

"Brimstone eyes she hath,
Black in colour looking sad
The hair like straw, her skin so raw...
A debauchery decadent"
Grandmother used to tell
"beware do not go near the hut - I say!"
It was believed to be the home of a witch
- a house left in decay

They speakest alright
'Cause I went one night
And saw the old house
Ivy all around
Suddenly I was bound
And fell in darkness
People brave enough went
And faced the things they said
They never came back, neither to be,
Sorry for their misbelieve
Only pieces of their bodies hanging up
On the strangest trees they found
Forming shapes that may have linked
To whom the parts belonged in a whole lifetime

In her arms you'll crackle like fire
In the night you'll see her Swallowtail
When she's near you'll hear hell's choirs
Run (as) fast as you can, right in the arms of the unknown
Swallowtail Swallowtail
They told me that your evil would prevail on me,
But now I know you are not what they say
Swallowtail Swallowtail
Your beauty comes like sunshine after rain, so warm,
An unexpected spark to wash away the dark
She was supposed to be so old, deceitful,
Not deceivable
Death she'd exhale from her never
Ending rings hanging on her nose

They speakest no right
'Cause I went one night
And saw the old house
Butterflies around
Suddenly I was bound
And fell in beauty

All the things they told me - liars!
All because she is too beautiful
I know I won't go back 'cause
At the end I'll be a butterfly
Swallowtail Swallowtail...
Swallowtail Swallowtail...