

## Spinning Jenny

Skiltron

She came down from the Western Hills when we were not prepared  
I turned deaf ears to words of warning now I'm running scared.  
Casting caution to the wind now that the cat's away  
I say my grace, fill my face (then for forgiveness pray).

God knows I was an honest man, the same as any other  
Who loved his wife, worked all his life to keep his family  
Until the 'beast' that never sleeps beneath my silken covers  
Reared its head and bit its thumb at my morality.

Her passion for passion, it will devour  
Cruel are the thorns of this delicate flower  
Her lust for lust, it will consume  
A siren song summons all men to their doom.

She whispered of her innocence (a plea I must contest)  
While baptizing helpless sinners with a missionary zest  
She will exorcise your demons, then exercise your thighs  
Await your 'second-coming' with a hunger in her eyes.

Her sweetmeats are the souls of men, she'll gorge herself to bursting  
And for yours her heart is thirsting, as a spider craves a fly  
No mortal man could ever hope to suit her as a suitor  
Sh'll rewrite the Kama Sutra if you'd care to watch her try.

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A siren song summons all men to their doom.

I reach for heaven, desire drags me down  
When fools choose their king I'll be heir to that crown  
A strange kind of madness I cannot condone  
If you are without sin come cast the first stone.