Of Montreal, How Lester Lost His Wife

First there was the 'fable of the bull'
Told by the picador
Then an Orwellian raping of a virgin apple core
An apple core an apple core an apple
Core an apple core an apple

Next our minds were supping up the horrors
That our vicious master's whip
Was serving us in rituals nefariously hip
Wickedly hip wickedly hip wickedly
Hip wickedly hip wickedly

I had to don a disguise to see her slinking through
The snaky hallways to her chamber
I wasn't prepared to encounter the vision
Of she and It engaged in defiling of the sacred
In an instant her face became so plaintive
And I watched as she transformed
Into the Black Amaranth
The Black Amaranth (x3)

The next morning I espied
In a window framed in brass
The story of her condemnation
Portrayed in the stained glass
In the stained glass
In the stained glass in the stained
Glass in the stained glass in the stained
Glass