

# The Old House

## Abstract Essence

"Come near my dear child  
Don't be afraid of my empty rooms  
I am a wizard of imagination  
From the cellar to the roof"

Step by step  
To the front door  
Grasp by fingers  
The handle of gold  
Step by step  
To the main hall  
Take a deep look  
Prayer to the Lord

Open your mind  
Let fantasy do  
A new king of sight  
To the lacquered wood

Evoking, punishing, feelings of what?  
Smouldering, diffusing, feelings of terror

Step by step  
To the second floor  
Grasp by fingers  
The handrail of gold  
Step by step  
To the bedroom's door  
What is in the corner  
Prayer to the Lord

The old ruined tomb  
Where lives only doom  
Forsaken by smile  
In a wondering while  
Come little young friend  
To pay a high rent  
Cost of his sanity  
Stolen by atrocity

"Oh no I lost him"

The little young kid returned back home  
The others were frightened  
"What lives in the old house?  
What is its curse?"

What is hidden  
In the old house  
No one can say  
That his truth is right  
There lives just doom  
And dreadful terror  
May be on the roof  
Or in the cellar

"Come near another brave child

Don't be afraid of my empty rooms  
I am the wizard of imagination  
Who'll take your sanity soon!"

The old black house  
Where lives just one mouse  
Forsaken by smile  
In a wondering while  
Come little young friend  
To pay a cheap rent  
Cost of a only few nerves  
Stolen by mouse upstairs