

Xandria, Little Red Relish

Somewhere upon a normal day on a ancient forest way
He revealed himself to me and commands

“Abandon your believe, I will request no more of thee,
cast away your faith and follow me down
Take off the maiden like dress, your skin suits you best
Be gone with your demure air!

Hide or beseech, am I the relish in this written story
Nowhere to redeem, nowhere to run, the tale casts me into his arms,
Into this sinful pleasure to which I now yield
Free me from my ordeal

In the morning I awoke, I recalled the words he spoke
And could not withstand his final courtship
Lead me deep into your woods, I'm your “little riding hood”
Hear me plead and guide me to your wolfs lair

Off with this maiden like dress, my skin suits me best
Dive into the crimson mare

Oh deep in his wake, I lay down to be reborn and cradled
Let me die to only reveal the secrets of my core

Hide or beseech, am I the relish in this written story
Nowhere to redeem, nowhere to run, the tale casts me into his arms,
Into this sinful pleasure to which I now yield
Release me, free me from this ordeal