

Shamen

"Raspberry Infundibulum"

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Growing large in a small room, with a sickly air
I was blind to principle, in the neon glare
A gutter goddess with a practice smile
Is the bringer of rough temptation
To another unworthy worshipper, for a small
consideration

Here I come, for her raspberry infundibulum
Here I come, for her raspberry infundibulum

Artificial ecstasy, covered every trace
Of the bleak antipathy, underneath her face
So I rushed to the finish of a twisted tale
That I knew was less than holy
Did it sin, dear father? Shall I burn in hell?
For I quite enjoyed the story

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