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## Skyclad "Polkageist!"

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One day whilst out exploring in some far-flung foreign corner, I took respite from my journey to admire the local fauna. When from the twilight distance a peel of bells and laughter, set my heart-strings fluttering like bats through chapel rafters. On entering a clearing I did sense impending peril, beheld a Gypsy wench with flashing eyes bright, sharp and feral. She smiled at me so sweetly (bit a lip that smacked of danger), gave a look fit to disarm this poor, unwitting stranger.

## [Chorus]

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Her rhythm pounced upon me it trounced me in a trice. That charm she wove about me gripped me tight as any vice. (She spoke in tongues above me). Though I cast my eyes to Christ, you'd need the virtue of a saint to not succumb - overcome this Polkageist.

Arms of ivory strummed perfection summond me toward the middle. Pan warmed up his pipes heard Herne a plucking at the fiddle. She wrapped herself about me (felt her hot breath at my ear); Danced a horizontal polka down the path to Hell I fear.

We're on a path to Hell I fear!

## [Chorus]

Her rhythm pounced upon me it trounced me in a trice. That charm she wove about me gripped me tight as any vice. (She spoke in tongues above me). Though I cast my eyes to Christ, you'd need the virtue of a saint to not succumb - overcome this Polkageist.

The Horny Huntress: "A spirit sent to haunt you taunting all your earthly days. Satyrs vaunt cavorting to the reel Cernunnos plays. I head our wild procession (every beast from man to mouse), finds freedom in possession Polkageist is in the house!"

Juice of fruit beyond forbidden dripping slowly from her fingers, she took my hand and led me to that place where cunning lingers.

[Chorus] Her rhythm pounced upon me it trounced me in a trice. That charm she wove about me gripped me tight as any vice. (She spoke in tongues above me). Though I cast my eyes to Christ, you'd need the virtue of a saint to not succumb - overcome this Polkageist.

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