

Womb of the Worm

Skyclad

Black hat stranger - affluent as effluent
Hides behind his mirror shades and crocodile smile
Preying on the weak, the vulnerable and innocent
All things pure and virginal he will defile.

Shepherd of a flock of black sheep - he knows his charges well
Their thirst for life is drowning down in his snow filled hell...

They never die - in "the Womb of the Worm" they lie
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Slaves to the only god they know,
Drawn by the song of the cosmic diva
The lord of the flies is a dandy beau
King of the hill in the new Bohemia
Where does he come from, their redeemer
Where does he dwell? (they never learn)
What is the prize for the true believer?
Rotting away in the "Womb of the Worm"?

Death is the hand of a handsome stranger - (he speaks, heads turn)
Babes unaware of impending danger - quickening dead in the "Womb of the Worm"

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At the gravesides of sad lonely children
Reason sits with a tear in her eye
Killed in their prime - tell me why were they taken?
It's not them but "the Worm" that should die.
"Stabat Mater Dolorosa" - a grieving mother's sad refrain
Chasing dragons in the subway, to kill the time and ease the pain.

Words of "the Worm":
"Don't be afraid - just take my hand
'cause life's too short to be a bore
Try it once, you'll understand
Why they keep coming back for more."
Form an orderly line outside death's door
If you want to taste his sweet amnesia
He's never short of clientele
Though most of them die from a fatal seizure
Another mother cries to a chat-show host
(she speaks - my stomach churns)
I hear how a young kid - now a young ghost
Died a sickening death in "the Womb of the Worm."

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