

Cursive, Into The Fold

The Shepherd:

I can't say I've always been honest; you can't say I've done a disservice.
The girl, she's just a child. She's got a lot to learn, and I'm helping out.

Your deceit is under your wing. You won't let her go.
You know it's not appropriate. Into the fold, into the fold.
But all that hair...and porcelain.
You swear it's more than mere lust. Into the fold. Into the fold.
If she knew what you do, the pristine routine to fool the rube.
The gentle gentlemen, the loathed Lothario.
You feign you've changed your ways, but we know, yeah, we know.
Can't you quell this need for submissives?

The Shepherd:

Oh, such lovely girls. To lead each other tender little lamb into the fold,
into the fold. And you, my pet, "The Sweetest Yet"-I'll hold you closest to my heart,
into the fold...

Into the fold, into the fold, into the fold, into the fold!

The Lamb:

I was in the student union studying for an English quiz;
he came up and asked direction to the new auditorium.
We walked up and down the campus, no one had ever heard of it.
He was so embarrassed when he realized he had the wrong college,
he offered to buy us coffee for the time and effort wasted.
We drank and talked for so long, we started making plans for dinner...

The Shepherd: She was young and impressionable; I pretended to need directions.
She led me all over the campus. All the while, I'm asking her questions.
She agreed to have a cup of coffee-that's when I started to lay it on heavy.
Once she learned I studied Dostoevsky, it was in the bag.