

Two-Penny Whore

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The streets are paved with mud and death
The whores have wheezed their dying breath
With gin and piss and blood and gold
The grim foundations have their hold
The babes are blue, their rags are black
She'll whore with child strapped to her back
You lift her skirts and find the key
To lust and sin and misery

This is the life of a two-penny whore
Don't give your heart to a two-penny whore

The gold of youth's turned foetid brown
The walls have all come tumbling down
She drinks for pain, she drinks for glee
She drinks with the hope it'll set her free
With lips a-snarl and eyes rolled back
The dart will find the Devil's crack

A whore can weave her spell of lust
Then cast you face-down in the dust

This is the life of a two-penny whore
Don't give your heart to a two-penny whore
She'll slit your purse and make you poor
Then slit your throat at Satan's door

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She'll slit your purse and make you poor
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This is the life of a two-penny whore
Don't give your heart to a two-penny whore
With pox and stench and weeping sore
Don't give your heart to a two-penny whore