

Pit Viper

10,000 Maniacs

In the cruel garrison of affection
If worth of lore is true
You know the face of a temptress
Pit viper

A witch or enchantress
Pit viper

With the malign venom of conceit
She tries
Civil men
Conceal fear
Misgivings
When night entreats them
A greater chill sustains
Stains her
Darkness
Shall not inhibit death blow

Know this skin does not restrict her
Tear and shed the coil
Fall of garland leaves
Below the soil