

# The Scaffold

## Lily The Pink

In Orient where wise I was  
To please the way I live  
Come give the beggar chance at hand  
His life is on his lip Three score a thousand times  
Where once in Amazon  
Where Eldorado holds the key  
No keeper holds my hand Unchain the gate of solitude  
The ruler says you run  
Run hard unto the scaffold high  
Your chance to jump the gun Oh, how high the scaffold grows  
The plant life of your widow  
In black lace curtains brought you near  
From out the plate glass window The Minotaur with bloody hands  
Is enraged by the sun  
Caged he by the corpses  
Brought forth by the dawn In Orient is as I told  
The buckshee hangman swears  
For open crypts to silence  
Nylon knots to sway by prayer In Orient where wise I was  
To please the way I live  
Come give the beggar chance at hand  
His life is on his lip

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