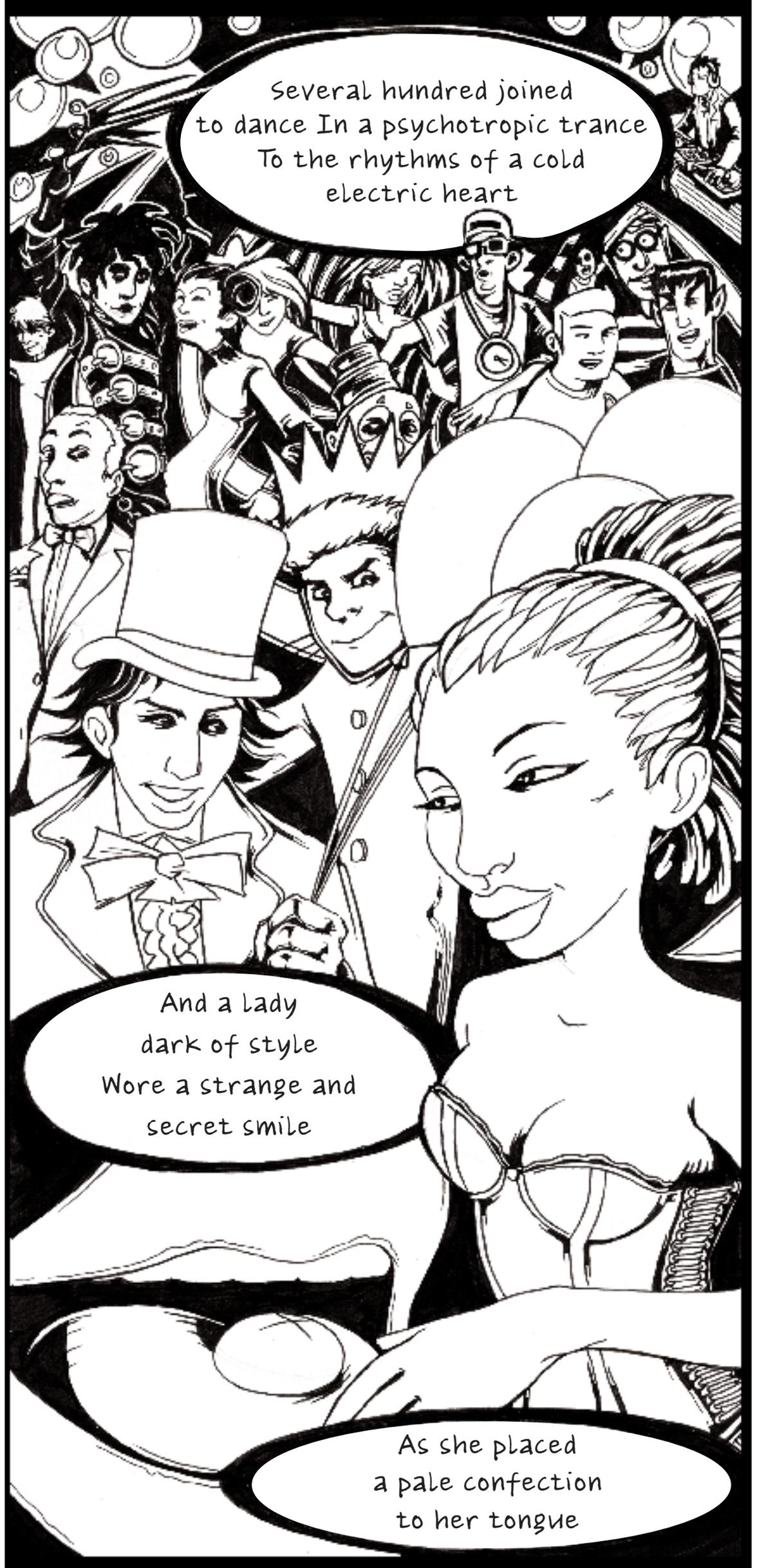
BY A FOUL WIND BLOWN STRAIGHT FROM EVIL'S MAW

AND A CLOCK ON LONESOME TOWER
GANG TO SLEEP THE FINAL HOUR
OF A HALLOWS' EVE THAT LEFT ME
HOLLOW-SOULED

FOR DESPOILING MY HUMOR
WAS A GHASTLY, GHOSTLY RUMOR
THAT A STARKLY STARING STRANGER
JUST HAD TOLD!

Many Halloweens ago,
Under Luna's pallid glow,
As the veil between the
worlds began to part,

THE VAMPS HALL



Several hundred joined
to dance In a psychotropic trance
To the rhythms of a cold
electric heart

And a lady
dark of style
Wore a strange and
secret smile

As she placed
a pale confection
to her tongue



And this lozenge
gave her visions
And ophthalmic
imprecisions

As the fabric of her
psyche came unstrung

'Til, mistaking man for
demon, she did flee the
ballroom, screaming with a
din to rival all the
shrieks of Hell,

And an imp
who danced with fire
Was too occupied to spy her,

And the flame of Death
embraced The Burning Belle!

Now it's said that every year
Her grim specter will appear,
Every time in different mask
and ghoulish guise

And with
roaring conflagration
She does take retaliation On the
masqueraders that she does
despise!

WITH THE STRANGER'S WORDS RESOUNDING
AND INSIDE MY TEMPLES POUNDING,
I SOUGHT WARMTH AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.



ANY ONE OF WHOSE DISGUISES
COULD CONCEAL THE ONE WHO RISES
EVERY HALLOWS' EVE TO SET THE SKY ALIGHT

FOR A MASK OF WRAITH OR CREATURE
DOES OBSCURE EVERY FEATURE,
MAKING COUNTENANCE IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE

THUS, NO REVELER SUSPECTED
THAT THE LADY RESURRECTED
TO INCINERATE THIS GATHERING...

...WAS ME!

End