

Skyclad, Snake Charming

You'll meet his kind in the strangest of places,
great what you find if you turn enough stones.
Legerdmain eyes wear the sweetest of faces -
you're quick to invite into your hearts and homes.

But the serpent and worms are his real kith and kin,
reptilian hiding inside human skin.

Snake Charming.

Horns start to show with the thrill of the slaughter,
true to his nature to others he's false.
Mothers should lock up their blossoming daughters -
he'll rape anything that has limbs and a pulse.

A bastard - a blaggard of the highest order,
his mind should be washed with soap and holy water.

Charming, the snake.
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It is never too late to be charming -
the Snake Charming.

The moment I strike - just when you think I'll kiss,
no good in a fight - I just wriggle and hiss.
A friend of bisticion with eyes that decieve,
I am the serpent - won't you be my Eve?

He's constantly searching (his eyes won't stay still) for,
something thats worth thirty pieces of silver.

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He's welcome as Death at your wedding reception,
defying rejection - uninvited guest.
One foot in your door then both legs 'neath your table,
sly as a viper - your bossom his nest.

Creep like a sneak thief - snake through the grass,
to kiss Cleopatra - a pain in the asp.

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