

## Sawney Bean

Sol Invictus

A family inbred like serpents entwined  
Had no heart and little mind  
A clan of madness, a terrible scene  
They cursed the earth—the Sawney Bean

Lurking in the fog a fearsome brood  
Poor traveling folk they caught and slew  
No graves have the victims of these ghouls and fiends  
Those taken and eaten by—the Sawney Bean

From their flesh they made a meal  
Their skin the floor for their bairns to kneel  
Their skulls a table from which to feed  
Alas the victims of—the Sawney Bean

They lived by the sword, were felled by the axe  
And I say 'nothing wrong with that'  
But in their hellish caves worse than any dream  
Cursed with the stench of—the Sawney Bean

Some are haunted by the tolling bell  
Some by the fiery pits of hell  
But what haunts me is what we did see  
When we entered the larder of—the Sawney Bean