

# The Lamia

Steve Hackett

The scent grows richer, he knows he must be here  
He finds a long passageway lit by chandelier  
Each step he takes, the perfumes change  
From familiar fragrance to flavours strange  
A magnificent chamber meets his eye  
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  
Rael stands astonished doubting his sight  
Struck by beauty, gripped in fright  
Three vermillion snakes of female face  
The smallest motion, filled with grace  
Muted melodies fill the echoing hall  
But there is no sign of warning in the siren's call  
"Rael welcome, we are the Lamia of the pool  
We have been waiting for our waters to bring you cool"

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  
That glide up and down my spine

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'"

Each empty snakelike body floats  
Silent sorrow in empty boats  
A sickly sourness fills the room  
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom  
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  
Looking behind me, the water turns icy blue  
The lights are dimmed and once  
Again the stage is set for you