

# Lemon Demon, Spring Heeled Jack

Upward he shoots  
by the springs on his boots,  
like an inverted angel.  
We've been afraid of this terrible,  
strange, elusive monster for years.

It seems to be superstitious lunacy  
but in fact when things go black  
old Spring Heeled Jack appears.

I hear the sound  
of him bounding around  
on the rooftops of London,  
leaving the people bewildered and stunned  
and, on occasion, aflame.

No sooner than unsuspecting Englishmen  
turn their backs, the wretch attacks,  
and Spring Heeled Jack's his name.

I doubt that it's those clever brats in college.  
and the Marquess of Waterford denies all knowledge.  
And people in the area reek of mass hysteria...  
But, admit you must, that it is just enough to scare you.

And you scream when he draws  
out a handful of claws  
and a blue breath of fire,  
then disappears leaping higher and higher,  
as if lighter than air.

Time marches on,  
now it seems as though he's gone.  
This day lacks tales of his acts  
but don't relax  
for Spring Heeled Jack's still there.