

Splashdown, Beguild

Rattle

What's that rattle?

What a charming sound my tail makes wrapped around your neck

As I send all the sins from your past as a gift to your future

Like a self-inflicted wound

Hear that hissing?

What a soothing sound my tongue makes

As I wait to watch you fall from grace

Meanwhile...

Beguiled I've wiled you laughing

You can hide your sins but not from me

Beguiled I've wiled you laughing

I'm laughing

Apples

Would you like one?

Like the ones I've brought you time and time again

From the garden

To your senses

Every bite that you take is a deal that you've made with my otherworldly friends

Hear that crying?

What a charming wine your tears make

As I raise my cup to drink your fate

Meanwhile...