

Comus, Diana

Lust he follows virtue close
Through the steaming woodlands
His darkened blood through bulging veins
Through the steaming woodlands

Virtue knows he follows softly
Through the steaming woodlands
Travel light the deathly shudder
Down the leafy pathway

The dim light she comes peering
Through the forest pines
And she knows by the sound of baying
By the baying of the hounds

Diana Diana kick your feet up
Lust bares his teeth and whines
For he picked up a scent of virtue
And he knows the panic signs

Lust cries running with his eyes
The white-clad figure fleeting
Mud burns his eyes
But desire burns his mind

Diana Diana kick your feet up
Lust bares his teeth and whines
For he picked up a scent of virtue
And he knows the panic signs

Fear in her eyes as the forest grins
Through the steaming woodland
Lust now his soul destroyed
With enmity disarmed

Diana Diana kick your feet up
Lust bares his teeth and whines
For he picked up a scent of virtue
And he knows the panic signs