

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

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