

# Skyclad, Polkageist!

One day whilst out exploring in some  
far-flung foreign corner, I took respite  
from my journey to admire the local fauna.  
When from the twilight distance a peel of  
bells and laughter, set my heart-strings  
fluttering like bats through chapel rafters.  
On entering a clearing I did sense  
impending peril, beheld a Gypsy wench  
with flashing eyes bright, sharp and feral.  
She smiled at me so sweetly  
(bit a lip that smacked of danger),  
gave a look fit to disarm  
this poor, unwitting stranger.

[Chorus]

Her rhythm pounced upon me  
it trounced me in a trice.  
That charm she wove about me  
gripped me tight as any vice.  
(She spoke in tongues above me).  
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,  
you'd need the virtue of a saint  
to not succumb - overcome this  
Polkageist.

Arms of ivory strummed perfection  
summond me toward the middle.  
Pan warmed up his pipes  
heard Herne a plucking at the fiddle.  
She wrapped herself about me  
(felt her hot breath at my ear);  
Danced a horizontal polka  
down the path to Hell I fear.

We're on a path to Hell I fear!

[Chorus]

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it trounced me in a trice.  
That charm she wove about me  
gripped me tight as any vice.  
(She spoke in tongues above me).  
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,  
you'd need the virtue of a saint  
to not succumb - overcome this  
Polkageist.

The Horny Huntress:  
"A spirit sent to haunt you  
taunting all your earthly days.  
Satyrs vaunt  
cavorting to the reel Cernunnos plays.  
I head our wild procession  
(every beast from man to mouse),  
finds freedom in possession  
Polkageist is in the house!"

Juice of fruit beyond forbidden  
dripping slowly from her fingers,  
she took my hand and led me  
to that place where cunning lingers.

[Chorus]

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it trounced me in a trice.  
That charm she wove about me  
gripped me tight as any vice.  
(She spoke in tongues above me).  
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,  
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