The Lamia

Steve Hackett

The scent grows richer, he knows he must be near,
He finds a long passageway lit by chandelier.
Each step he takes, the perfumes change
From familiar fragrance to flavors strange.
A magnificent chamber meets his eye.Inside, a long rose-water pool is shrouded by fine mist.
Stepping in the moist silence, with a warm breeze he's gently kissed.Thinking he is quite alone,
He enters the room, as if it were his own,
But ripples on the sweet pink water
Reveal some company unthought of-
Rael stands astonished doubting his sight,
Struck by beauty, gripped in fright;
Three vermilion snakes of female face,
The smallest motion, filled with grace.
Muted melodies fill the echoing hall,
But there is no sign of warning in the siren's call:
"Rael welcome, we are the Lamia of the pool.
We have been waiting for our waters to bring you cool."Putting fear beside him, he trusts in beauty blind,
He slips into the nectar, leaving his shredded clothes behind.
"With their tongues, they test, taste and judge all that is mine.
They move in a series of caresses
That glide up and down my spine.As they nibble the fruit of my flesh, I feel no pain,
Only a magic that a name would stain.
With the first drop of my blood in their veins
Their faces are convulsed in mortal pains.
The fairest cries, 'We all have loved you Rael'."
Each empty snakelike body floats,
Silent sorrow in empty boats.
A sickly sourness fills the room,
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom.
Looking for motion I know I will not find,
I stroke the curls now turning pale, in which I'd lain entwined
"O Lamia, your flesh that remains I will take as my food"
It is the scent of garlic that lingers on my chocolate fingers.Looking behind me, the water turns icy blue,
The lights are dimmed and once again the stage is set for you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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