Polkageist!

Skyclad

One day whilst out exploring in some
far-flung foreign corner, I took respite
from my journey to admire the local fauna.
When from the twilight distance a peel of
bells and laughter, set my heart-strings
fluttering like bats through chapel rafters.
On entering a clearing I did sense
impending peril, beheld a Gypsy wench
with flashing eyes bright, sharp and feral.
She smiled at me so sweetly
(bit a lip that smacked of danger),
gave a look fit to disarm
this poor, unwitting stranger.[Chorus]
Her rhythm pounced upon me
it trounced me in a trice.
That charm she wove about me
gripped me tight as any vice.
(She spoke in tongues above me).
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,
you'd need the virtue of a saint
to not succumb - overcome this
Polkageist.Arms of ivory strummed perfection
summond me toward the middle.
Pan warmed up his pipes
heard Herne a plucking at the fiddle.
She wrapped herself about me
(felt her hot breath at my ear);
Danced a horizontal polka
down the path to Hell I fear.We're on a path to Hell I fear![Chorus]
Her rhythm pounced upon me
it trounced me in a trice.
That charm she wove about me
gripped me tight as any vice.
(She spoke in tongues above me).
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,
you'd need the virtue of a saint
to not succumb - overcome this
Polkageist.The Horny Huntress:
"A spirit sent to haunt you

taunting all your earthly days.
Satyrs vaunt
cavorting to the reel Cernunnos plays.
I head our wild procession
(every beast from man to mouse),
finds freedom in possession
Polkageist is in the house!"Juice of fruit beyond forbidden
dripping slowly from her fingers,
she took my hand and led me
to that place where cunning lingers.[Chorus]
Her rhythm pounced upon me
it trounced me in a trice.
That charm she wove about me
gripped me tight as any vice.
(She spoke in tongues above me).
Though I cast my eyes to Christ,
you'd need the virtue of a saint
to not succumb - overcome this
Polkageist.

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