# The Lamia

**Genesis**

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   B/Eb             C#6
1. The scent grows richer,
   B6                Bm7
   he knows he must be here,
   E/As          Ebm/F#
   He finds a long passageway lit by
   Fm7/5
   chandelier.

   Each step he takes, the perfumes change
   From familiar fragrance to flavours strange.
   A magnificent chamber meets his
   Fm7 E7+
   eye.

(Asm/Eb  E  Asm7/F#  E  B/Eb  B4/E  B/Eb  E7+)

2. 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

    Cm    Ab/C    Cm7      Ab/C          B6
R1: Rael stands astonished doubting his sight,
    Ab7+              Eb     Eb/D
    Struck by beauty, gripped in fright;
    Cm        Ab/C    Cm7      Ab/C   B6
    Three ver-milion snakes of female face
    Ab7+                Eb    F
    The smallest motion, filled with grace.

    Gm    Dm       F7+      C7+     D
R2: Muted melodies fill the echoing hall,
    Gm        Dm    F7+     C7+     F7+    C7+/9   D
    But there is no sign of warning in the siren's call:
    Gm   Dm       Am/E       Em      Bm     F#m  C#m  Asm
    "Rael welcome, we are the Lamia  of the pool.
    A            E       A       E          F#m       C#m
    We have been waiting for our waters to bring you cool."

(F#m  C#/F  Eb4/B  B  Ebm/B  B7  B)

Solo: (Eb7  C#7+/F  Eb7  C#7+/F  Eb7  Fm/B  C#m/F#)

3. 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
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That glide up and down my spine.

(**Asm/Eb  E  Asm7/F#  E  B/Eb  B4/E  B/Eb  E7+**)

4. 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'."

R1: Each empty snakelike body floats,
Silent sorrow in empty boats.
A sickly sourness fills the room,
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom.

R2: Looking for motion I know I will not find,
I stroke the curls now turning pale, in which I'd lain entwined.
"Oh Lamia, your flesh that remains I will take as my food."
It is the scent of garlic that lingers on my chocolate fingers.

(**F#m  C#/F  Eb4/B  B  Ebm/B  B7  B**)

Solo: (**Eb7  C#7+/F  Eb7  C#7+/F  Eb7  Fm/B  C#m/F#**)

5. Looking behind me,
the water turns icy blue,
The lights are dimmed and once again
the stage is set for you.

(B/Eb  C#6  B6  A#m7  E/G#  Ebm/F#  Fm7/5)

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