

Saint Vitus, Ice Monkey

Prehensile? It clings fast
A purple primate, the snair's cast
The endless chatter?
It's truth and lie
A double standard, it's live or die
Cruel Kandiru, your being brings
You slipped inside through
On temptation's wings
It couldn't be so, it always is
The way the game goes
Nature of the biz

(Repeat second verse)