

Inkubus Sukkubus

"The Rape Of Maude Bowen"

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Lying in the brook she's naked
Cold and dead, raped and broken
Sweet Maude Bowen victim of a man
By her side does lie her rapist
Her mother's brother, cold as she is
An avenging angel's arrow in his heart
And the squire he does blame her
With his lies he does shame her
Sweet Maude Bowen shamed a suicide
Now here is a tale, a story to be told
Of a young girl, but fifteen years old
Impaled as a vampire, her mother burned as a witch
Now these were the crimes, the crimes of the rich
At the cross-roads they impaled her
With the elm they claim to save her
Save her soul from Satan's evil lair
Now her mother weeps in madness
At the tree, at the crossroads
The tree that grows from sweet Maude Bowen's heart
The squire's men do taunt and tease her
Drag her off the grave and jeer her
Then one more dies with an arrow in his heart
Now here is a tale, a story to be told
Of a young girl, but fifteen years old
Impaled as a vampire, her mother burned as a witch
Now these were the crimes, the crimes of the rich
Up before the judge at Gloucester
Acused a witch now they will burn her
At the tree at the cross-roads will she die
Tied to the elm the faggots smoking
Maude's sweet mother crying, choking
Mother, daughter, victims of a man
And the squire he stands there laughing
With his men he's laughing, joking
Then he is dead with an arrow in his heart
Now here is a tale, a story to be told
Of a young girl, but fifteen years old
Impaled as a vampire, her mother burned as a witch
Now these were the crimes, the crimes of the rich

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