

# Pit Viper

## 10000 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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