Spinning Jenny

Skyclad

She came down from the Western Hills when we were not prepared
I turned deaf ears to words of warning, now I'm running scared
Casting caution to the wind now that the cat's away
I say my grace, fill my face, then for forgiveness prayGod knows I was an honest man, the same as any other
Who loved his wife, worked all his life to keep his family
Until the beast that never sleeps beneath my silken covers
Reared its head and bit its thumb at my moralityHer passion for passion, it will devour
Cruel are the thorns of this delicate flower
Her lust for lust, it will consume
A siren song summons all men to their doomShe whispered of her innocence, a plea I must contest
While baptizing helpless sinners with a missionary zest
She will exercise your demons, then exercise your thighs
Await your second-coming with a hunger in her eyesHer sweetmeats are the souls of men, she'll gorge herself to bursting
For yours her heart is thirsting as a spider craves a fly
No mortal man could ever hope to suit her as a suitor
She'll rewrite the Kama Sutra if you'd care to watch her tryHer passion for passion, it will devour
Cruel are the thorns of this delicate flower
Her lust for lust, it will consume
A siren song summons all men to their doomHer passion for passion, it will devour
Cruel are the thorns of this delicate flower
Her lust for lust, it will consume
A siren song summons all men to their doomI reach for heaven, desire drags me down
When fools choose their king, I'll be heir to that crown
A strange kind of madness I cannot condone
If you are without sin, come cast the first stoneThen cast the first stone

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