

The Fair Lady

Boiled In Lead

The Lady smiles as you look into her face;
She opens up her arms to you awaiting your embrace.
What is your desire? Fame, or love, or gold?

It's there in her hand, my friend
But answer if you can, my friend
What are you reaching out to hold?

CHORUS

Beasts and demons laugh and yell,
The lonely midwife sings
They dance about like puppets
But the Lady works their strings
Through a door that leads to a fire blazing red
Where she makes no distinctions 'tween the living and the dead.
She can find your secret madness, she knows your secret name;
What demons do you hide, my friend?
What creatures lurk inside, my friend?
To her, you know, it's really all the same.

CHORUS

All your hungers there to sate, all your thirsts to slake
Look what you've been given, you can't see what she'll take.
Who can ever know her heart, who will ever tell?
No one will believe, my friend
All that you'll receive, my friend
Before she locks you in your private Hell.

CHORUS (2x)

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