

The Scarlet Letter

Jag Panzer

[Written by Briody & Conklin] She walks in moonlit shadows to make men beg
Her slender figure slithers and you will pay A tender morsel for rich men, a prize to the poor
The way she looks is so lethal, drops you to the floor
It's said that our dear Scarlet shall never be a puppet
She is regal as the queen, she is royally obscene She bears the scarlet letter Her scent is quite delicious, her form
so exquisite
Speaks so softly in your ear of the dirty things you fear She prowls the starlit avenue for her next prey
Her purr will lure you in and lock you away She wears a gown of satin, underneath is bare
In privacy she will teach you all you ever dare
Men sell their lives to taste her, to have and never waste her
Skilled in etiquette, she'll be the trophy of the ball
Yet in secret chain you to the wall Her skin as soft as feathers, her demeanor tough as leather
Pay the price to sample her wares, she will drain away all cares

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