

# Bite

## The Chills

The wolf's laugh eerie cracks the humid night air  
The rabbit freezes the box in his lair  
The owl hoots shrilly searching the dark  
The moon white fangs through the trees tall and stark  
Who would emerge on a night like this  
Who would loose his bonds and greet the air with a hiss  
The battered Christian bows his head in despair  
The crown of sharp thorns revealed 'neath his hair  
His scrawny body worn thin by the trial  
Stands taut and painful on the pilgrim's last mile  
A million fleshy things converge upon the spot  
His eyes retort the atmosphere is hot

Aah

The wolf sniffs ivory fanged he bristles up his spine  
The fox smiles knowingly but dares not step out of line  
Through the twisting crashing silence the broken Christian creeps  
Each footstep like a thunderclap amongst the trunky deeps  
No bird makes sound no creature moves to break the gripping air  
And the Christian he raises his hands up to his mouth for a  
Whisper he cannot dare  
La-la-la-la-laa...

The Christian wakes trembling with sweat  
The cell's dark walls stony and wet  
Metallic echoes as the bolts are drawn back  
The door swings inward dull light through the crack  
The jailer looks indifferent to him  
A routine morning martyr's death for him  
A misty cold sad morning greets the Christian's haggard grin  
The rope is slung and the noose is tied and the Christian's neck is thin  
The block is raised he stands erect the rope beneath his chin  
They pull the block and the Christian drops he hangs above the sin

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