

Genesis "The Lamia"

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The scent grows richer
He knows he must be near
He finds a long passageway
Lit by chandelier

Each step he takes
The perfumes change
From familiar fragrance
To flavors 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

O 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

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