

## Lord Of The Rings

### "Madame guillotine"

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Chauvelin:

I know the gutter  
and I know the stink of the street.  
Kicked like a dog,  
I have spat out the bile of defeat.  
All you beauties who towered above me,  
you who gave me the smack of your rod,  
now I give you the gutter,  
I give you the judgement of God!  
Vengeance victorious!  
These are the glorious days!  
Women of Paris,  
come gather your bloody bouquets.  
Now gaze on our goddess of justice,  
With her shimmering, glimmering blade.  
As she kisses these traitors  
she sings them a last serenade!

Sing! Swing! Savor the sting!  
As she severs you -- Madame Guillotine!  
Slice! Come, Paradise!  
You'll be smitten with  
Madame Guillotine!

The world may be ugly,  
but each man must do what he must.  
Give in, pretty dear --  
in a year you will be pretty dust.  
Now come let our lady possess you  
in her breath-taking, hair-razing bed.

Chauvelin & Mob  
She will tingle your spine  
as she captures your heart and your head!

Sing! Swing! Savor the sting  
as she severs you -- Madame Guillotine!  
Slice! Come Paradise!  
Our Delilah will shave you razor clean!

St. Cyr

God, when did man lose his reason?  
Save us, my God, if you're there!  
God, can you not feel the terror  
like a fire in the air?!

Mob  
Flash! Slash! Glisten and gash!  
She will ravish you! Madame Guillotine!  
Split! Madame just bit!  
Give her more to bite! She's a hungry queen.  
Sing! Savor the sting  
as she severs you -- Madame Guillotine!  
Slice! Come Paradise!

Chauvelin:(while chorus sings)  
Now  
Blow by blow  
We defy you  
Feel the glow  
Hear the cry  
Hearts will howl  
Blood will flow

Chauvelin:  
Hail Her Majesty!

Mob:  
Madame Guillotine!

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