The Lament of Count Dracula

By : Rutter

The thoughts of Count Dracula, as he sits at the top of his tower pondering his affliction and the consequences thereof.

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In darkest night at midnightâ s hour,

Below me ruin, havoc, subversion,

I sit here, forlornly, at the crown of my tower,

Considering this most poignant perversion,

Though you shanâ t understand it, as only I could,

This malady tantamount to everlasting solitude,

If such a cure was offered then certainly I would,

But, alas, there is none, no way for it to be subdued,

And so here I remain.

Cursed to walk this world eternal,

To bear witness to so much suffering and pain,

To live forever, alone and nocturnal,

Knowing I shall never see you again,

For you, my love, have faded away,

And Iâ ll never again know your touch nor feel,

Iâ ll walk this Earth until its dying day,

For mine shall never come, whether by age or steel,

But by a stake to the hole that only once housed a heart,

That has long since vanished amid torturous cruelty,

And you, Van Helsing, who did force us to part,

Can expect equal recompense for taking my beauty.

- Rutter

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