

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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