

# Pit Viper

## 10,000 Maniacs

In the cruel garrison of affection  
If worth of lore is true  
You know the face of a temptress Pit Viper  
A witch or enchantress  
Pit Viper  
With the malign venom of conceit She tries civil men  
Conceal fear misgivings  
When night entreats them  
A greater chill sustains  
Stains her darkness Shall not inhibit death blow  
Know this skin does not restrict her  
Tear and shed the coil  
Fall of garland leaves below the soil

Lyrics provided by

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