

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 vermilion 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