

## Mehida

### "The Epicurean Daughter Of Evil, Conchita"

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The apostale castle smells rotten  
The Last Supper begins as always  
Gruesome foods on the table  
A woman eating them up alone with a smile

Her name is Vanika Conchita  
She was once an opsomaniac  
And then she went farther than that  
The ultimate level of the baddest foods

Respect her, honor her  
Our great Conchita  
All of the foods in this world  
Are for her

Eat them up, every bit of the world  
More room for foods in her  
The shining pale blue deadly poison  
Is the best spice for main dishes  
Eat up right down to the bone  
If it's not enough, bite into the dishes  
Total bliss on her tounge  
The supper is not finished yet

The 15th personal chef of this year  
He asked me  
"Could you let me take holidays, my lady?"  
I have to say, they're all useless

Respect her, honor her  
Our great Conchita  
Betrayers have to pay the price  
For what they do

Eat them up, every bit in the world  
Todays menu is really special  
The shining pale blue hair  
Works out perfectly for salad hors d'oeuvres  
Eat up right down to the bone  
If it's not enough, just have "another"  
Oh, my butler, over there

What does "you" taste like?

And then the castle was deserted  
Nothing left there, anyone else but her  
Even so, she wanted more  
The ultimate level of the baddest foods

Eat them up every bit in the world  
She gazed at her right hand  
And smiled amiably  
"There's more to eat"  
The baddest food for Conchita  
It was... Yes, it was herself  
Now she knows all the tastes in the world  
But nobody knows what "she" tasted like

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